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The Writers

OF

South Carolina

With a Critical Introduction, Biographical Sketches, and Selections in Prose and Verse

BY

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TO
THAT GOODLY COMPANY
OF
MEN AND WOMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA
WHO
IN MAKING THE LITERATURE OF TODAY
ARE NOBLY STRIVING
TO PRESERVE OUR HERITAGE
AND
TO REALIZE OUR IDEALS
THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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PREFACE

I trust that both the casual reader and the special student will find this book of selections from the writers of South Carolina a thing of sufficient interest and value to prove "its own excuse for being." To those, however, who yet believe that writers are as scarce in the South as snakes in Ireland, it should be said that this work has been undertaken in no narrow, sectional spirit. It is evident that the permanent worth of a study such as this must depend upon the maintenance of relative values, and that this result can be attained only by the adoption of sound critical standards. In the interest of historic truth, therefore, as well as of the writers themselves, I have endeavored not to overrate the literary merits of any one, but to form a just estimate of each, having always in mind that larger national literature of which the individual's work, however modest, is a part.

This garnering of the choicest literary output of a single State may to some seem a mere appeal to local pride or at least an expenditure of effort in a too restricted field. But a fair consideration will show that the work may be justified on several grounds. From the wider point of view it may be regarded as a chapter in the literary history of America. Does not the long-neglected Charleston group of writers, for example, call for as close and detailed study as has been given the Knickerbocker school or the Hartford Wits? The more one becomes acquainted with the books on American literature, the more one realizes from the disproportion of space given to the South as compared with that assigned to the North that literary appreciation must begin at home. Is it to the discredit of New England that her most insignificant poetaster has received painstaking though ill-deserved criti-

cal consideration, or is it to the credit of the South that some of her greatest writers are little more than names north of the Potomac? It is certainly a matter of regret that the works of many of our gifted men of letters have been allowed to remain so long lost and forgotten in the pages of defunct magazines and rare books. Surely all the fault should not be laid at the door of our Northern critics if, as in a recent important literary history of America, thirty-five pages are vouchsafed to Southern writers (fifteen of which are devoted to Poe, only two each to Simms and Timrod, and one to Hayne), while five hundred pages are given to authors of the other sections. In literature the proverb of the prophet not without honor is reversed, and the moral of the old fable of the man bestride the lion holds good. Each State must first discover and show a proper appreciation of her own men of genius, and national or international attention will follow.

The purpose of this volume is, first, to define more clearly and to illustrate by suitable selections a few figures in the literature of South Carolina which should fill a wider horizon in our national literature. The Palmetto State has made a splendid contribution to the political and military history of the country; her share in its literary history is almost equally important and should be a source of just pride and gratulation. It aims also to rescue from oblivion a larger number of minor writers who have made a small but very creditable addition to the literature of America, and who did much under unfavorable conditions to keep alive an interest in pure letters by their example, culture, and influence. It offers, too, a means of calling attention to the great service rendered by that long succession of magazines and other periodicals that were born and died in Charleston, and that, poorly supported and short-lived as they were, furnished an organ for a few professional writers, and were a stimulus to literary productiveness on the part of a large number of

amateurs. Who can deny that American literature is far richer for many a fugitive lyric or occasional sketch that first saw the light in those faded and musty pages?

This book aspires, of course, to an humble but, we hope, useful place in the library of home, school, and town. In the old-fashioned phrase, the gentle reader is here presented with a volume of elegant and instructive extracts, which, though sometimes taken from their original connection, still retain an interest and significance of their own. The uses to which such a work may be put are numerous. In the family circle it will serve as an anthology of choice readings in stately or idiomatic English on a variety of pleasing and important subjects. In the school it may be used as supplementary reading matter, furnishing material for criticism and topical exercises. The original sources which it contains will incidentally give our young people an insight into the spirit of historic times and enable them to form a first-hand acquaintance with the thoughts and experiences of their forefathers. To book clubs and teachers' associations it will be a convenient manual of reference, suggesting starting points for special investigation, reports, and discussions.

An explanation should here be made in regard to the rules of selection which have been followed. It has seemed best not to include the work of any writer still living, though many such authors are mentioned in the critical and biographical sections. This principle was adopted with regret mainly from considerations of space, but partly because of the impossibility of avoiding invidious distinctions. The embarrassment was usually not in finding suitable selections, but in choosing from the wealth of material. Another difficulty was more serious and necessitated some arbitrary decisions on the part of the editor. A number of the writers owed allegiance by nativity or residence to two or more States, and the line had to be drawn somewhere. Some have

been included, no doubt, to whom Georgia, North Carolina, and other States will lay superior claim. This situation is not wholly to be regretted, and is, indeed, merely an evidence of our solidarity as a nation. Let us be thankful that there is no Chinese wall about South Carolina, and hope that she will ever continue to maintain with her sister States this beautiful reciprocity of intellect. Seven Grecian cities proudly claimed to be the birthplace of Homer: why should not we similarly have our pretty controversies over Longstreet, Meek, Requier, Pettigrew, and others? I have felt at liberty to include any native of the State, also others like McDuffie, Preston, and Mrs. Gilman, who were born elsewhere but who considered themselves South Carolinians by adoption, and still a few others who, like the foreign-born Cooper, Lieber, and Dawson, produced their most important work while residents of the State. In general, I have regarded the birthplace of a piece of literature more important than that of the author.

In the preparation of the selections I have received prompt and gracious assistance, often at much personal sacrifice, from a large number of friends, to all of whom I desire to make my grateful acknowledgments. My special thanks are due Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales, of Columbia, without whose constant encouragement and generous coöperation the work could not have been successfully carried through. To Hon. William Ashmead Courtenay,[1] Colonel August Kohn, and Doctor J. W. Babcock my indebtedness is great for the use of their fine collections of rare books and pamphlets. I must also express my great obligations to Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, of Charleston, whose scholarly "History of Literature in South Carolina," contributed to *The News and Courier,* of Charleston, in 1903, has been frequently consulted, and to Professor William P. Trent, of Columbia University, whose "Southern Writers" (1905), the most recent and authorita-

[1]Died March 17, 1908.

tive work on the subject, has furnished many valuable suggestions. My indebtedness to Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" (1869), Simms's "War Poetry of the South" (1867), and other works on Southern literature, is specifically acknowledged elsewhere. It is a pleasure also to record the kind assistance rendered in the way of critical advice by my colleague, Professor Yates Snowden, whose knowledge of South Carolina history and literature is nothing short of encyclopædic, by Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., the accomplished historian, and by Hon. John J. McMahan, formerly State Superintendent of Education. I would also express my thanks for the many courtesies extended to me by Miss Ellen M. FitzSimons, librarian of the Charleston Library Society, and by Miss Margaret H. Rion and Miss Margaret LeConte, of the Library of the University of South Carolina. Among those who have assisted by the loan of rare volumes and pamphlets or by replying to letters of inquiry should be mentioned Miss Katharine B. Trescot, Mrs. C. T. Dunham, of Massachusetts, Rev. Thomas Cary Johnson, of Virginia, Mr. Joseph N. Allston, of McCormick, South Carolina, Mr. A. Markley Lee, Hon. Joseph W. Barnwell, Mrs. Washington Finley, Mr. William B. Foster, and Mr. Wilmot D. Porcher, all of Charleston; Mrs. Sarah LeConte Davis, Mr. Julian A. Selby, Dr. James Woodrow, Professor Patterson Wardlaw, Mr. E. H. Cain, Professor Edwin L. Green, Mr. Charles J. Colcock, Professor F. Horton Colcock, and Dr. Stanhope Sams, all of Columbia, and Miss Carrie Margaret Reaves, Editor of the Winthrop College *Tatler* of 1901, which furnished a basis for my bibliography of South Carolina writers. It is a pleasure to record my thanks also to the several publishers who hold the copyright of some of the authors, and who have generously allowed the use of the selections from their works.

Such a work as this must necessarily be incomplete, and there are probably errors of fact or of judgment which have crept in unawares. The author would, therefore, be grateful to have his attention called to inaccuracies and omissions which any reader may discover.

G. A. W.

THE WRITERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA

I

LITERATURE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

The lack of interest on the part of our people in past years in our splendid literary heritage is to be deeply regretted. Recently, however, many gratifying signs of an awakening interest have appeared. Many valuable collections of books and pamphlets by South Carolinians have been made at great trouble and outlay by patriotic citizens interested in the preservation of the literary records of the State. Numerous rare volumes have thus been brought to light. The work of the Timrod Memorial Association, the appearance of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's scholarly investigations into our literary history, and other studies that have from time to time appeared in various periodicals, are so many indications of the changing attitude of the people on this subject.

The literature produced in South Carolina, however, has not as yet received adequate attention in the histories of American literature, though a few critics like Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie have discovered the fact that Timrod, Hayne, and Simms must be seriously reckoned with in any just account of our national literary development. As far back as 1868 the late James Wood Davidson, while preparing his "Living Writers of the South," declared that this section had accomplished at least ten times as much in the realm of letters as the Northern compilers had given credit for.[1] Though South Carolina has not taken as preëminent a part in the field of pure literature as in the making of the national

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[1]See an article on Davidson by Col. John Peyre Thomas in *The State* of July 26, 1897.

history, she can lay claim to no inconspicuous share in the former. So far from insignificant, indeed, has been her literary output that it has been asserted by more than one competent authority that down to the year 1870 South Carolina had made a more important contribution to national letters than any other State except Massachusetts. If in the ante-bellum period social, industrial, and political conditions in this State, as throughout the whole South, did not tend to foster and stimulate literary expression, to a far greater extent was this true during the Reconstruction era. Now, however, that the State has added to her great agricultural wealth that which flows from textile industries and commercial enterprise, we may expect to see her shortly enter upon an epoch of artistic and literary development which will eclipse the achievements of any former time.

Literature in South Carolina was a natural offshoot from that of the mother country. Unlike the literary origins of primitive races, which begin in popular ballads and epics handed down by oral tradition, our literature followed the same lines of development as the English. The literature of the royal province of South Carolina was distinctively imitative. As with our political history, it is the story of an effort to pass from a dependent to an independent existence.

The student of the first century of our literature is impressed with the many signs of its vital connection with that of England. Our forefathers were indeed slower, on the whole, to sever the ties of a common language and literary traditions than those that were purely political. As we should expect, therefore, we find a peculiarly close relation between the literary development of South Carolina and the classical and romantic schools of expression in Great Britain. At first our writers were imitators, due to their artistic inexperience, but after half a century of separate political existence we begin to find a few who attained a considerable de-

gree of originality in choice of subjects, style, and treatment. This marks the beginning of our literary independence, and at this point it becomes worthy of detached study.

Before entering upon the consideration of individual authors certain fundamental facts should be emphasized in order that the reader may take a more intelligent view of the whole field. In the first place, the comity of race, language, and principles which existed with peculiar closeness between South Carolina and England is basic and must not be lost sight of for a moment. In the second place and as a natural sequence of the first, we are impressed with the fact that all the writers of the State were exceedingly sensitive to the influences of English literary standards and traditions. And flowing from this, we observe, thirdly, that our prose follows for a century the conventional style and formal traditions of eighteenth century English prose,—the essay, the dignified and balanced phraseology of Doctor Johnson's *Rambler;* oratory, the sonorous and artificial periods of Burke's grand parliamentary efforts; and the novel, the sentiment, geniality, and exaggeration of the early creators of romantic fiction. Fourthly, didactic and narrative verse is for the most part written in the conventional heroic couplet, while the lyric responds more quickly to the models furnished by contemporary English poetry.

The literature produced by South Carolinians differs broadly in motive from that of Massachusetts; the former being essentially æsthetic or political, the latter ethical, philosophical, or religious, an eddy of the great transcendental movement. Both have love of nature in common, but the former prefers her brighter aspects, while the latter treats her gloomier side. All the influences of the New England civilization tended to make moralists and reformers, while those of the South as inevitably produced statesmen and soldiers. Moreover, the civilization of South Carolina, like that

of most agricultural countries, was oligarchic and aristocratic in character. Standards of culture and literary taste were maintained by a few thousand persons, upon whom depended the material support of writers and magazines. Professional authorship and literature of home production were apt to be discounted by wealthy planters and learned lawyers, most of whom were educated in English universities and imported their libraries from Europe. Agricultural conditions were unfavorable to the growth of large centers of population. This being distributed in the rural districts, failed to create literary centers, without which no people have ever been able to accomplish much in pure letters. Until the war for secession, political ability remained paramount, for the highest rewards within the gift of the people went to the successful statesman. A writer in New England, on the other hand, was ordinarily more honored than a politician.

Most of the conditions favorable to the production of literature were found in Charleston. As a center of wealth, taste, and culture, and the home of all the elegant refinements of life, this city did not yield precedence to Boston itself. Its bar was the most accomplished in America, and for several decades before and after the Revolution there were more college-bred men in Charleston and its environment than in all New England. The latest English books were promptly imported, and the finest libraries in the country were to be found in Charleston and at the planters' seats near by. The young men of the best families were, according to custom, sent abroad for their education, and returned to conserve and illustrate foreign standards of elegance in their own writings. Hugh S. Legaré, referring to the high average of culture in South Carolina, made this noteworthy statement in 1827: "Before and just after the Revolution many—perhaps it would be more accurate to say most—of our youth of opu-

lent families were educated at English schools and universities. There can be no doubt their attainments in polite literature were very far superior to those of their contemporaries at the North, and the standard of scholarship in Charleston was, consequently, much higher than in any other city on the continent."[1] Further evidence in support of this statement is found in the writings of Dr. Ramsay,[2] John Drayton,[3] and others. A thorough study of the whole question was made by General Edward McCrady in his monograph on "Colonial Education in South Carolina" (1883), reprinted in Meriwether's "History of Higher Education in South Carolina." The number of libraries, magazines and newspapers that existed in the province may also be taken as a gauge of the education and general culture of the people. Professor Rivers states that there was a public library in Charleston as early as 1700.[4] The Charleston Library Society was formed in 1748 for the acquisition of the latest magazines, pamphlets, and books, and is the oldest public library in the country, with the single exception of one in Philadelphia which was incorporated in 1742.

II

THE CHARLESTON MAGAZINES

The existence of a long succession of magazines in Charleston must be estimated as an important factor in our literary history. Magazines are the best tangible evidence of the intellectual activity of a people, and may be accepted as a

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[1] *Writings of Hugh S. Legaré,* vol. II., p. 7.
[2] Ramsay's *History of South Carolina,* vol. II., p. 358.
[3] Drayton's *Historical Sketch of South Carolina,* p. 217.
[4] Rivers's *Sketch of the History of South Carolina,* p. 231.

fairly accurate gauge of the quality as well as the quantity of the literary output of a section. Judged by this standard the industry of the writers of Charleston down to about 1845 was as great as that of the litterateurs of either Boston or New York. "A surprisingly large mass of literature," says Mr. Lewisohn, "was produced in South Carolina between 1825 and 1875, and is contained to a large extent in the various periodicals that existed in the city of Charleston from *The Southern Review* to *The Nineteenth Century.*" In the scholarly equipment, sheer mental force, and stylistic skill of their contributors several of these short-lived magazines compare without loss with the better supported periodicals of the North of the same period. A striking illustration of this, taken at random, has been pointed out to me by Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr. *The Southern Review* for February, 1829, contains articles by Hugh S. Legaré, James L. Petigru, Robert Henry, Stephen Elliott, Thomas S. Grimké, Thomas Cooper, Henry Junius Nott, and others. In what single contemporary number of *The Atlantic Monthly* or *The North American Review* can be found a more talented or distinguished list of contributors? Not a contemporary issue of either one is nearly so rich in matter. And yet on account of adverse conditions already referred to, the Charleston publication survived but four years, a fate similar to that of the more famous *London Monthly*, without which English literature would be incalculably poorer.

It is proper to mention here the interesting fact, mentioned by McCrady, that anterior to the establishment of the earliest magazines, South Carolina with a white population of about sixty thousand in 1775 supported three newspapers, or one to every twenty thousand, while in the same year Massachusetts maintained but one newspaper for every fifty thousand inhabitants. *The South-Carolina Gazette* was founded in 1732, and with various suspensions and slight

changes of name continued until 1802. Its almost complete files are preserved in the Charleston Library.[1] The *Charleston Courier* was established in 1803, and in 1873 was consolidated with *The News,* which had been established in August, 1865. It has always kept up a high standard of literary excellence. The old *Charleston Mercury* (1821-1867) and *The Southern Patriot* (1812-1848) also deserve mention among the pioneer newspapers of the State.

Among the earliest ventures in magazine literature were *The Traiteur,* which was edited by Henry Jackson as a monthly from October, 1795, till March, 1796, and *The Vigil,* a rare coffee-house type of periodical which appeared for six weekly numbers in the spring of 1798. During 1805 and 1806 *The Monthly Register and Review of the United States* was published monthly in Charleston by Carpenter. The first serious effort to found a magazine was made in 1828 by Hugh S. Legaré and Stephen Elliott, the botanist, and resulted in *The Southern Review,* a quarterly which continued for four years. It was followed by William Gilmore Simms's first attempt to establish a first-class periodical, *The Southern Literary Gazette,* a monthly which was begun in September, 1828, and suspended publication about a year later. James Wright Simmons at first assisted in its management, but withdrew at the completion of the first volume of six numbers. The fact that "The Lost Pleiad" first appeared in its contents is alone enough to make it memorable. In 1832 Langdon Cheves, an astute thinker and brilliant writer, published at intervals a sort of political organ called *Occasional Reviews. The Cosmopolitan* ran through only two numbers in 1833, and consisted for the most part of short stories. Mrs. Caroline H. Gilman had already established, on August

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[1]See *Marriage Notices in The South-Carolina Gazette and Its Successors,* by A. S. Salley, Jr., and *A Century of The Courier,* by the same writer, in *The News and Courier* of April 20, 1904 (Centennial Edition).

11, 1832, a successful weekly paper for children, which she called at first *The Rosebud, or Youth's Gazette,* the name being afterwards variously modified. The editor was its chief contributor. With the issue for August 31, 1833, the name was changed to *Southern Rose Bud,* and with the issue for September 9, 1837, the name was again changed to *The Southern Rose,* which name it retained to its suspension several years later. *The Southern Literary Journal,* of which Simms was the leading contributor, was founded in 1835 by Daniel K. Whitaker, and existed until the forties. In July, 1840, P. C. Pendleton, with Simms as co-editor, established *The Magnolia, or Southern Appalachian,* in Savannah, but it was taken to Charleston in July, 1842, with Simms as editor-in-chief. It passed out of existence in June, 1844. Longstreet's famous "Georgia Scenes" and Henry's stories and essays first appeared in its pages. The better known *Southern Quarterly Review* was begun in New Orleans by Whitaker in January, 1842, but was removed to Charleston in July, 1842, with James D. B. DeBow as associate editor. Succeeding editors were J. Milton Clapp (1847), Simms (1849), and Mortimer (1855). It was finally taken to Columbia in 1856 with James H. Thornwell as editor-in-chief. It had a notable list of contributors, among whom were F. A. Porcher, E. B. Bryan, William J. Grayson, Bishop Lynch, Robert W. Gibbes, A. B. Meek, Francis Lieber, Beverly Tucker, Commodore Maury, Henry T. Tuckerman, Mitchell King, Joel R. Poinsett, and William H. Trescot. *The Chicora,* "a weekly journal of belles-lettres and general intelligence," after an existence of less than three months, was merged into *The Magnolia.* Among its contributors were Mary Elizabeth Lee, William W. Smith, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Sigourny, and Park Benjamin. Following closely came *The Rambler,* which purported to be "an abstract and brief chronicle of the times," and was published by Doctor John

B. Irving from October, 1843, till March, 1844. It combined the features of a tri-weekly newspaper with those of a more pretentious journal of literature and politics. The next in order was the magazine with the unwieldy name of *The Southern and Western Monthly Magazine and Review,* but which was popularly known as *Simms's Magazine.* It was created by Simms in 1845, but was merged with *The Southern Literary Messenger,* of Richmond, in 1846. The editor, usually under the pen-name of "Adrian Beaufain," wrote the greater portion of its articles. The best of all was *Russell's Magazine,* which ran through six volumes from April, 1857, to March, 1860. It was founded at John Russell's book-shop, where congregated all the literary folk of the city. Among its contributors were Paul H. Hayne and W. B. Carlisle, its co-editors, William G. Simms and Henry Timrod, John Dickson Bruns, James L. Petigru, Mitchell King, James M. Legaré, Samuel H. Dickson, Wm. Porcher Miles, William J. Grayson, Bishop Lynch, and Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve. The last of the Charleston magazines was *The Nineteenth Century,* which was established by the Reverend C. E. Chichester in 1869, and discontinued in 1872.[1]

III

THE POETS

The poets of South Carolina should be considered first not only for the intrinsic excellence and local interest of their work, but for the relative importance of their contribution to the poetry of the nation. Here the State has made her largest claim for attention in American literature, and any

[1]For fuller information on this subject the reader is referred to a paper by Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., on "South Carolina Magazines" in *The Sunday News.*

comprehensive anthology must be the richer for the offering brought by her sweet singers. South Carolina still suffers, however, from the general neglect and isolation which have been the lot of the entire South. It is only within recent years that Edgar Allan Poe has been with any unanimity crowned by all sections the greatest poet artist that this country has produced. Similarly, Timrod and Hayne have not been recognized as two of the greatest native poets of America and have not, except in sporadic instances, received that careful study which is the due of even minor poets. Of course, no claim is here implied that South Carolina or any other State has given birth to a poet of the first or even of the second rank among the great masters of English song. Neither Timrod nor Hayne, however, has yet received the rank and honor due them as American men of letters. Besides these two, there is a group of poets of less importance but of quite meritorious accomplishment in verse, for each of whom, though now forgotten, we ask a secure, although humble, place in the poetical chronicles of the country. This second group contains the names of James Mathewes Legaré, William John Grayson, Catharine Gendron Poyas, Carlyle McKinley, George Herbert Sass, and Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan. A third group might be made up that would include a still larger number of those who have written genuine verse that will live and whose fame should not be confined to State boundaries. Prominent among these are Joseph Blyth Allston, Washington Allston, John Dickson Bruns, Howard Hayne Caldwell, William Crafts, Jr., Annie Peyre Dinnies, Mrs. Caroline A. Ball, Mrs. Caroline H. Gilman, Mr. William H. Hayne, Miss Mary Elizabeth Lee, Alexander B. Meek, Augustus J. Requier, William Gilmore Simms, Professor Yates Snowden, and Mr. Frank L. Stanton. Each one of these, together with a number of others, should be remembered for at least one lyric or other bit of

verse which rises above the commonplace in thought, feeling and workmanship.

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867), as pathetically ill-fated in his life as in his death, has been even longer than his friend Hayne in receiving posthumous fame. This has been due to two causes: one, that he was in a peculiar sense the poet-laureate of the Confederacy, a fact which discredited his best work in the North; the other, that his poems were not accessible to the great American reading public until 1899. The second reason mentioned was not removed until the tardy appreciation of his own people resulted in the formation of the Timrod Memorial Association, which was largely due to the patriotic exertions of Mr. William A. Courtenay and others. Thus, despite the efforts of Hayne, the poet's schoolmate and life-long friend, who in 1873 made a slender collection of Timrod's poems and introduced them with a tender tribute to his memory, the poet remained for more than a quarter of a century unknown to the great body of our people. Since the memorial volume was issued, rapid progress has been made toward a general acquaintance with his poetry, but as it does not contain any of his prose writings and a considerable number of his poems, a complete edition with a fuller biography is desirable. He has not been, however, at any time without recognition. As early as 1860 the *New York Tribune* said of his first thin book of verses: "These poems are worthy of a wide audience and form a welcome offering to the common literature of our country." A few choice spirits in the North from time to time wrote of the South Carolina poet in terms of sincere admiration. Stoddard declared Timrod to be "the ablest poet the South has ever produced"; Henry Austin, after comparing him with Pindar and Catullus, said: "Timrod presents in his small volume more quotable lines in proportion to the quantity than any writer since Byron"; Longfellow generously pre-

dicted that the day would come when the South Carolinian's poems would have a place in every cultivated home in the United States, and Bryant, Holmes, and Whittier uttered similar judicious praise. Notwithstanding such occasional recognition, his real worth remained unknown to both the general reader and the special student. Stedman, for example, in his "Poets of America" (1884), devoted only five lines to Timrod while giving fifty pages to Whitman. Equal neglect is observed in the critical works on American Literature by Richardson, Pancoast, Pattee, Noble, Painter, Beers, Higginson, and Barrett Wendell. For the first time in 1892 he received serious and fair attention from a critic who had the ear of the nation. Professor William P. Trent wrote of him in his "Life of William Gilmore Simms": "His German blood and his inherited qualities had given him a greater artistic endowment than any other Southern writer, save Poe, had been blessed with. He was able, except in the case of his sonnets, in which he evidently came under Simms's influence, to control himself; was able to devote time and patience to the polishing and perfecting of his verse; and more than all, was able to distinguish between subjects that were proper and subjects that were alien to his art. Timrod possessed an imagination which, if not lofty and wide-embracing, was within its narrow range characterized by a singular intensity." Thus was struck firmly and justly a note of criticism which has done much to dispel Northern misconception and is being more and more widely accepted. Mr. Mabie pronounces him "one of the truest lyric poets that has yet appeared in this country," and Professor Wendell, whose elaborate "Literary History of America" (1901) is notably inhospitable to Southern writers, grants Timrod "as fine, as true, and as simple a sense of Nature" as Whittier, and an "equal honesty in phrasing the noble sentiment of the South." Although he deliberately gives Timrod three pages of criticism,

and Hayne one, to Holmes' seventeen and Whittier's twelve, he admits that "the few Southern poets, who have phrased the emotions aroused by the Civil War, which swept their earlier civilization out of existence, reveal a lyric fervour hardly yet equalled in the North."[1] Nevertheless, to the Harvard critic in his distant watch-tower in Boston the South presents little to vary the general outline of literature in America. Evidently it still makes a difference in the citizenship of letters whether one is born north or south of Mason and Dixon's line. Though the times are not yet ripe to view our literature in its true perspective, it is perfectly evident that Timrod, Hayne and Simms, at least, are slowly but surely coming to their own.

In any calm, conservative examination of Timrod's work certain features become evident: (1) his artistic conscience was delicately sensitive and true; (2) his fancy, though fresh and sprightly and not too heavily freighted with thought, was most restrained of all the major American poets save Poe, Longfellow, and Hayne; (3) his gift of poetic expression was characterized by spontaneity, ease, fervor, and richness of color; (4) his inspiration was drawn from the visible forms of nature in his own State; (5) his lyric utterance was remarkable for its beauty, intensity, and power; (6) with an impassioned and absolute loyalty to his own people at a great crisis, he voiced their emotions in victorious battle hymns and plaintive requiems to the slain; and (7) his robust and unfaltering optimism was manifested in a prophetic outlook that was serene and inspired with a faith that all was well. That Timrod set himself the highest standard and was satisfied with nothing short of the best that was in him is evident in the severe self-criticism and prolonged apprenticeship to Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shel-

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[1]Wendell's *Literary History of America,* p. 499.

ley, Browning, and especially Tennyson, to which he subjected himself. His art is distinctively, though not servilely, imitative of the master singers. That he was a close student of the theory as well as the art of poetics has been recently brought to light by the publication in *The Atlantic Monthly*[1] of a long-forgotten manuscript by him entitled "A Theory of Poetry." In this profound essay he undertakes an elaborate refutation of Poe's famous theory in regard to the proper length of a poem and of the supremacy of the element of beauty. Timrod thus concisely phrases his own poetic creed: "I think, when we recall the many and varied sources of poetry, we must perforce confess that it is wholly impossible to reduce them all to the simple element of beauty. Two other elements at least must be added; and these are power, when it is developed in some noble shape, and truth, whether abstract or not, when it affects the common heart of mankind." Whether one accepts this view or not, one must admit that in his own works he lived up to his poetic doctrines.

Timrod had just reached his poetic majority in 1861, and during the terrible struggle which ensued he was able, though handicapped by poverty, ill-health, and hardships intensified tenfold by war, to produce a body of poetry both considerable in bulk and, in spite of obvious defects, extraordinary in merit. In his odes he reached his highest range. In "Ethnogenesis," which was written during the meeting of the first Confederate Congress in February, 1861, he grandly chants the birth of the new nation with sustained beauty and elevation. He undoubtedly reached his highest level, both in technical perfection and impressive vision, in "The Cotton Boll," which is certainly the noblest ode yet written in America, with the possible exception of Lowell's "Commem-

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[1]See the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1905.

oration Ode," recited at Harvard in 1865. He was here able with something like genius to phrase with exquisite finality the voice of the agricultural and militant South. Mr. Lewisohn especially praises "the tense restraint in the pregnant brevity of the lines of the opening passage, in which passion and high imagination are perfectly fused and adequate expression is achieved." "Carolina" is the most fervid war-lyric in our whole literature, and is a rare success in a difficult type. Henry Austin has asked if it "may not be pronounced superior to any martial Greek poetry now extant," and Professor Thomas de la Torre has eloquently said: "I must think that if in the long centuries the days shall come when the cause for which Carolinians bled and died shall grow fainter on the ears of distant men, that even in that calm and far-off day, when the agony and the strife are long stilled, that agony and strife would live again and the great heart of Carolina would beat once more if, perhaps, some ancient scholar, musing on the record of the past, should read these words." The "Ode for the Soldiers Buried in Magnolia Cemetery" is as admirable in tone, spirit, and technique as if it had come out of the Greek Anthology. "It is so perfect of its kind," says Professor Trent, "that it seems sufficient to preserve his memory not merely as a Southern but as a national possession. One need not fear for this once to compare a South Carolina poem with the best lyrics of the kind in the literature of the world." Than this there can be no higher praise. A group of minor lyrics, wonderful for their atmosphere and exquisite rhythm, includes "Charleston," a lesson of steadfastness to the beleagured city in its hour of darkest trial; "Carmen Triumphale," commemorative of the first Confederate victory; "Christmas," verses that move the heart and are all aglow with the precious fire of genuine poetry; "Spring," a poem classical in conception but intensely local in treatment, and closing with a thrilling

flush of beauty; and "Katie," in which he celebrates with high lyric rapture the charms of his English wife, whose girlish beauty and grace he interprets through the subtle sympathy which exists between human loveliness and the forms of nature. The sonnets contain some of Timrod's most costly phrasing and maturest thought, and deserve careful study, in spite of their imperfect structure. This defect was due to the poet having followed the example of Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, both of whom introduced three rhymes in the octave.

Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1886) is the most distinguished of the talented writers whom South Carolina shares with Georgia. He lost home, library, family plate, nearly everything, through the ravages of war, and found a quiet retreat in the pine forests near Augusta. There, in a rough cottage "on a barren hill-top," as he tells us, "with thirty dollars between us and—starvation," he began a cheerful struggle with poverty, ill-health, and conditions adverse to a successful literary career. But fortunately during the days when he was "fighting down the black spectre of despair" he was encouraged by the inspiring companionship of a wife remarkable for her devotion, fortitude, and cheerfulness. With her and his son, the well-known poet, Mr. William Hamilton Hayne (1856-), he was destined to enjoy many happy, fruitful and honored years. His artistic development had been slow but well-rounded. Up to the year 1859 he was known as the author of three volumes of verse which, though they contained but few pieces that rose above the "dead level of mediocrity," gave promise of a true poet with a passionate love of nature and a genuine devotion to his craft. Probably no other American poet has subjected himself to a longer or more severe literary apprenticeship. Besides his constant study of the modern poets and the practice of versification, his editorial connection with *The Southern Literary Gazette*

and *Russell's Magazine* gave him a valuable critical training. During the war he contributed to the newspapers many spirited martial lyrics in behalf of the Confederate cause. These, like most of the sectional war-songs of the time, breathed an ardent patriotic sentiment, but were often sanguinary and melodramatic. Though some of these efforts were characterized by dignity and refined poetic expression, Hayne never attained the trumpet notes and impassioned utterance of Timrod. His war poetry is not in his best vein. His most important contribution was made after 1876. Up to that year his work had revealed a ripe culture, a keen sensitiveness to the deeper moods of Wordsworth, and the influence of the ornate diction and musical versification of Keats and Tennyson. He had also already demonstrated considerable skill in handling the difficult sonnet structure. He afterwards so excelled in this form that Maurice Thompson said, with pardonable enthusiasm, that he "could pick out twenty of Hayne's sonnets equal to almost any others in our language," and Professor Wendell declares that "few American sonnets are more sincere than his 'Fate, or God.'" As a sonneteer, Hayne certainly outranks all other American poets. After 1866 he continued gradually but surely to gain a masterly command of all the resources of his art. His industry was indefatigable, and his application to letters as a profession is comparable only to that of Simms. He enjoyed the life-long friendship of his confreres in the South and of Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, and others in the North, and through the great Northern magazines, which in time accorded his poetry a cordial welcome, he possessed the ear of the whole American public. Thanks to the added years that were granted him, his literary output was the largest of all the Southern poets.

Hayne takes high rank as a narrative poet. Maurice Thompson says "The Mountain of the Lovers," "The Macro-

bian Bow," "Macdonald's Raid," and "The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana" are works worth the crown of an academy. Mr. Lewisohn thinks his "Daphles" "the best American narrative poem ever written," and mentions "The Wife of Brittany" and "The Story of Glaucus, the Thessalian," as "poems of extraordinary beauty and power." "Aethra," says Professor Painter, "is a gem of its kind, a poem of rare excellence and beauty." His work of most enduring charm, however, is in his nature poems. Here he treated subjects not only of perennial interest, but such as were congenial to his beauty-loving and richly imaginative temperament. Although he was probably inferior to Timrod in artistic sensitiveness, he was his equal in conscientiousness, and his superior in versatility, sustained power of thought, and the larger humanity. Unlike his friend, he describes nature for her own sake and not merely for her symbolism or as a teacher of man. Professor Trent is much impressed by his "delicately receptive genius," and names him as "one of our greatest masters of technique." "His poetry," wrote James Wood Davidson, in 1869, before Hayne had attained his maturity, "is alive with pent passion, glowing yet repressed; a tropical wealth of emotion, touched here and there with a dash of quaintness or a flow of affectation. He is fervent, but sometimes feeble; musical and dainty in phraseology; full of earnestness, tenderness, and delicacy." The sumptuous edition of his poems, containing nearly four hundred double-column pages, which was brought out in Boston in 1882, is the most important single volume of poetry yet issued by any Southern author. The distinguished poet of Virginia, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston (1820-1897), contributed to this collection a sympathetic sketch, in which she pointed out Hayne's superb fight for independence in his chosen profession, the fineness of his culture, his self-abnegation of the rôle of moralist and reformer, his intimate acquaintance with

classical English poetry, the refinement of his expression, his adequate treatment of memorable deeds, the perfection of his reflective and religious verse, and his supreme gift of painting nature in her distinctively Southern aspects. His best descriptive poems, which include the wonderful series on the pines, are saturated with warm, harmonious color, and are redolent with perfume and melody. In the impressive lyric, "In Harbor," sense and sound are wonderfully blended and the possibilities of euphonious versification are well-nigh exhausted. "By the Grave of Henry Timrod" is the most deeply touching elegy in our literature. "A Storm in the Distance," "The Broken Chords," "By the Autumn Sea," "The Mocking Bird," and "Unveiled," will certainly some day be numbered among the imperishable treasures of the national anthology. In Mrs. Preston's choice phrase, "Hayne was content to dwell in the quiet realm of beauty, amid the aromatic freshness of the woods, the swaying incense of the cathedral-like aisles of pines, the sough of dying summer winds, the glint of lonely pools, and the brooding notes of leaf-hidden mocking-birds." His brave, unselfish character, his instinctive friendliness, and his patriotic effort to reconcile the long-estranged sections, have already made him one of the best-beloved men of the South, and his remarkable artistic endowment and creative energy should eventually place him securely in the small company of greater American poets.

Among our poets, Hayne and Timrod, of course, hold preeminence in song, and are steadily gathering fame with the passing years. But, as we have seen above, they are attended by a group of minor singers who for native talent, skill in poetics, and choice of subjects, deserve a far wider reputation and a more serious critical attention than they have as yet received.

JAMES MATHEWES LEGARÈ (1823-1859) undoubtedly deserves first place among the lesser poets of the ante-bellum period. In 1848 he published a thin book of verse oddly entitled "Orta-Undis and Other Poems" from the closing piece in Latin. The author died too young to fulfil the splendid promise of his single volume. Mr. Lewisohn has rendered an important service to letters in rediscovering Legaré, whom he shows to have been a genuine artist "who produced a modicum of true and sweet minor poetry and who used simple lyric meters with firmness and distinction as the vehicle of his loving observation of nature." "To a Lily" is marked by a delicate and effective symbolism. "The Reaper," "Haw-Blossoms," and "Flowers in Ashes," reveal a close intimacy with nature and the mastery of form that is distinctly modern. In "Tallulah" he strikes a deeper imaginative note and attains a greater originality of form. The lines to his wife are strong in reflection and characterization, and human tenderness, and his elegy on the death of his kinsman, Hugh S. Legaré, is cast in a noble classical mould.

Another poet whom time is slowly rescuing from oblivion is CATHARINE GENDRON POYAS (1813-1882). She inherited a strong impulse toward a literary career from her mother, Elizabeth Ann Poyas (1792-1877), "The Ancient Lady of Charleston," who wrote three volumes of sketches entitled "Carolina in the Olden Time" (1855), "Our Forefathers, Their Homes and Their Churches" (1860), and "Days of Yore, or Shadows of the Past" (1870). Miss Poyas was a woman of rare cultivation, and after many years of faithful practice and severe self-criticism, produced her elegiac volume of religious verse, "The Year of Grief." It consists of a sequence of forty sonnets, a form in which success is exceedingly rare, which are nearly perfect in structure, and quite satisfactory in conception. She shows herself, in fact, much at home in the difficult though rich and noble vehicle of acad-

emic expression. Her artistic self-control, her sincerity of utterance, her deftness in shaping her material, and the intensity and solemn beauty of her lines, mark her work as far above the ordinary. Such sonnets as "Hark to the Voice of Wailing," "On whom shall thy descending mantle rest?" and the one on the death of Bishop Gadsden, are singularly free from the common faults of bathos and intellectual and artistic insincerity. Among her other poems, "Good Night" and "Autumnal Musings" have distinct atmosphere, worthy meditation on nature and life, and should make their appeal to cultivated readers.

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON (1788-1863) represents the generation that came on the stage just after the Revolution, and his work is therefore among the poetical first-fruits of our national existence. He was a pleasant though neither a very correct nor original writer, and his work is interesting today as an example of the prevailing tendency of our post-revolutionary verse to follow a line of development parallel with English poetry. His best poem, "Three-score Years and Seven," is unusually perfect in versification and its reflective quality is strongly sustained throughout. "Chicora" (1856), his most important long poem, is an Indian legend composed in the manner of Scott and the later romantic poets. While I cannot agree with Mr. Lewisohn that it is "one of the pleasantest pieces of poetic work produced in the State," I heartily subscribe to his opinion that the story is told "with singular sweetness of versification and a quiet but very real charm." "The Country" (1858) is a classical, descriptive poem, modeled on the sixth satire of the second book of Horace. It is written after the style of Pope in conventional heroic couplets. Due to political conditions, the author himself being a member of Congress, "The Hireling and the Slave" (1854) attracted wide attention. It vividly contrasts the miserable condition of the Northern wage-worker with the

happy and care-free lot of the Southern slave. It has been pointed out by Mr. Robert W. Shand that this poem curiously contains what is probably the first public prophecy of a return of the negroes to Africa. Grayson is also the author of a "Life of James L. Petigru," a charming piece of prose, which many regard superior to any of his poetical works.

Carlyle McKinley (1847-1904), a gifted man of letters whom Georgia gave to South Carolina, is the latest lost of our poets. So fresh is his memory and so beloved his personality that it is difficult to approach his work in a judicial mood. Like Grayson, he was in his life-time even better known as a writer of vigorous and finished prose than as a poet. His powerful monograph, "An Appeal to Pharaoh" (1889), and his vivid descriptions of "The Charleston Earthquake" and "The Great Cyclone," form no unimportant part of the argumentative and descriptive prose literature of the State. His verse is of a subjective and reflective type, and reveals talent of the first order. Careful and often exquisite in technique, modern in temper, all his work is informed with the brave, hopeful, and undaunted spirit that animated South Carolinians in the gloomy days of Reconstruction. His prevailing mood is quiet and subdued, and extreme refinement characterizes his thought and feeling. His message is that of a genial sensitive nature attuned to the bright and gentle things of life, but not unmindful of those that are stern and sorrowful. He is always the artist, and yet lofty moral purpose and deep seriousness is never absent. His appeal is to the mind and the heart of the well-bred few. As he ponders over life's great secrets, he is not always orthodox, but his philosophy is sane, sincere, and warmly human. The chief charm of "Sapelo," which barely misses being a masterpiece, is the loving and detailed description of nature on the coast. In "Crucifer," a subtle study of human weaknesses, a profound religious truth is revealed through a vision of enduring

beauty. "At the Last" is an original and psychological meditation on the eternal mystery of dissolution. Its simplicity, optimism, perfect melody, and nice felicity of epithet are noteworthy. "Today and Yesterday" contrasts the joy of the present with the vain regret over the irrevocable past. "At Timrod's Grave" is a delicate and touching tribute to the once-neglected poet. "In Spring," a joyful hymn of praise to the rejuvenating principle of things, is truly fanciful and entirely adequate in phrase and structure.

Mr. George Herbert Sass, better known in the world of letters as "Barton Grey," by common consent takes first rank among the living poets of South Carolina. He was born in Charleston, December 24, 1845. He graduated in 1867 at that venerable and excellent seat of learning, the College of Charleston, which made him an honorary Doctor of Laws in 1902. During the war between the sections he was in the signal service, but at leisure moments practiced his art, and won a prize with one of his patriotic lyrics published in *The Southern Field and Fireside.* Simms included a martial piece of Mr. Sass's, called "The Battle of Richmond," in his "War Poetry of the South," and Davidson gives two of his poems, "A Prayer for Peace" and "Far" in his "Living Writers." After the war he practiced law, and is now master in equity. He has been for many years book reviewer of *The News and Courier.* In 1904 his poems were published in a volume entitled "The Heart's Quest. A Book of Verses by Barton Grey," containing his best work, including such popular pieces as "The Parting of the Ways," "Joan Mellish," "Compensation," and "In a King Cambyses Vein." Professor Trent gives him a place in his "Southern Writers" (1905), quoting "The Confederate Dead," "In a King Cambyses Vein," and "A Face." The quality which impresses one most in his work is its finality of word, phrase, and rhythm. There is the happiest and yet the most inevitable

adaptation of thought to form. The art is so skillfully concealed that there is no sense of effort. There is also a rich sensuousness, a high rapture, and a romantic mystery about it that is teasingly suggestive of Elizabethan poetry. "In a King Cambyses Vein" is one of the most effective ballads in American literature, and well ilustrates the author's facility in writing narrative poetry with its rapid movement and sharp crises. His "Ode for the Charleston Exposition" (1901) is a strong bit of occasional verse. He seems to have an equal gift for creative and academic work, and neither is ever wanting in the elements that make for popularity.[1]

Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan published in 1905 her first volume of plays, including "Semiramis" and "Carlotta." She has since published (1906) four dramas of extraordinary merit. "The Siege" is a tragedy in blank verse with the scene laid in Syracuse in the time of the tyrant Dionysius. "The Shepherd" is written in prose, and pictures contemporary life among the Russian revolutionists. "Lords and Lovers" (1906) is a romantic drama in two parts. It deals with the loves of Henry III and his plotting nobles. With the exception of a few scenes in the sub-plot, it is composed in blank verse. In *The Century* for August, 1907, appeared a masque from her pen entitled, "The Woods of Ida." Mrs. Dargan has so recently achieved fame that it may seem premature to pronounce a critical judgment on her work. It is certain, however, that it marks the high tide of dramatic poetry in this country, and is, indeed, not unworthy of comparison with all but the greatest in English literature. One is equally impressed by the creative inspiration and the mastery of technique displayed by the author. Each of her plays reveals a dramatic power and a poetic beauty of thought and diction that are surprising. The numerous songs, also, with which her plays are interspersed, yield a rich and haunting melody

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[1]Died February 10, 1908.

that is redolent of the charming Elizabethan lyrics. The dramas as a whole are audacious in plot and vigorous in characterization. In the handling of the blank verse, in the witty scenes of the sub-plots, in the splendor of the phrasing, in the strong undercurrent of reflection, and, above all, in their spiritual uplift and noble emotion, these dramas give evidence of a remarkably gifted playwright who not only possesses a deep feeling for art at its highest and best, but who also has command of all the varied resources of dramatic expression.

Mr. William Hamilton Hayne belongs more to Georgia than to South Carolina, though the place of his birth entitles him to mention in this work. He was born on March 11, 1856, at Charleston. After the war he accompanied his family to Copse Hill, and was there educated. He has contributed much poetry of a thoughtful, academic kind to the public press since 1879, and has worn worthily the poetic mantle bequeathed to him by his brilliant father. A collection of his poems was published in 1892 under the title of "Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses."

Mr. Frank Lebby Stanton also is now identified with Georgia, having long lived in Atlanta, where he is a member of the staff of *The Constitution*. He was born, however, in Charleston, in 1857, and is mentioned for that reason. He is the author of two volumes of verse, "Songs of the Soil" and "Comes One With a Song." Among his representative poems are "Return, Sweet Day," "A Little Way," and "In Starry Silence." His work is essentially popular and makes a direct appeal to the heart of the masses. Like the poetry of Eugene Field, Riley, and Kiser, with which it should be compared, it is marked by a sweet and tender sentiment, extreme simplicity, and natural grace.

Limitation of space prevents more than a brief mention of a few of the writers in the third group given above. Mr.

Lewisohn speaks of JOHN DAVIS'S "Whippoorwill" as "perhaps the first sonnet written in South Carolina." This curious bit of verse is contained in a duodecimo pamphlet of poems, a rare copy of which is preserved in the library of the College of Charleston. The author was foreign born, but having adopted this State as his home, insisted on being known as "John Davis of Coosawhatchie." My attention has been called by Professor Snowden also to a book of "Travels" by Davis in the Charleston Library. It contains some graphic sketches of life in the low-country of South Carolina in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The two volumes by HOWARD HAYNE CALDWELL (1831-1855) entitled "Oliatta and Other Poems," and his later "Poems," are faulty in verse-carpentry, romantically extravagant, turgid and diffuse, but in their luxuriant fancy and richly sensuous phrasing strongly reflect the influence of Keats and Tennyson. His "Saint Agnes" was praised by Simms, but is too long and metrically slipshod. The same charge may be made against "A Dream of Maries," but both poems give glimpses of the weird beauty and charm that is found in the mediæval atmosphere. His treatment of romantic subjects is better than that of the classical. His sonnet on the "Death of Anderson" represents him at his best. He is most at home when dealing with the rapt mood of the religious mystic. The artistic impulse was very strong in him and with more restraint he might have rivalled Legaré.

The chief title of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806-1870) to distinction rests on his historical fiction, but a considerable share of his many-sided activity was devoted to the cultivation of poetry. The number of volumes of verse which he either wrote or compiled amounts to twenty-four. Up to 1833, indeed, his poetical writings occupied the larger share of his time, and, as in the case of Scott, exerted a beneficial effect on his prose style. Yet Simms was never able to accom-

plish much in the service of the Muses. As might be expected, his best verse is found among his ballads and other narrative pieces. "The Swamp Fox" has deserved a long popularity by virtue of its many fine descriptive touches, and "The Cassique of Accabee" and "The Ballad of Fort Moultrie" have no lack of rapid movement and adventure. "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea," is considered his best narrative poem, and though lacking in human interest, has passages of much charm and power. It is a romance in blank verse centering about the love-affairs of a nereid, a sea-monster, and a Spanish knight. His skill in paraphrasing is illustrated in "The Burden of the Desert," in which he has reproduced in a swift modern meter much of the suggestive and awful sublimity of Isaiah. Undoubtedly his greatest and most perfect poem is "The Lost Pleiad," in which he attained a note of imperishable beauty. It was much improved by several revisions subsequent to its first appearance in *The Southern Literary Gazette* in 1829. Davidson says with just discrimination that "he has several elements of the true poet, such as a fertile and vivid imagination, a quick sense of effects and a ready faculty of construction." And it will be seen that these are the very qualities that enrich and enliven his prose. But after all that can be said in favor of his poetical gifts, it must be admitted that his poetic endowment was slender and undeveloped.

From the very beginning the women of South Carolina have borne a worthy part in the development of her literature, and usually through the medium of the newspapers and magazines have not hesitated to express their opinions, sentiments, and ideals. Buried here and there, too, in the libraries of the State are many quaint leather-bound books of the ante-bellum days in which are hidden away the offerings of her lovely daughters at the altars of the Muses. The excellent work of Miss Catharine Gendron Poyas has already been

discussed, but others deserve attention, especially Mrs. Caroline H. Gilman, Miss Mary E. Lee, Mrs. Louisa S. McCord, Mrs. Mary S. Whitaker, Mrs. Annie Peyre Dinnies, Miss Clara V. Dargan, Mrs. Caroline A. Ball, Miss Esther B. Cheesborough, and Miss Frances Guignard Gibbes.

Each of these has contributed to the anthology of the commonwealth at least one or two lyrics that have kept sweet and fresh, and still seem the utterance of a living voice. The possession of true poetic inspiration cannot be denied them, and stylistic defects of form and proportion should be attributed to faulty training and the lack of any but the most amateurish and undiscriminating criticism. Yet a close examination of the work of these sweet singers of South Carolina should convince the most skeptical that it is unique, interesting, and indispensable.

Caroline Howard Gilman (1794-1888) was, on the whole, the most eminent woman writer of the State. Her most important writings, however, are in prose and will be discussed in another section. Her "Verses of a Life-Time" (1849) contains some fairly good poetry, especially in the division headed "Thoughts in Journeying." Her ballads and dramatic sketches are of less value. "To the Ursulines" can safely be pronounced a poem of exquisite beauty and real merit. One cannot help admiring the lofty thought and imagery, the broad sympathy and catholicity of the author, and excepting the rather monotonous repetition of a single word, the metrical effect is altogether satisfactory. "Annie in the Graveyard" also is an admirable piece of poetic composition, with its delicate description and its Wordsworthian simplicity. Mary Elizabeth Lee (1813-1849), in her fondness for nature and her choice of themes from real life, shows the influence of Wordsworth. The spirit of such pieces as "The Spring" and "The Poets" is impulsive and glad-hearted, but in spite of their appropriate meters, the execution is uneven

and not always correct. Death is a favorite subject with her, and in "The Last Place of Sleep" she has treated it in a mood of pensive sadness which is gently relieved by thoughts of flowers and human love. "Among her best compositions," says Griswold, "are several poems, in the ballad style, founded on Southern traditions, in which she has shown dramatic skill and considerable ability in description. One of the best of these is "The Indian's Revenge, a Legend of Toccoa." ANNIE PEYRE DINNIES (1816-) contributed to most of the Southern magazines under the pseudonym of "Moina." Her "Floral Year" was once popular, but soon went out of print. The domestic affections are the theme of some of her best verses. "The Wife," though written in too facile a style, wins one by its simple truth and tender pathos. "Wedded Love" has intensity of feeling, but more artifice. "The Greek Slave" is full of statuesque grace and dignity as well as sympathy, but its strong religious note almost obscures the artistic effect. MARY SCRIMGEOUR WHITAKER (1822-1906) expressed thoughts in a clear, simple and natural style, but her art is sometimes choked by conventionality of form. Her chief faults are accentuated by her use of the rhymed couplet. Due to her temperament and circumstances, the Byronic pose is seen in her preference for such subjects as the lonely heart, solitude, the grave, which are treated in a mood of sad and plaintive melancholy. Her best bit of verse, "The Flower, the Star, and the Rill," is a good specimen of old-fashioned sentiment. Of mediocre merit is "The Creole," a long narrative poem written after a brief residence in the West Indies. "It was intended," the author tells us, "to be chiefly descriptive of scenery, without any intricacy of plot." MRS. LOUISA SUSANNAH MCCORD (1810-1880) was a woman of marked personality and a writer of great intellectual force. In her life-time she was best known as the author of many vigorous and logical articles

on philanthropic and economic subjects, but she will probably be remembered much longer for a poem entitled "The Voice of Years," which was published in "My Dreams," a volume of her fugitive verse issued at Philadelphia in 1848. Davidson aptly comments on it as "earnest, natural and direct; nothing feeble, or even flowery—nothing Corinthian, but all Doric." In "Caius Gracchus" (1851) she attempted blank verse tragedy, but with only moderate success. The dialogue is heavy, and the meter is often wooden and inflexible, but there are some strong psychological and truly dramatic situations. It should be classed with the scholarly closet dramas which are never intended to be acted.

The great war for Southern independence was scarcely over when Simms set to work with laudable patriotism to collect the best martial and domestic lyrics that had appeared in the various Southern periodicals during its progress. These, like the battle-odes of the Roundheads and Cavaliers in the seventeenth century, he proudly declared to be now a part of the national literary heritage. An interesting and invaluable chapter in American literature they are indeed, for in these personal outbursts of song are perpetuated in the imperishable form of art the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the splendid courage and devotion of a great people. "The Civil War added to the stock of American poetry," says Professor Trent, "a mass of verse, sufficient both in quantity and in quality to warrant a fair amount of attention from the historian and the critic of literature. It is marked by a deep sincerity, and on the Southern side especially by an intensity of emotion that somewhat hampers cool criticism." In this war-poetry South Carolina easily bears off the palm. What other State can match the war-songs and odes of Timrod and Hayne, already referred to, and those of their contemporaries? Among the latter we

should include "Our Christmas Hymn," with its profound and tender pathos, and "The Foe at the Gates," a fervid battle-hymn throbbing with Spartan courage and patriotism, by JOHN DICKSON BRUNS (1836-18—) ; "South Carolina," a martial lyric which sounded a trumpet note at the beginning of hostilities, and is in both spirit and technique entirely adequate, by SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON (1798-1872) ; "Ashes of Glory," by AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER (1825-1887), and "Stack Arms!" by JOSEPH BLYTH ALLSTON, two solemn dirges over the lost cause of the South. In this connection should also be mentioned Judge Requier's "Ode to Victory," MRS. CAROLINE A. BALL'S sweetly sad "A Jacket of Gray" (1866), Mr. Sass's "Battle of Richmond," and Mr. Allston's "Sumter," each of which is of undisputed literary merit.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK (1814-1865) belongs equally to South Carolina and to Alabama. He was the author of a volume of romantic sketches, which have long been forgotten, and a book of lyric poems of uneven quality. Three of these latter, "The Land of the South," "Girl of the Sunny South," and "The Mocking-Bird," are true products of the soil, and are sufficient to demonstrate the author's possession of genuine fancy and inspiration as well as a correct ear for rhythmical effects. Who can read the "Land of the South," with its ardent and blended love of nature and native land, without a quicker heartbeat?

ELIAS MARKS (1790-1886) was a classical scholar with all the inherited conservatism of eighteenth century classicism in letters. He wrote a long narrative poem entitled "Elfreide of Guldal." It is based on a Scandinavian legend, and is extremely romantic in subject and treatment. His "Maia: A Mask" feels the influence of Ben Jonson and his followers, and though cast in a stiff conventional mould, with a touch of the pedantic, has lines and verse paragraphs that faithfully mirror the loveliness and freshness of nature.

Most of the verse written by our contemporary poets is not sufficiently tempered by time to be viewed in its true perspective. The work of a living writer, especially if he gives promise of greater achievement in the future, seems too near us for impersonal treatment. Without any invidious distinction, however, MR. YATES SNOWDEN'S "A Carolina Bourbon" deserves special mention, as it has already taken its place as a classic in our literature. As a sympathetic portrait of a loyal gentleman of the old Southern school, it stands without a rival in American verse, and its pleasing contrasts of opulence and seedy respectability,—the lights and shadows of an eventful life, humorous and pathetic by turns, are admirably done in quiet, academic tones. It is exceedingly regretted that the plan of this collection forbids the admission of this memorable poem.[1] The author is a native of Charleston, where he was born in 1858. He graduated at the College of Charleston in 1879, and was admitted to the bar in 1882. He soon after entered upon a career of journalism and was until 1904 an editorial writer on the staff of *The News and Courier*. The year following he was elected Professor of History in the South Carolina College, and now fills that chair. Besides his skill in poetical technique, Mr. Snowden is master of a graceful and suggestive prose style, and is the author of many valuable critical and historical papers.

These three groups do not by any means exhaust the list of South Carolina poets. Even a very incomplete list of authors and their works must include at least a bare mention of the following: James Aiken (1812-1877), of Fairfield; Julia Aldrich Baker, of Gaffney, author of "Gleams of Truth"; John A. Chapman (1821-1906), of Newberry, author of "The Walk, and Other Poems" (1873), "Within the Veil," and "Verses

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[1] "A Carolina Bourbon" may be found in Trent's "Southern Writers."

for Young and Old" (1896); Charles Colcock Hay, author of "The Rose" and other lyrics; Samuel J. Hay, author of "A Health to Old Virginia" and other poems; Henry Mazyck Clarkson, author of "Evelyn, and Other Poems"; Floride Clemson, of Pendleton, author of "Poet Skies"; St. James Cummings, of Charleston, who wrote the "Jubilee Ode" for the South Carolina Military Academy; William C. Dana (1810-1873), author of "Hymns for Public Worship"; Willie East, author of "Southern Voices"; Henry Tudor Farmer (1782-1828), author of "The Maniac's Dream"; Mary Weston Fordham, author of "Magnolia Leaves"; Mary Fowles, of Newberry, whose works include "The Golden Fleece" (1875), "A Sequence of Songs" (1882), "A Hero's Last Days," a novel (1883), "Echoes of Holy Week," and "Songs of a New Age"; Caroline Griswold, of Charleston, author of "Poems," "Zaidee," and "Bannockburn"; Laura Gwyn (1833-), author of "Miscellaneous Poems"; Frances Guignard Gibbes, of Columbia; Robert Pleasant Hall (1825-1854), who wrote "Poems by a South Carolinian"; Edward Clifford Holland (1794-1824), of Charleston, author of "Odes, Naval Songs and Other Poems"; George S. Holmes, author of "Fons Fabulosus" and "A Token"; John D. Knott, of Orangeburg; Joseph Brown Ladd (1764-1786), author of "Poems of Arouet"; Margaret Maxwell Martin (1817-), of Columbia; William Maxwell Martin (1837-1861), author of "A Man Dies Not Till His Work is Done," and other poems; Julia C. Mintzing; Penina Moise (1797-1830), author of "Fancy's Sketch-book"; Vivian Mordaunt Moses, of Sumter; F. Müench, of Charleston, author of "Palmetto Lyrics"; Rosalie Miller Murphy; Margaret A. Richards (1870-), of Columbia, author of "Gleanings from a Wayside," "Three Bells"; Eliza Murden; Mary Palmer Shindler (1810-), who wrote "The Northern Harp," "The Southern Harp," and "The Young Sailor"; James Wright Simmons, of Charleston, author of

"Bluebeard" (1821), and "The Greek Girl" (1852); William Hayne Simmons, of Charleston, author of "Onea" and "The Wilderness"; William Henry Timrod (1792-1838), of Charleston, who wrote "To Time—The Old Traveler" and "Autumnal Day in Carolina"; Belton O'Neall Townsend, of Darlington, author of "Plantation Lays"; Doctor Emanuel A. Wingard (1849-1900), of Lexington, author of "Echoes and Other Poems" and "For Church and State"; Doctor Robert Wilson, author of "The Mocking-Bird"; Dr. Charles S. Vedder, author of "Holland"; Governor John Lyde Wilson, who wrote "Cupid and Psyche" (1842); James Henry Rice, Jr., author of "The Poet and the City," "Hampton: Salutem," etc.; Edward Young (1818-), author of "Ladye Lillian and Other Poems," and J. Gordon Coogler, author of "Purely Original Verse"; Ludwig Lewisohn, author of "Amor Triumphans," and "The Garden of Passion"; Robert Elliott Gonzales, who wrote "The Isle of Heart's Desire"; Mrs. Nanny Miles Durant, author of "A Book of Verse" (1906), and Mrs. Janie Screven Heyward, author of "Wild Roses." John McCrady, who wrote "The Forge of Thought" (1882); N. Russell Middleton, author of "The Allegory of Plato" (1891); J. A. Mercator, who wrote "The Walk"; Miss Sallie A. M. Black, author of "The Chimes of St. Michael's."

IV

THE ORATORS

It has been shown by Mr. Lewisohn that the literary origins of South Carolina are differentiated from those of the other States by three important considerations: (1) the isolation of the province from the other colonies, (2) its comparative accessibility to the mother country, and (3) the liberal character of its inhabitants. One immediate effect

of these conditions, the first two of which were physical and the third temperamental, was to produce especially in prose a development of the literature of the eighteenth century type. Our statesmen of the provincial regime and of the early commonwealth found their models among the parliamentary orators of England, who in turn had inherited the rhetorical principles of the ancients, among whom Demosthenes and Cicero were the most eloquent exemplars. The difference then between English and South Carolina oratory was not in kind, but in personality. The Rutledges, Draytons, Laurenses, Pinckneys, Robert Y. Hayne, Calhoun, Preston, and McDuffie wrote and spoke in the general style of Burke, Chatham, Pitt, Walpole, and Sheridan. The South Carolinians were thus simply adopting for practical uses a traditional and conventional literary instrument.

The study of the oratory of South Carolina is interesting and instructive for several reasons. Here, at least, is one field in which this State does not yield precedence to any other. The art of eloquent, classical speech reached so transcendant a level in South Carolina that she may safely challenge first place over Massachusetts, endowed as she is with such great names as Otis, Phillips, Choate, Parker, Sumner, Everett, and Webster. On account of political conditions this State was extraordinarily prolific in orators, who reverentially received their art from their ancestors, assiduously cultivated it, and devoutly transmitted it to their successors. For generations the whole State was a school of oratory. Even where the defects of early training are manifest, the speeches reveal the noble and virile personality of their authors, all men of approved courage and patriotism, and preserve far better than any second-hand means their profound political doctrines. Of all literary forms, oratory is the slowest to change its type. That old-fashioned rhetorical style still appeals to popular taste, but is passing in this

generation. The best modern taste now prefers a much simpler and less highly decorative and artificial style. Present-day oratory relies for its effects upon logical precision, severe coherence, simple directness, natural contrasts of humor and pathos, and above all, upon a quiet restraint and finely filed phrasing. The fashion has changed, and we now have in pulpit, bar, and forum an art which is, on the whole, more carefully concealed, more subtle, and less self-conscious. As contrasted with latter-day standards, the ante-bellum oratory seems self-conscious, sometimes almost histrionic, stately and excessively dignified, fervidly eloquent, sometimes surcharged with fervid aspiration or denunciation, heavily weighted with tandem substantives and marshaled epithets, and with carefully balanced phrase and clause. It was a grandiloquent style which depended for its effects upon verbal thunderbolts and the momentum of vast rolling waves of sound. There was no lack of profound thinking, equally convincing in its logic and its emotional appeal. It must be admitted that their speeches are now of greater historical than æsthetic interest. It cannot be denied that they are vital with splendid thought and feeling, and though they cannot be classed as pure literature with the essay, the novel, and poetry, constitute an important division of the literature of power.

From the earliest times down to about 1820 the men of South Carolina were conspicuous for military ability and constructive statesmanship, and contributed probably more than any other State except Virginia to the successful creation of the Union. After this first period the State produced a remarkable school of orators and statesmen that for a time made her the most influential commonwealth in the councils of the nation. The causes of this prominence are well understood, and can be merely referred to here. The interests of South Carolina in common with those of the rest of the

South made necessary a determined championship of the rights and powers of the State as opposed to the encroachments of the Federal Government. A single concrete and finally overshadowing phase of this defense of the commonwealth against the Union was the issue of domestic slavery, which was connected vitally with the economic development of the South. Another question was the right of the State to nullify obnoxious acts of Congress. Still a third was the great and hitherto unsettled doctrine of secession. The highest political rewards attached to the services of the successful orator and statesman caused the ablest men of the State to specialize on these and other political and economic subjects, the result being a surprisingly large output of polemic literature. The very processes which were propitious to the making of men and women of marked individuality, the finest flower of a modern chivalry, were correspondingly uncongenial to the production of professional writers, especially that ethereal but bohemian class that thrived best in garrets and coffee-houses. The aristocracy which dominated South Carolina for a century was the splendid product of her oligarchic civilization, and there is no more characteristic product than the voluminous collection of speeches and political pamphlets of that period. Oratory was the most brilliant phase of our public life.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN (1782-1850) was preëminent among the publicists whom the South produced after the era of the Revolution. Not only does he still take precedence among South Carolina's most distinguished sons, but his colossal figure bulks ever larger in the horizon of the nation as the years go by. Edward Everett wisely named him with Clay and Webster in the triumvirate of greatest ante-bellum commoners, and history today confirms the judgment. More than any other Southern statesman of his generation he incarnated the political creed of the entire South. He became

and remained by merit the acknowledged leader and champion of the rights of the States in the nation's parliamentary arena. His profound grasp of the principles of statecraft made him the supreme expositor of the Federal Constitution. Mr. John Temple Graves thus accurately estimates his place in history: "Calhoun's debate with Webster over the doctrine of States' rights is, by common consent of impartial readers and hearers, regarded as the greatest, the most logical, and the most statesman-like speech ever uttered in the American Senate. Webster never attempted a reply to it. Whatever varying opinion may be entertained as to the literary or oratorical merits of the debate, every subsequent year of our history has vindicated the positions established in the iron logic of Calhoun. And the doctrine of States' rights is respected today in Massachusetts as it is in South Carolina." Alexander H. Stephens declared Calhoun's "Disquisition on Government" to be the ablest political essay in the world, and expressed the opinion that it would outlive the language in which it was written. Professor Trent thus summarizes his character: "As a man he was above reproach; as a statesman, full of courage and resources; as an orator, dignified, impressive, and not lacking in deep passion; as a writer, clear and cogent; as a political theorist, weighty and acute."[1] In another part of this volume is a biographical sketch containing the most important events in his life. An extract also is given from Robert Barnwell Rhett's eloquent eulogy of Calhoun, in which he is compared with Aristotle, Burke, and other celebrated statesmen of the world. We are here concerned chiefly with his style.

A close analysis of his style reveals several distinguishing characteristics. First of all, it is essentially argumentative. Its appeal, which is powerful and convincing, is addressed almost exclusively to the reason and the will, and is based

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[1]Trent's *Southern Writers,* p. 100.

on the universal sense of justice, duty, law, and order, with much citation of authorities and legal precedents. Furthermore, it is singularly devoid of ornament, with no superfluous words and few figures of speech. Nothing could be more severely simple, direct, and logical. There is no dainty phrasing, but remarkable precision in choice of word and nice adjustment of the expression to the thought. One notices a large percentage of words of Latin origin. An irresistible chain of reasoning runs through the various units of discourse and binds them together in strict accordance with the laws of unity, emphasis, and coherence. Beauty is constantly dispensed with to attain greater clearness and force. Its peculiar stylistic power lies in the momentum of heavy masses of words and periodic sentences, which produce a cumulative effect. His manner is always formal, even in his private letters, showing that this had become a mental habit. It has also all the other essential features of eighteenth century oratory. What prevents it from being merely an intellectual style is its strong moral undercurrent, whose downright sincerity, conviction of truth, and appeal to the conscience, are most convincing. The reader is ever conscious of the great man's honesty, and the under-note of emotion is the outward evidence of his intense moral earnestness. To read Calhoun is a good mental tonic. His lofty thoughts nobly expressed refresh the mind and brace the moral fiber like the pure, invigorating air of the mountains.

Robert Yonge Hayne (1791-1839) is now chiefly remembered throughout America as the orator who measured swords in debate with the mighty Webster in his prime, and who came off from the contest with honor and added laurels. Forensic fame soon becomes exaggerated by oral tradition, and often on calm perusal in the study the printed speech seems hardly to justify the reputation of the orator. Such is apt to be the experience of the student on the first reading

of Hayne's speeches. It is certain that the magnetic voice, the flashing eye, and the splendid presence of the man contributed much to the total effect. Like most long congressional speeches, Hayne's efforts seem a sort of oratorical patch-work, his original utterances being pieced together with an excess of quotations from resolutions and other public documents. The long argumentative passages seem relieved only at great intervals by the purple patches of oratory. For these reasons considerable difficulty was found in making suitable selections for this book. Hayne's most famous speech was made in the Senate on January 21, 1830, during the running debate on Foote's resolution. In marked contrast with Webster, whose speeches were more deliberate and finished literary productions, Hayne belonged to the class of impromptu, inspired orators, whose efforts are largely improvisational. One gains from the growing eulogies of Rhett, Pinckney, McDuffie, and Paul H. Hayne an impression of the tremendous force of his delivery. Webster was in his forty-ninth year, while Hayne was only in his thirty-ninth. It was the latter's first important speech in that august body, though he had occasionally addressed the Senate and displayed qualities of mind that seemed to justify his prestige in South Carolina. His bearing was frank, courteous, and conciliatory, his conversation easy and agreeable, and he was personally popular. He was, in the opinion of eye-witnesses, a worthy antagonist of the god-like Webster, and the most formidable opponent the New England orator had ever met, with the exception of Calhoun, who was at that time vice-president of the United States and presiding officer of the Senate. Hayne's speech was undoubtedly a powerful effort, whether we view it from the standpoint of style, matter, or delivery. He dashed into debate, we are told, like the gallant Mameluke cavalry upon a charge. His stinging personal invective, his lucid exposition of state sov-

ereignty, his masterly defense of slavery, impassioned vindication of South Carolina, his arraignment of the Hartford convention, his telling citation of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, and his marshalling of such authorities as Jefferson and Madison in support of his contention—all combined to produce a remarkable forensic performance. His distinctive stylistic characteristics are his fluency, his enthusiasm, his brilliant use of figures, his effective climaxes, and his felicity in quotation. His range of reading was wide and choice showing chiefly the influence of Burke and Jefferson. The rest of his intellectual equipment was adequate, and his spirit was confident and aggressive; his command of the vocabulary of scorn, indignation, and vituperation was perfect; and when he rose to the height of some great occasion he was superb, convincing, and masterful. Such endowment was destined to forge a masterpiece of eloquence, which in turn called into being the most sublime flight of America's greatest orator. The proudest moment of his career was when he resigned his Senatorial seat to become Governor of South Carolina, and the leader of the Nullification movement. It was then as the spokesman and defender of a great commonwealth that he stood, though on a dangerous eminence, "the proud delight and confidence of all." "His inaugural address," says Rhett, "on assuming the office of Governor penetrated the souls of all who heard him, and drew tears of kindred sympathy from some of the sternest of us. He was an orator in the full meaning of oratory, the art of persuasion. Free and fast the words floated on his silvery voice, whilst ingenuous and manly candour gave potency to the arguments of his fine intellect." Though he was neither our most polished writer nor our most profound and original thinker, he was a knightly and cultured gentleman and a peerless orator of the old school.

The style of JAMES HENRY HAMMOND. (1807-1864) has much in common with that of Calhoun, of whom he was considered a worthy successor. Its essential qualities are all seen in an able article which he wrote in defense of slavery for "Cotton is King," and which is cast in the form of a letter to a Northern gentleman. His literary manner is formal, and differs from that now in vogue as widely as Dr. Johnson's prose in the *Rambler* differs from the idiomatic phraseology of his private journal. It flows like the current of a deep and stately river within its spacious banks. Its calm and mighty sweep is never retarded, neither is it accelerated. The rhythmic effect of his periods with their nicely balanced phrase and clause seems to belong to the heroic age and rise to the importance of the matters with which he had to deal. It is intellectual, but not coldly so, for one now and again catches a note of deep and tender feeling. It is a style eminently adapted to win victories in the forum and to justify the Southern civilization before the world.

The oratory of GEORGE MCDUFFIE (1788-1851), which was so celebrated in his own day, has become almost legendary. On analysis it will be found that McDuffie spoke the language of Hayne and Calhoun. He was less disposed to compromise than Calhoun, and more given to violent invective, and in this respect his temperamental kinship with Hayne was closest. Few men of his State are remembered with more respect and admiration. "He and W. C. Preston," says Meriwether, "were room-mates at college, and he was looked on as the Demosthenes of the State as Preston was considered the Cicero. Of George McDuffie the following incident was related by J. H. Thornwell, at the Yale alumni dinner in 1852: 'On one occasion, while Mr. McDuffie was a member of the Legislature, after he had made one of his splendid speeches, the question of the college came up. The venerable Judge Huger, then a member of the House, rose and said, in

his peculiarly slow and emphatic style, "Mr. Speaker, if the South Carolina College had done nothing, sir, but produce that man, she would have amply repaid the State for every dollar that the State has ever expended, or ever will expend, upon her." ' "[1] McDuffie's style, like his temperament, was passionate and spontaneous, but he succeeded in acquiring a rigid self-control and restraint of utterance which he rarely overstepped. Even in his most fervid moods he was always formal and studiously conventional, as in his bitter personal attack on Randolph. His vocabulary, which is copious and florid, shows an excess of the Latin element and a preference for general as opposed to concrete phraseology. His "Eulogy of Hayne" might give one the impression that he was a mere rhetorician rather than a man of deep thought and vigorous action, but the facts of his strenuous life during which he held with eminent ability and distinction many arduous and difficult positions, will at once dissipate such a view.

The names of the orators of South Carolina are legion. A brief mention of but a few others can here be attempted. While WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON (1794-1860) was a member of the United States Senate he enjoyed a national reputation as the most finished orator of the dignified Southern school. His speeches give evidence of ample eloquence, aptness of illustration, ripe classical scholarship, and rhetorical charm. His own views in regard to the mission of the orator are fully given in his masterly eulogy of Hugh S. Legaré. This speech also throws much light on the preëminence assigned to rhetorical and classical studies in South Carolina College during his presidency. There are, unfortunately, but few specimens extant of the oratory of James Louis Petigru (1789-1863), the eminent lawyer and jurist of Charleston. His address on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of South Carolina College in 1854 was one of his

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[1]Meriwether's *History of Higher Education in South Carolina,* p. 166.

happiest efforts. The occasion afforded him an opportunity for exhibiting his special gifts in academic utterance. His eulogy of beloved and revered professors and his delightful reminiscences of former students are conceived and phrased in a chaste and finished style, and the past is made to appear in an atmosphere mellowed by fancy and friendship. All his writings abound, as did his personality, with wit, wisdom, and geniality, and are rich in Latin quotations and classical allusions. Among the many other great publicists and orators of the mighty past whom South Carolinians hold in reverence may be mentioned Henry Laurens Pinckney (1794-1863), Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (1746-1825), Thomas Pinckney (1748-1828), Charles Pinckney (1757-1824), Hugh Swinton Legaré (1789-1843), Thomas Smith Grimké (1786-1834), Langdon Cheves (1776-1857), William Harper (1790-1847), and Robert Barnwell Rhett (1800-1876). Each of them measured up fully to the best traditions of the school of formal classical oratory and was a genuine orator as defined by Aristotle and Quintilian. A single specimen of post-bellum oratory is given in the famous inaugural address of WADE HAMPTON (1818-1902). The reader will observe that it is distinctly more modern in the avoidance of rhetorical ornament and in the directness and almost conversational simplicity of its style. General Hampton, of course, made no pretensions to the graces of oratory, but the lofty character of the man, the supreme importance of the occasion, and the interest of his subject, combined to make his formal public utterances extremely effective and memorable.

South Carolina has also given to the country a number of divines who have attained national celebrity as pulpit orators and writers on religious, ethical, and educational subjects. Most prominent among her distinguished theologians towers the great JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL (1812-1862). A part of his writings were collected and edited in two stout volumes

in 1871 by John B. Adger. His "Life and Letters" were published in 1875 by Benjamin M. Palmer. Before Thornwell entered the Presbyterian ministry Calhoun recognized his ability and considered him "the coming man of the South and destined to take his place in the councils of the nation," and the historian Bancroft, after dining with him in New York, presented him with a splendid copy of Aristotle, containing a Latin inscription pronouncing him "the most learned of the learned." His celebrated "Letter to Governor Manning" (1853) is perhaps the strongest argument ever put forth in favor of the maintenance of a State college. This brilliant contribution to the educational thought of the State is equaled by his treatises on ethical and theological subjects, which marked him as one of the profoundest minds of the world. His "Discourses on Truth" (1855) attracted the favorable notice of Sir William Hamilton, the Scotch metaphysician, who said in a letter to the author, "I have read them with great interest, and no less admiration." Though BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER (1818-1902) was for many years identified with New Orleans, he was by birth, family, and long residence a South Carolinian. For half a century he was regarded as perhaps the most eloquent pulpit orator in the South, and his church was thronged with visitors from every section and of all denominations, who were entranced by his noble and inspiring utterances. The passage from his famous address, "The Present Crisis," delivered at Washington and Lee University soon after the war, is a beautiful specimen of his most finished and elaborate style.

The following writers on religious and other subjects should also here be mentioned: John B. Adger (1810-1899), author of "My Life and Times"; Doctor James H. Carlisle[1] (1825-), of Wofford College; Frederick Dalcho (1777-1836), who wrote an important "History of the Protestant Episcopal

[1]Died October 21, 1909.

Church in South Carolina" and "Evidences of the Divinity of Our Saviour"; Edwin C. Dargan (1859-), who has written a valuable work on "Ecclesiology"; Bishop Stephen Elliott (1806-1866), whose "Sermons" have been edited by Mr. Thomas M. Hanckel; Bishop John England (1786-1842), whose published writings comprise five volumes; Richard Fuller (1804-1876), an eminent clergyman of the Baptist Church; Bishop Christopher E. Gadsden (1785-1852), of the Episcopal Church; Alexander Garden (1686-1755), author of "Sermons" and "Letters to Whitefield"; Doctor James L. Girardeau (1825-1898), author of "Discussions of Philosophical Questions"; Bishop Alexander Gregg (1819-1893), the historian of the Cheraws; Alexander Hewat (1745-1829), pastor of the Scotch Church in Charleston, and author of "Sermons" and a "History of South Carolina and Georgia"; George Howe (1802-1883), who wrote a work on "Theological Education" and a "History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina"; Bishop W. B. W. Howe, whose "Sermons" have been edited by Bishop Ellison Capers; Bishop Patrick Niessen Lynch (1817-1882), who wrote a considerable number of books, the best known being "The Vatican Council" and "The Blood of St. Januarius"; Basil Manly (1825-1892), the Baptist theologian who wrote "A Call to the Ministry" and "The Bible Doctrine of Inspiration Defended"; Margaret Maxwell Martin (1817-), author of "Day-Spring," "Heroines of Early Methodism," etc.; James Warley Miles (1818-1875), who published a number of philosophical and theological essays; Thomas Smyth (1808-1873), author of fourteen religious works; Isaac Chanler, author of "The Doctrine of Glorious Grace" (1744); Dr. W. P. DuBose, author of "The Soteriology of the New Testament," etc.; and Bishop Nathaniel Bowen, Drs. George Buist, Alexander Glennie, McCalla, Gervais, Cobia, and other authors of volumes of sermons. In this connection should be mentioned Bishop William Capers

for his forceful and eloquent sermons and for his work in carrying Methodism from the sea to the northern boundary of the State.

V

THE NOVELISTS

The brilliant coterie of literary men and women which was presided over in Charleston by WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806-1870) has already been mentioned. With the exception of Simms, Hayne, Timrod, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. King, and perhaps one or two others, they were amateur writers, for the main passion and purpose of their lives was not literary. In point of time they followed the well-known group of New York writers, Irving, Brown, Bryant, and Cooper, but were contemporaries of the New Englanders, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Lowell. Though working in a variety of fields, the Charleston writers possessed much of the coherence of a school of letters. We have seen a striking instance of this intellectual comity in their persistent efforts to maintain a literary organ. Most of these magazines were financial failures, but at least two, *The Southern Quarterly Review* (1842-1857), and *Russell's Magazine* (1857-1860), were, in contributors and contents, among the best in the United States. Several of them were under the editorial control of Simms, who was the moving spirit of the group, both by his sanguine and critical temperament and by the example of his literary productiveness, in which he was excelled by no other American. A complete bibliography of his works would contain the titles of nearly a hundred volumes. For forty years his prolific pen actually produced books at the rate of two a year. One cannot help thinking that had he lived in Boston he would to-day hold a much

higher position in the history of American literature. As it is, he is assigned by Mr. Richardson a paltry space of four pages to Cooper's forty, and by Professor Wendell only two pages to Brown's eleven.

The fact that Simms succeeded Cooper in American historical romance suggests a comparison of their work. Both followed the general lines of romantic fiction perfected by Scott, though his influence on the New Yorker was less conscious than on the South Carolinian. The Leatherstocking Tales appeared practically contemporaneously with the Waverley Novels, while "Martin Faber," Simms's first novel, was brought out in 1833, the year after the death of Scott. Both wrote too much, and the world has consequently already let the bulk of their work die. Out of Cooper's thirty or more books, not over ten are ever read nowadays, except by the specialist, and half a dozen will include all the best novels of Simms. The muse of fiction judges the offerings of her devotees not by number or weight, but by far more ethereal standards. Simms should certainly be judged by what he wrote at the highest level of artistic impulse. In range, versatility, culture, and productivity, he surpassed Cooper. In the truthfulness of his portrayal of the Indian character and habits he may also challenge comparison with his predecessor. He has drawn the red man as he really was, a cruel, revengeful, and bloodthirsty savage. At the same time he has not stripped him of his primitive virtues—courage, endurance, gratitude, and love of his native forests and his tribe. If Cooper has been justly censured for being too sympathetic with the Indians, Simms should receive the credit for having achieved the truest characterization of them in our literature. This contribution, when once recognized, will alone make the South Carolina novelist a more important figure. He is an example of a writer who barely missed supreme greatness, partly through faults of temperament and partly

through adverse conditions of time and place. The reading public of Charleston was at that time exceedingly conservative in literary matters and still preferred the classical school of the eighteenth century to the romantic writers of the nineteenth. This will account for their tendency to depreciate the type of romance which Simms gave them. He may also have been hindered by certain social and financial disabilities, of which he was keenly and at times pugnaciously sensible, but which were greatly improved by his second marriage to the daughter of a prominent planter, through whom he became the master of a fine estate. Too much emphasis, however, should not be placed on the question of social inferiority, which some of his critics have exaggerated. More weight should be given to the general conditions which always exist in an agricultural civilization. Chief among these latter were the scarcity or remoteness of publishers, the lack of a stimulating and wholesomely critical atmosphere, and above all, the need of a populous community to sustain the magazines and make the production of books remunerative. The business features of authorship are better understood now.

The number of Simms's books means, of course, hasty and careless writing. So we find his style, at its worst, wordy, unrestrained, and often interminably spun out. It is essentially extemporaneous, like that of some latter-day novelists who presumably dictate to a stenographer, and revise but little. His first effort was strong, but of the coarsest texture.

In "Guy Rivers," a tale of the gold mines of Georgia, he struck his pace, and made a literary sensation. Thus was auspiciously begun a series of stirring "Border Romances," the scenes of which were laid in the remote South and Southwest. None of these, however, represents his highest grade of composition. This we find in "The Yemassee" (1835), a romance of the early colonists and Indians of South Carolina.

It marks the culmination of his career, and is a truly remarkable performance for a young man of twenty-nine, who had had no severe or technical training in his art. It is now generally regarded his most original and praiseworthy contribution to American fiction. In many respects it is an admirable historical canvas, crowded with life-size figures of the heroic age. The principal characters are splendidly realized and the exciting scenes and swift action in which they are involved are depicted with artistic sincerity. The style, even with its unevenness and homespun texture, seems appropriate in a narrative of the rude life of the frontier, and the informing spirit of the work is fresh and strong as befits the epic of a primitive race. In such finished scenes as the attack on the block-house, the saving of Occonestoga by his mother, and Bess Mathews's adventure with the rattlesnake, the matter and the manner could hardly be more admirably adjusted to carry the story and vididly depict both character and background. "The Partisan" is the first and best of a series of "Revolutionary Romances," in which the author deals in a vigorously imaginative way with the struggle between the Whigs and the Tories. Simms is frankly partisan, but his attitude is readily excused on both patriotic and artistic grounds. Still it must be admitted that his patriots are too angelic and the loyalists too villainous to square with the truth of history. On its purely artistic side the portraiture of Lieutenant Porgy and the magnificent description of the cypress swamp, are enough to make any work of fiction memorable. "Katharine Walton," another of the same series, contains a lively narrative of the British occupation of Charles Town, and the dialogue, in which the author did not usually excel, is quite cleverly handled.

In any final estimate of Simms's contribution to American literature, the critic must take fully into account his technical and material equipment and his extraordinary accom-

plishment. He has left us the best portraiture of Southern character in provincial and Revolutionary times. He has also drawn the most realistic and impressive pictures of scenery in the Low-Country of South Carolina. The most truthful and unidealized characterization of the primitive Indian is found in his romances. His special power is that of rapid, vigorous, and fascinating story-telling. He has, moreover, displayed creative imagination of an order that approaches greatness. There is, besides, an artistic sincerity and an essential adherence to the truth of nature in his work that is highly satisfactory and makes for perpetuity. He knew and recorded the legends of his native State as no one else, and he alone of all our novelists has thus preëmpted this large and important field of early local history and tradition. In addition to this very remarkable literary bequest, Simms has left—what is unique in our history—an inspiring example of personal independence and courage in pursuing the career of a professional man of letters in the face of most disheartening conditions.

After Simms the only other of our older writers of fiction who has attained national repute is Judge AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET (1790-1870), whom Georgia shares equally, perhaps, with South Carolina. The claims of this State are based on three facts: he himself asserted that he was born in South Carolina; he resided in this State for many years; and much of his literary work was either written here or deals with South Carolina scenes, incidents, and characters, and was inspired by them. His "Georgia Scenes," which is easily accessible in reprints and extracts, is one of the funniest, most original, and popular books ever written in the South, if not in America. It is a rare collection of laughable stories of horse-swapping, gander-pulling, country dancing, etc., and gave its versatile author, who was successively lawyer, legislator, judge, Methodist minister, and college

president, a rather undignified reputation. The book was originally written as a series of newspaper sketches of lowly life in Georgia, and collected in a volume, as the author says, "in the hope that chance would bring them to light when time would give them an interest." This shrewd forecast for his queer literary waif has been amply verified, for it is now prized as one of the raciest and most entertaining pictures of life in the early part of the past century. The oddities, drolleries, and adventures of Ned Brace, Tobias Swift, Hardy Slow, and Ransy Sniffle are conceived in a vein of rough-and-tumble though genuine and irresistible humor; some of the sketches, such as the debating society, are rather heavy, and others, such as the gander-pulling, verge on the vulgar and repulsive; and the author is too much given to moralizing. He turned his pen to fiction only once again, and the result was a rather didactic book entitled "Master William Mitten" (1864). Though composed in a clumsy and wooden style, this story of "a youth of brilliant talents, who was ruined by bad luck," holds the reader's interest and contains under the guise of irony a powerful moral. It gives the best account ever written of Dr. Moses Waddel's famous school at Willington, where so many distinguished men were educated. Longstreet's chief merits as a writer are his shrewd knowledge of human nature and analysis of the results of conduct, his keen sense of humor in character and situation, his vivid and picturesque realism and scrupulous fidelity to the facts of local life.

Susan Petigru King (1826-1875) was the most distinguished woman novelist of ante-bellum South Carolina. Herself a brilliant member of the gay and fashionable society of Charleston, which was, besides, the most select and aristocratic in America, she took as her theme the contemporary life around her in the city and neighboring plantations, and treated it in a graceful and piquant way. In spite of a pro-

nounced romantic pose and an over-fondness for French phrases—two fads of the time—her style is strong and sufficient to convey her thought. In her "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman" (1854), "Lily" (1855), "Sylvia's World" (1859), "Gerald Gray's Wife," and "An Actress in High Life," Mrs. King (as she is better known, although she became the wife of C. C. Bowen late in life) satirized with point and vigor the social life in which she moved. Her favorite motives are love-affairs with the inevitable coquetry, quarrels, and reconciliations attendant. In the management of her plots she shows considerable mastery of modern technique, her characters are clearly visualized and her dialogue is sparkling with banter and repartee. "Sylvia's World" is a clever psychological study of two young lovers of incompatible dispositions. "Crimes Which the Law Does Not Reach" is a volume of short stories of a tragic cast, which contain powerful situations, but strangely combine the obviously didactic and the morbidly melodramatic with disastrous results to their artistic effect.

Henry Junius Nott (1797-1837) was the author of "Novellettes of a Traveler" (1834), a book which overflows with a kind of boisterous humor that was exceedingly popular in the old South. The first volume is prefaced by an account of the life and adventures of the supposititious author, Thomas Singularity, journeyman printer, from whose knapsack the succeeding "odds and ends" are taken. Thomas is a sharper, "deadbeat," and unscrupulous rascal—a lineal descendant of the rogues of the early picaresque romances—who has a variety of ludicrous escapades, in each of which he is ignominiously brought to grief. The rest of the book consists of a collection of grotesque and whimsical short stories, which are all bubbling over with irony and rough, farcical humor.

Considerations of space admit of only a bare mention of the other earlier novelists. Mrs. Mary Howard Schoolcraft was the author of a strong, old-fashioned romance called "The Black Gauntlet," a tale of plantation life in South Carolina, well-thumbed copies of which are still occasionally found in old libraries. Marion Legaré Reeves (1854-) wrote a number of once popular stories, the best of which are "Ingemisco," "Randolph Honor," "Sea-Drift," "A Little Maid of Arcadie," "Wearithorne," and "Pilot Fortune." Isaac Harby's novels, "The Gordian Knot," "Alexander Severus," and a play "Alberti," have been long out of print. Other novels and novelists of this period are: Washington Allston's "Romance of Monaldi"; the "Story Book," "Pop Gun," "Six Nightcaps," etc., by Frances Elizabeth Barrow (*Aunt Fanny*); Caroline Howard Gilman's "Ruth Raymond," etc.; "Robert Sanders," by Thomas Hart (1845-); Henry Washington Hilliard's "De-Vane, a Story of Plebeians and Patricians" (1865); Isaac Edward Holmes's "Recreations of George Telltale" (1822); "Above the Clouds," by Silas McDowell (1795-1855); "How They Kept the Faith," by Anna Raymond Stillman (1855-); Theresa Hammond Strickland's "Under the Ban"; Mary T. Gaillard's "Realities of Life," and Helena Wells's "The Step-Mother" (1799). The most important plays of this period are William Crafts's "The Sea Serpent" (1819); "The Corsair," by Edwin Clifford Holland (1794-1824); James Workman's "Liberty in Louisiana" (1803); William Ioor's "The Battle of Eutaw Springs," and "Independence" (1805); "Foscari," "Mysteries of the Castle," "Louisiana Preserved," and "Modern Honor," by John Blake White (1781-1857), and "Americans in Paris," by William Henry Hurlburt (1827-1895).

For many years after the war of secession the State was paralyzed as much in her literary as in her industrial development. It required time for the people to adjust themselves

to the new economic conditions. There were sweeping changes in their manner of living, their points of view, and their literary interpretation of things. Some of the immediate benefits to literature were a lessening of sectional self-consciousness and an increase of mental subjectiveness,—two factors conducive to the creative faculty,—a greater openness to conviction and to imitation of what was foreign, the destruction of the spirit of isolation and provincialism, and above all, the supreme artistic merit of taking pains with their work. In time there came a strong impulse toward a less artificial style of composition. This literary renaissance of the South was led by Page, Lanier, Hayne, Cable, Harris, Russell, Wilson, Allen, and Miss Murfree, and was marked by such originality, fertility, popularity, and genuine artistry that by 1880 this section attained and held the literary leadership of the nation. Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, and Tennessee were in the lead at first, but in recent years have shown signs of falling off, while South Carolina, which was retarded longer by Reconstruction troubles, is now for the first time coming more to the front. No other State in the Union has a richer, more inexhaustible, or more romantic heritage, of which our people, realizing its value, are beginning to avail themselves as literary material. Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, a daughter of Bishop Stephen Elliott, has delineated the picturesque mountaineers in her "Jerry" and "The Felmeres," and satirized the gay society of Newport in "John Paget." Mr. Elliott Crayton McCants, of Anderson, has made a strong and sympathetic study of the sandhillers and other folk of the interior portion of the State in his "In the Red Hills" (1903). Mrs. Malvina Sarah Waring, of Columbia, has taken the same theme and treated it with great dramatic power in "That Sandhiller" (1904), and is the author also of a novel entitled "The Lion's Share" (1888), and a number of short stories and poems of merit. In "The

Carolinians" (1904) Miss Annie L. Sloan, of Charleston, has charmingly told an old-fashioned love-story deftly interwoven with the stirring events of the year 1718 in Charles Town. She has handled her subject with rare sympathy, the narrative is picturesque, the dialogue is vivacious, the descriptions have the flavor of the soil, and the chivalry, endurance, and splendid courage of the men and women of colonial days are finely portrayed. "Thirty-Four Years" (1878), written by Mrs. Celina E. Means, of Spartanburg, and published under the pen-name of "John Marchmont," is a novel of the Reconstruction era, and was probably the first to introduce the famous Kuklux Klan as romantic material. Mrs. Means has also written an interesting volume entitled "Palmetto Stories." Another tale of Reconstruction is Doctor J. W. Daniel's "A Maid of the Foot-Hills" (1905), which gives a true picture of carpet-bag government and introduces with good effect the important and dramatic red-shirt movement. This author has written also several other pieces of fiction, including "The Girl in Checks," "Cateechee," and "Out From Under Cæsar's Frown." Mr. Theodore D. Jervey, of Charleston, has made a valuable contribution to the literature of Reconstruction with "The Elder Brother" (1905), one of the really good things in recent fiction. It deals in a masterly way with the vital questions that confronted the State in the post-bellum period, especially the relations of the two races, and vividly portrays the social and political conditions that then prevailed in lower South Carolina. In the rare and difficult art of short-story writing the State has produced a master-craftsman in Dr. Stanhope Sams, of Columbia. With such delicately artistic and dramatically powerful stories as "The Golden Age of Poincarré" and "A Restored Identity," he has earned a national reputation and made an original and brilliant contribution to American fiction. Since taking up his residence in this State, Mr.

John Bennett, the brilliant author of "Master Skylark" and "Barnaby Lee," has written an eminently strong romance redolent of the cypress swamps entitled "The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard." Thomas Cooper DeLeon, journalist, novelist, and playwright (b. Columbia, S. C., 1839), since 1868 a resident of Mobile, Alabama, is the author of a number of popular novels, among which may be mentioned "Creole and Puritan," "A Fair Blockade Breaker," and "The Puritan's Daughter."

In addition to the works just mentioned, the following are deserving of notice: Miss Kate Lilly Blue's "The Hand of Fate," Major O. J. Bond's "Amzi," Abbott Hall Brisbane's "Ralphton," Mrs. M. W. Coleman's "The Blue Chrysanthemum," Miss Fanny M. P. Deas's "The Little Match Girl" and "The Lost Diamond," Mrs. Florella Hunter's "Annie Oakley," Miss Clara Dargan Maclean's "Riverlands" and "Light of Love," Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales's "Silhouettes," Professor J. G. Clinkscales's "How Zach Came to College," Mr. E. P. Henderson's "Autobiography of Arab," Mr. C. S. Reid's "Isaqueena"; "Beholding as in a Glass," "A Tower in the Desert," and "The Blue Hen's Chickens," by Mrs. Virginia Durant Young (d. 1906), Mrs. H. H. Ravenel's "Ashurst," and Miss Annie Barnes's "The Little Lady of the Fort," "Little Betty Blue," "The Lass of Dorchester," and "Mistress Moppett," Edwin DeLeon's "Askaros Kassis," Stephen T. Robinson's "The Shadow of the War," Mrs. Sally Chapin's "Fitz Hugh St. Clair, the South Carolina Rebel Boy," William Henry Johnson and Gabriel Manigault, each of whom published several novels; W. B. Seabrook's "Saved by a Woman" (1884), Henry D. Capers's "Belleview" (1884), and Zach McGhee's "The Dark Corner" (1909). These and other writers are faithfully interpreting actual life and native character. The great war has fallen into retrospect, and its direful memories are now so mellowed by the magic touch

of time that all its wonderful romances and even its heart-breaking tragedies are capable of being tenderly and truthfully immortalized by the lovely hand of art. Some of our novelists are also making an honest effort to give the world an unhampered expression of contemporary life, and if their work is not allowed to sink to a commercial basis, we may hope ere long to see its present brilliant promise fulfilled.

VI

THE HISTORIANS

Not only has South Carolina taken a conspicuous part in making history, but she has been prolific in historians, who from the earliest colonial times have preserved a full and often graphic record of public events in the form of annals, journals, letters, chronicles, pamphlets, and formal history. The writing of history was indeed one of the most characteristic ways in which the literary impulse of our people expressed itself, and so numerous are the historians that we must content ourselves with a brief discussion of the more prominent and a bare mention of the great majority.

In the provincial and revolutionary period were Francis Yonge, Henry Laurens (1724-1792), William Henry Drayton (1742-1779), David Ramsay (1749-1815), Alexander Hewat (1745-1829), Arthur Middleton (1742-1787), John Laurens (1755-1782), William Moultrie (1730-1805), Alexander Garden (1757-1829), and Eliza Wilkinson. The writings of the brilliant and incorruptible patriot, HENRY LAURENS, of Charleston, were extensive, most of them being still in manuscript, and are of considerable importance as sources of material for historical students. The "Narrative of the Capture of Henry Laurens" (1780), etc., is written in a simple, interesting, and matter-of-fact style, much like that of

Franklin. ELIZA WILKINSON was a witty and patriotic lady of Charleston. Her "Letters," some of which were published by Mrs. Gilman in 1839, the rest being still in manuscript, give us a charming picture of her experiences during and after the siege of 1780. Her style is surprisingly straightforward and modern, which is due, no doubt, partly to the form as well as to her personality. Chief Justice DRAYTON, besides writing a number of patriotic pamphlets, left in manuscript two volumes of "Notes on the Revolution in the South," which were freely used by his distinguished son, Governor JOHN DRAYTON, in the preparation of his "Memoirs of the American Revolution" (1821), a work which relates chiefly to South Carolina. Alexander Hewat, the pastor of the old Scotch church in Charleston, published a "History of South Carolina and Georgia" in 1779.

Doctor DAVID RAMSAY'S "History of South Carolina" (1809) in two solid volumes brings the record down from the earliest times to 1808. It shows a considerable amount of research, and is composed in a stately style comporting with the author's idea of the dignity of history. The book is conceived in a judicial spirit, and is written in a quiet, restrained manner without meretricious ornament.

In the next generation came the post-revolutionary group, among whom were John Drayton (1776-1822), Edward Rutledge (1797-1832), Henry Laurens Pinckney (1794-1863), Joseph Johnson (1776-1862), author of a readable work called "Traditions and Reminiscences of the Revolution" (1851), William Bullen Johnson (1782-1862), William Johnson (1771-1834), and Ralph Izard, whose "Correspondence" (1774-1804), was published with a memoir by his daughter, Mrs. Anne Deas.

The most important name in the ante-bellum period is WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT (1822-1898), who is known rather as a diplomat of international reputation than as a man of

letters. We may claim for him, however, with confidence a secure place as one of the important historians of the country. In his special field, the diplomatic history of the United States, his exhaustive researches alone entitle him to the distinction of being ranked as a pioneer. His most important writings, "The Diplomacy of the Revolution" (1852) and "The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams" (1857), comprise a vast amount of original investigation and are indispensable authorities on the relations of the young republic to foreign nations. Trescot was a good representative of the courtly culture and ability of the South. By temperament and habit a student, learned in the law, and trained in the school of statecraft, he was conversant with the theory as well as the machinery of modern government. For his chosen career he was as well endowed by nature and equipped by special study as any diplomat in America. We note in his style a distinction of manner, a consciousness of strength, an exactness in his choice of words, and a careful weighing of phrase and clause. It has much in common with the formal manner and gravely decorous rhetoric of eighteenth century English prose. It is coldly intellectual, severely bare of ornament, but rises on occasion to a plane of fervid eloquence. One can hardly imagine a style more felicitously adapted to its subject-matter. Within his self-imposed limitations Trescot was a master of the art of lucid and effective expression.

There are several other less important writers of this period. B. R. Carroll published two volumes of "Historical Collections of South Carolina" in 1836. The first volume gives a narrative of the discoveries of the Spanish, French, and English, together with a reprint of Doctor Hewat's "Historical Account of South Carolina and Georgia" (1779); the second contains pamphlets by Robert Horne (1666), Samuel Wilson (1682), Secretary to the Lords Proprietors,

T. A., supposed to be Thomas Ashe (1680), Governor John Archdale (1707), Jean Pierre Purry (1731), Governor Glen (1761), George Chalmers, J. Oldmixon (1708), Doctor Milligan (1770), Humphrey, and Colonel Moore (1704), also King Charles II's second Charter to the Proprietors, Locke's "Fundamental Constitution for Carolina," and an account of the Spanish depredations from the first settlement to the year 1739. Bishop Alexander Gregg (1819-1893) was the author of a "History of the Old Cheraws," a work of such rare interest that it was republished in 1905, and edited by Colonel John J. Dargan. Professor Maximilian LaBorde (1804-1873) wrote an exceedingly valuable "History of South Carolina College" (1859), which is still the most elaborate work of the kind south of the Potomac. Judge John Belton O'Neall (1793-1863), of Newberry, wrote two volumes, "The Annals of Newberry" (1858) and "The Bench and Bar of South Carolina" (1859), which are still highly prized for their graphic pen-pictures of distinguished men and as storehouses of local history. Professor William James Rivers (b. 1822), of Charleston and Columbia, has written the most useful and authoritative "History of South Carolina" (1856) that appeared prior to the work of McCrady. Other authors with their works are: Frederick Dalcho (1777-1836) wrote "Historic Account of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina"; Robert Wilson Gibbes (1809-1846) compiled "Documentary History of the American Revolution," in three volumes (1853, 1855, 1857); John H. Logan (1822-1885) wrote a "History of Upper South Carolina" (1859); Christopher Gustavus Memminger (1803-1888) wrote "The Book of Nullification"; William Hayne Simmons's "History of the Seminoles"; William Gilmore Simms, who, in addition to his more purely literary productions, found time to write an interesting short "History of South Carolina" (1840), and biographies of Captain John Smith, Chevalier

Bayard, General Marion, and General Greene. "The Life of Francis Marion" (1809), by Mason Locke Weems (1760-1825), is a "military romance," which is sometimes classed as biography. This much criticized work has no historical value, but is destined to live as fiction. It is proper to state here that Professor Trent, Mr. Lewisohn, and other critics include Weems, who traveled through this State as a book agent and died at Beaufort, among the South Carolina writers. Our claim on him, however, is, in my judgment, too slight to be entertained.

The post-bellum period has added some lasting contributions to the history of the State. First in interest and value is the monumental "History of South Carolina" in four substantial volumes of more than eight hundred pages each, by Gen. EDWARD MCCRADY (1833-1903). This truly great work has given South Carolina the distinction of possessing the most exhaustive and scholarly history of any State in the Union. The author's conception of his duty as an historian is thoroughly modern. He shows sound judgment in the selection and condensation of his material, avoids the vagaries of narrowness and preconception, and never allows himself to sacrifice fact to imagination. With a constant and honest desire to discover and record the truth, he yet does not ignore the atmosphere of adventure that surrounds the settlement of the Carolinas, and vitalizes the narrative of those early chaotic times with a touch of romance. Nor is there lack of realistic detail. Without tedious generalization we are supplied with a satisfactory analysis of the causes of things. Liberal in its estimate of men and measures, temperate and philosophical in spirit, the work commends itself to the general reader by its dramatic movement and readable style, and to the investigator by its scientific method and scholarly tone. One may regret the absence of literary finish, picturesqueness, and vigor of imagination, but it should be

borne in mind that this work belongs not so much to the literature of feeling as to the literature of knowledge, and that since its appeal is obviously to the intellectual faculties, it would be unfair to expect a preponderance of æsthetic qualities.

The eminent historian and man of letters, Prof. Henry Alexander White, is a native of Virginia, but has been, since 1900, a resident of South Carolina. While occupying the chair of history in Washington and Lee University, he wrote for *The Heroes of the Nations* series a popular "Life of Robert E. Lee," a critical work entitled "The Origin of the Pentateuch," and a monograph on "The Scotch-Irish in America." Since coming to Columbia he has written two school "Histories of the United States," a "History of South Carolina," and a "Life of Stonewall Jackson" (1909). Dr. White's books are admirable examples of literary biography and history, being at once judicial, scholarly and entertaining. His pen-portraits of famous men are vitalized by a warm human touch, and his narratives of heroic deeds are brightened by much grace of style.

There are a number of other historical works in this group, which, though more specialized in scope, are of great interest. Such are: Colonel John Peyre Thomas's admirable "History of the South Carolina Military Academy" (1893), Professor David Duncan Wallace's "Constitutional History of South Carolina," General (afterwards Bishop) Ellison Capers's "South Carolina in Confederate Military History," Doctor George Howe's "History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina" (1870), Mr. Colyer Meriwether's "History of Higher Education in South Carolina" (1889), Mr. D. Augustus Dickert's "History of Kershaw's Brigade"; Mr. James Fitz-James Caldwell's "History of McGowan's Brigade," Major James Lide Coker's "History of Company E, 6th Regiment, and Company G, 9th Regiment, S. C. V.," General J.

W. Floyd's "South Carolina in the Spanish-American War" (1901), Rev. Dr. John Johnson's "Defense of Charleston Harbor" (1890), Samuel DuBose's "History of the Huguenots of South Carolina," "South Carolina Women in the Confederacy" (1903), edited by Mrs. Thomas Taylor, Mrs. Augustine T. Smyth, Mrs. August Kohn, Miss Poppenheim, and Miss Martha B. Washington, "History of Methodism in South Carolina" (1882), by Alfred Micajah Shipp (1819-1887); T. H. Garrett's "History of the Saluda Baptist Association," Watson B. Duncan's "Twentieth Century Sketches," Colonel James G. Gibbes's "The Burning of Columbia," Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas's "Early Huguenots of South Carolina," Robert Lathan's "History of the Union Associate Reformed Church," "Critical History of the Mexican War," by Marcus Claudius Marcellus Hammond (1814-1876); Rabbi Barnett A. Elzas's "The Jews of South Carolina" (1905), Messrs Thomas J. Kirkland and Robert M. Kennedy's "Historic Camden" (1905), Mr. Waddy Thompson's "History of the United States," Mr. John S. Reynolds's "History of Reconstruction in South Carolina" (1906), and Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's "History of Literature in South Carolina," published in *The News and Courier* in 1903. Histories of South Carolina have been written in this period by James Wood Davidson, John A. Chapman, Mr. John Langdon Weber, Col J. J. Dargan, and Dr. Henry Alexander White. The histories of several counties have been written, including John A. Chapman's "Annals of Newberry" (a continuation of O'Neall's work) and "History of Edgefield County" (1897), Dr. J. B. O. Landrum's "History of Spartanburg County," Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr.'s "History of Orangeburg County" (1898), also compiler or editor of about twenty other volumes of historical materials. Mr. W. W. Sellers's "History of Marion County," and Mr. Thomas's "History of Marlboro County."

Closely related to history are the biographical works,

which are numerous and in some cases of more than local interest. Among the latter may be mentioned: "The Story of My Life" (1884), by James Marion Sims (1813-1883); "My Life and Times," by John B. Adger (1810-1899); "Life of John Bachman" (1790-1874), by Katharine Rutledge Bachman (1827-); Mary Boykin Chesnut's "A Diary from Dixie" (1861-1865), edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary (1905), Memoirs of Jonathan Maxcy, Robert Y. Hayne, and Andrew Jackson, by Henry Laurens Pinckney (1794-1863); "Life of Thomas Pinckney," by C. C. Pinckney (1812-1899); Mr. Edward L. Wells's "Wade Hampton and His Cavalry," Mr. Gustavus M. Pinckney's "Life of Calhoun" (1903), William John Grayson's "Biographical Sketch of James Louis Petigru" (1866), Benjamin M. Palmer's "Life and Letters of James H. Thornwell," David Ramsey's "Life of Washington" (1807), William Dobein James's "Life of Marion"; "Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin," by David F. Jamison (1810-1864); "Memoir of Nathan P. Knapp," by William Bullen Johnson (1782-1862); "Life of John G. Landrum" (1883), by Harrison P. Griffith; "Memoirs of Catherine Elizabeth Smelt," by Moses Waddel (1770-1840); "Marginalia or Gleanings from an Army Notebook," by F. G. DeFontaine ("Personne"); "Life and Times of William Lowndes Yancey," by John W. DuBose (1836-); Cadwalader Jones's "Genealogical History," J. Leland Kennedy's "Life of Pierson," Mr. H. E. Ravenel's "Ravenel Records," Mrs. Harriott Horry Ravenel's "Life of Eliza Pinckney" (1896) and "Life and Times of William Lowndes" (1901), and Mr. Charles Edward Leverett's "Sketches of Calhoun," Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder's "Life of Sydney Lanier," etc.

Under this class belong also such miscellaneous sketches as "Reminiscences of Public Men" (1883); "Sketches of Eminent American Statesmen" (1887), "Reminiscences with Speeches and Addresses" (1889) and "Letters to His Wife,"

by Governor Benjamin Franklin Perry (1805-1894); Judge Joshua H. Hudson's "Reminiscences and Sketches" (1904), Mr. Julian A. Selby's "Memorabilia and Anecdotal Reminiscences of Columbia" (1905), Mr. Jacob N. Cordozo's "Reminiscences of Charleston," Mr. John B. Carwile's "Reminiscences of Newberry," Mr. Charles Fraser's Reminiscences of Charleston," Dr. Samuel D. Magill's "Reminiscences of Williamsburg County," Dr. Maurice E. Moore's "Reminiscences of York," Mr. Edwin J. Scott's "Random Recollections of a Long Life," "Thirty Years of My Life on Three Continents," by Edwin DeLeon (1828-1891); Arthur P. Ford's "Life in the Confederate Army" (1905), Marion Johnstone Ford's "Experiences and Sketches" (1905), "The Centennial Celebration of South Carolina College" (1905), edited by Professor Andrew Charles Moore, Professor John P. Thomas, Jr.'s "The Formation of Political and Judicial Subdivisions in South Carolina," Col. U. R. Brooks's "Butler and His Cavalry," and "South Carolina Bench and Bar" (1909), and Professor Edwin L. Green's "The Indians of South Carolina" (1904). Historical sketches by Wade Hampton Manning.

VII

THE ESSAYISTS.

The contribution of our writers to the literary essay has not been extensive, but some of it is of enduring quality. The great political essayists, Middleton, Lowndes, Drayton, Calhoun, Hammond, Pinckney, McDuffie, Hayne, Preston, Rutledge, and Trescot, have been considered under the sections on orators and historians. We have seen that both in bulk and ability their work has not been equaled by that of the publicists of any other State. We shall now endeavor to show that South Carolina has produced also men who have written scientific, critical, economic, educational, and

philosophical monographs and treatises, many of which have been recognized by scholars as original additions to universal knowledge, while others have won distinction by the strength or beauty of their style. First of all should be mentioned the names of the purely scientific writers whose works, though they are an honor to the scholarship of the State, do not belong to the jurisdiction of literature proper. Among these distinguished scientists are: John Bachman (1790-1874), of Charleston, Stephen Elliott (1771-1830), the author of "The Botany of South Carolina and Georgia"; the biologist, John Edwards Holbrook (1794-1871), of Charleston; the geologist, Francis S. Holmes, of Charleston; the ethnologist, Josiah Clark Nott (1804-1873), of Columbia; the botanist, Francis Peyre Porcher (1825-1895), of Charleston; the botanist, Henry William Ravenel (1814-1887), of Berkeley; David Ramsay, who, in addition to his historical works, published several medical treatises; William Charles Wells, of Charles Town, who preceded Darwin in formulating the theory of natural selection and was the first to announce the present accepted theory of dew; and the eminent scientist and divine, Dr. James Woodrow, for many years Professor of Natural Science in connection with Revelation in the Columbia Theological Seminary, and a Professor and President of South Carolina College, whose best-known work is a profound treatise on "Evolution" (1888).

The narratives of travel constitute a popular class of writings. It includes some of the earliest literature produced in the State, viz.: Robert Horne's "Description of the Province of Carolina" (1666); Samuel Wilson's, John Archdale's, Thomas Ashe's, Jean Pierre Purry's, James Glen's, J. Oldmixon's, Doctor Milligan's, and John Lawson's historical and descriptive pamphlets on the same subject, most of which have been mentioned above; "Letters from Geneva," by Francis Kinloch (1755-1826); "Army Correspondence in the

Years 1777-8," by John Laurens (1755-1782); and Governor John Drayton's "Tour Through the Northern and Eastern States" (1794) and "A View of South Carolina" (1802). Other books of travel are: "Notes on Mexico," by Joel Robert Poinsett (1779-1857); "Recollections of Mexico," by Hon. Waddy Thompson (1804-1880); J. C. C. Newton's "Japan: The Country, Court, and People"; "Travels," by Alexander Smith Taylor (1817-1876); "Western Africa," by Doctor J. Leighton Wilson (1809-1886); Rev. Philips Verner's "Pioneering in Central Africa" (1904); "Spain and the Spaniards" (1861), by James Johnston Pettigrew (1828-1863); Edwin DeLeon's "Thirty Years of My Life on Three Continents." Doctor James A. B. Scherer, the accomplished young President of Newberry College,[1] is the author of two equally instructive and delightful books on Japan—the fruits of his long residence in that empire—"Japan To-day" and "Young Japan," in which he tells the story of the renaissance and rise to world-power of that marvelous nation, and gives a vivid picture of the real life of its heroic and art-loving people. Other popular works by the same writer are "Four Princes," which is the story of the growth of the Christian Church, centered around four representative characters, and "The Holy Grail," a volume of literary essays and occasional addresses.

The following miscellaneous essayists may here be grouped together: Arthur Middleton (1742-1787), author of several able political and literary "Essays"; Henry A. Middleton (1793-1887), who wrote "Prospect of Disunion," "The Government and the Currency," "The Government of India," "Universal Suffrage," and "Economical Causes of Slavery in the United States"; Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Poyas (1792-1877), author of "Carolina in the Olden Time"; "Our Forefathers," and " Days of Yore"; Professor A. B. Cooke's "Essays on Work and Life"; and "With the Tourist Tide"

[1]Now president of the college in Pasadena, Cal.

Shirley Carter Hughson's "The Carolina Pirates"; Edward Howland (1832-1890), author of socialistic essays (1907); Mrs. H. H. Ravenel's "Charleston: the Place and the People" (1907); Professor Edwin L. Green's "Indians of South Carolina" (1904); Governor John Lyde Wilson's "Code of Honor"; Mrs. Mary C. Rion's (1829) "The Ladies' Southern Florist" (1860); "Industrial Resources of the South and West," "Statistical View of the United States," and "The Southern States and Their Agricultural Commerce," by James D. B. DeBow (1820-1867), an eminent statistician who is still remembered as the founder and editor of *DeBow's Review;* Robert Mills (1781-1855), author of "Statistics of South Carolina" and "The American Pharos," August Kohn's "Cotton Mills in South Carolina" (1908), Col. E. J. Watson's "Resources of South Carolina" (1908), and Professor James Mark Baldwin (1861-), of Columbia, head of the department of psychology in Johns Hopkins University, who by his "Physchology," "Elements of Psychology," "Mental Development of the Child and Man," and "The Story of the Mind," has made a substantial contribution to the study of psychology. Colonel James T. Bacon, of Edgefield, is a distinguished lecturer and editor, who has imparted to his journalistic writings and sketches of travel a literary touch that is fresh and charmingly individual.[1]

In WASHINGTON ALLSTON (1779-1843), the greatest American painter, South Carolina possessed also an art critic of the first rank. His "Lectures on Art" are composed in a correct, fluent and urbane style that suggests the influence of Addison. In their intellectual quality and charming touches of imagination one is reminded of Sir Joshua Reynolds's art lectures. He achieved a higher fame as a painter, but he will always hold an honorable place as a minor essay-

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[1]Died August 10, 1909.

ist and poet. In the field of philology the State can claim a few names of international reputation: Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, Professor Edward S. Joynes, of South Carolina College, Professor John Matthews Manly of the University of Chicago, and Professor John Bell Henniman, of the University of the South. James Wood Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" (1869), a brilliant but ill-proportioned and impromptu piece of criticism, was a worthy and interesting pioneer in its field. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's "History of Literature in South Carolina," which appeared serially in *The News and Courier* in 1903, is a most searching and beautifully written work on that subject. It is extremely desirable that the author give it to the world in a more permanent and accessible form. Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., the scholarly chronologist, has contributed to the publications of the South Carolina Historical Society, of which he is editor, and to the Historical Commission of South Carolina, of which he is the secretary, many valuable monographs on the history of the State. Miss Louise Manly's "Southern Literature" (1895) has made a valuable addition to the bibliography of the South. Doctor Stanhope Sams, of *The State,* whose literary department he conducts with great ability, is temperamentally and professionally one of the best equipped critics in South Carolina. Doctor Edward S. Joynes (1834-) is a native of Virginia, but has been since 1882 a resident of South Carolina. His German and French grammars have long been the most extensively used of any in the country. He has for many years had the distinction of being one of the foremost educators and finished writers of the State. His published addresses, such as those on "The University and the State," "The Uses of the College Literary Society," "The University of South Carolina," are models of convincing logic and polished rhetoric. His place in literature, however, will rest more firmly on the admirable critical

monographs with which he has introduced his numerous editions of foreign classics, such as the essays on George Sand, Schiller and Heinrich Tschocke, and on his essay on "Gen. Lee as a College President" (1908.)

Hon. William Ashmead Courtenay (b. Charleston, 1831, died in Columbia, 1909), brought out, while mayor of his native city (1879-1887), "The Charleston Year-Book," in eight volumes of great historical interest and value. He was well-known not only as a distinguished patron of letters but as a contributor to the state press of many literary and historical papers, which are characterized by accuracy of research and by lucidity and purity of style. Among his longer writings should be mentioned "The Genesis of South Carolina," an historical sketch of the State from the earliest times to the present; a "Centennial Oration," delivered in 1883, and a "Memoir of Carlyle McKinley" (1904).

Hugh Swinton Legaré (1789-1843) takes priority among the older essayists of South Carolina. In the advantages of academic training and foreign travel he was the best equipped of all the South Carolinians of his day, among whom he was distinguished as a great scholar in politics. His tastes would certainly have led him more exclusively into purely literary work, but in deference to local conditions he felt it necessary to expend a large share of his time and talents in the political arena. "It is easy to perceive from his writings," says Professor Trent, "that his knowledge of literature and history was so broad and deep as fairly to be called astonishing, and that few if any other American public men of his day or since can be said to have had such a foundation of culture on which to build." In reading the two solid volumes of his "Writings" (1848) edited by his sister, Mrs. Mary Legaré Bullen, one is constantly surprised and delighted at his versatility and his catholicity of taste. A distinguished counsellor and authority on the civil law, an accomplished lin-

guist, diplomat, and man of affairs, an eloquent orator and debater, he was a commanding figure in public life; a profound critic, a graceful letter-writer, and a brilliant essayist, he displayed abilities that if more concentrated might have carried him to the highest eminence in literature. His speeches are cast in the conventional ante-bellum mould. "The Diary of Brussels" and "The Journal of the Rhine" present his style in undress and are delightfully chatty and spirited, with no lack of close observation and courtly humor. The best specimens of his more mature and flexible style are the essays on "Demosthenes," "The Athenian Democracy," and "Roman Legislation," which were written for *The New York Review*. Here the most profound critical and philosophical reflections are agreeably relieved by illustrations and anecdotes drawn from a wide range of reading and personal experience. His graphic pen is able to vitalize remote characters and events, which are interfused with the enthusiastic personality of the writer, who felt in closest spiritual fellowship with the great of all the ages. The heavy armor of classical learning sat lightly upon his powerful mind. Legaré has met with tardy justice at the hands of our literary historians, but it is certain that an honorable place in American literature awaits him.

"Carolina Sports by Land and Water" (1856), by WILLIAM ELLIOTT (1788-1863) is a book that was popular for a generation in the Carolinas with the disciples of old Nimrod and Isaac Walton. The author's pen-names, "Venator" and "Piscator," were probably borrowed from "The Compleat Angler." Though the style of his books is deliberately impromptu, it is vitally picturesque and contains such faithful and lively descriptions of outdoor pastimes in South Carolina of the olden days that it should not be allowed to drop into oblivion. The famous account of the exciting and dangerous sport of devil-fishing has never been equalled and is

entitled to be preserved as a masterpiece of realistic sketch-work.[1]

Three women essayists should have honorable mention in this connection. Mrs. LOUISA SUSANNAH MCCORD (1810-1880), of Columbia, was a well-known contributor to the Southern reviews of articles of weight on social and economic questions. Her manner is philosophical rather than argumentative. One is impressed by the deep conviction and sincerity of the author, and by an occasional undertone of emotion. Her point of view is strongly idealistic. Mrs. CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN (1794-1888), in addition to the poetry and fiction already referred to, wrote a book entitled "Recollections of a Southern Matron" (1838), which is still well worth reading and compels attention by its quiet, refined humor and delightful sketches of typical Southern characters. The author has with rare insight and sympathy drawn the Low-Country with its immemorial fixity of social structure and its amusing contrasts between the poor whites, the slaves and the dominant aristocratic class. MARIA HAMILTON PINCKNEY, daughter of General C. C. Pinckney, published (1830) a brochure entitled "The Quintessence of Long Speeches, Arranged as a Political Catechism."

General JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW (1828-1863) belongs equally to the sister Carolinas. His talents were so varied that it is difficult to conjecture in what sphere he would have excelled most. He died young, but not too early to have won distinction as a learned attorney, honored traveler, a gallant soldier, and cultured gentleman. The literary promise of his one rare book, "Spain and the Spaniards," is such that one might wish he had devoted his life to literature. This book was hurriedly written and intended only for private circulation. Though it would be easy to point out faults of

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[1]See a fuller criticism, with sketch of his life in the "Library of Southern Literature" (1909).

arrangement, and not a few stylistic shortcomings, the work indicates much learning and research, and is a spirited and altogether agreeable record of his impressions of a land in whose history, scenery, and customs he found much to admire.

It may seem strange to some that THOMAS COOPER (1759-1840) and FRANCIS LIEBER (1800-1872) should be included in a volume of South Carolina authors. This State, nevertheless, has a claim to both as writers which no other possesses. The former was a native of London, came to Columbia in 1819 as professor of chemistry in South Carolina College, and remained an honored citizen of the commonwealth until death. He held advanced views in regard to the importance of the study of political economy, and the publication of his "Elements of Political Economy" in 1826 marked him as the pioneer in the academic teaching of that subject in this country. His "Manual of Political Economy" (1833) was declared by McCullough to be the best of the American works on that subject. Cooper's style was distinguished by its remarkable simplicity and clearness, and was at the same time in its temper bold, dogmatic, and sententious. Jefferson admired him warmly and said that he was "acknowledged by every enlightened man who knows him to be the greatest man in America in the powers of his mind and in acquired information." Lieber was born in Berlin, and came in 1835 as a professor to the South Carolina College, where he remained until 1856. It was during his residence at Columbia that he wrote the works by which he will be remembered. "It is the glory of the South Carolina College," says Mr. Meriwether, "that one of the great publicists of the world should have done within her precincts the work on which his fame will rest."[1] It was during this golden period of academic leisure that he produced the works referred to, his "Manual of Political

[1] *History of Higher Education in South Carolina,* p. 171.

Ethics" (1838), "Legal and Political Hermaneutics" (1839), and his best-known book, "Civil Liberty and Self-Government" (1853). Of the extraordinary value of these studies, Doctor Daniel C. Gilman says: "They were positive additions of the greatest importance to the knowledge previously possessed upon these subjects. They embodied in a profound, original and comprehensive system the principles upon which human society and government repose. They traced to their true source all the social and governmental relations, and expounded their reasons, their history, their distinctions, and their philosophic significance and results, with a clearness of exhibition, a force of argument, a wealth of learning, a power of illustration, and a high moral purpose, never before seen in the same field."[1]

South Carolina has had many great editors, whose writings, in addition to their vigor, dash, and logical grasp, were not lacking in the softer graces of style. For the most part, these brilliant and patriotic men merged their personalities in their newspapers, and spent their lives in this impersonal way fighting the forces of unrighteousness, guiding public opinion on all important questions, and laboring unselfishly for the material, intellectual, and moral upbuilding of the commonwealth. From the large number four eminent and representative names have been selected for special notice. During a long and honored occupancy of the editorial chair of *The News and Courier,* Captain Francis Warrington Dawson (1840-1889) exhibited a superb moral courage and a high literary endowment that would doubtless have brought him even wider contemporary recognition and lasting fame had they been directed into a career of professional authorship. In a series of articles which grew out of the tragic meeting of Colonel Cash and Colonel Shannon in 1882 he practically destroyed the ancient custom of duelling in this

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[1] *Miscellaneous Writings of Francis Lieber,* vol. I., p. 24.

State by causing it to be made, by legal enactment, a penal and political offense. The first of these editorials is given as a specimen of his artistic and poignant style. The late lamented NARCISO GENER GONZALES (1858-1903), first editor of *The State,* will also be enduringly remembered with affection and gratitude by the people of South Carolina for his splendid, unselfish service in the cause of civic uprightness, private virtue, and liberty of speech. The tragic circumstances of his death made a profound impression upon the entire nation and called attention to the many good causes in which his gifted pen had been enlisted. Among the public questions on which he held the most enlightened opinions were the race problem, lynching, sectionalism, duelling, child labor, the dispensary, education, freedom of the press, fidelity of public officials, and Cuban liberty. Of modest bearing, but leonine courage, he personified the traditional knightliness of the Southern gentleman and at the same time exemplified the practical wisdom, efficiency, and resourcefulness of the younger men of affairs who have come on the stage since the war. He was a self-made man in the best sense of the term. Without adequate scholastic training he made himself master of a style that for polemic purposes commanded the whole gamut of irony, scorn, and invective, but which with a literary theme was modulated with exquisite taste and informed with strong creative imagination. No reference, however brief to our journalists, should be made without including the names of Henry Timrod and James A. Hoyt. The first, as editor of *The South Carolinian,* at a fearful historical crisis, sounded a note of hope and courage that nerved our people for a social and political cataclasm. His editorials are marked by the same rhythmic diction, artistic restraint, and felicity of phrase that ennobles his verse. His scholarly critical essay, "A Theory of Poetry," has been mentioned above. Colonel Hoyt, the editor of the Greenville

News, was a brave and courtly gentleman of the old school who upheld with trenchant pen and eloquent lips the highest ideals of civic virtue at a great moral crisis in the history of the State. The press of this State is individually as ably manned as that in any other part of the country, and the author regrets that lack of space prevents discussion of other eminent journalists, some of whom are still the living ornaments of one of the noblest modern professions.

In closing this sketch of literature in South Carolina, one can hardly fail to have a feeling of pride at what has been accomplished by our people in this the highest and most exacting of all the arts, with such slender resources and under such adverse conditions. It is evident from a survey of the ground covered in the foregoing pages that the State has contributed to the national literature two poets of the first rank, Hayne and Timrod, and at least five of the second, James M. Legaré, Miss Poyas, Grayson, McKinley, and Mr. Sass. We have further seen that with John C. Calhoun, Robert Y. Hayne, James H. Hammond, George McDuffie, William C. Preston, and their contemporaries this commonwealth has led all her sister States in political oratory and governmental essays, and that with Thornwell, Palmer, Elliott and other divines she has excelled in the field of theology and sacred eloquence. It has been shown, moreover, that the works of Cooper and Lieber are the product of her soil and give her high rank as a pioneer in political economy. She has, furthermore, produced one novelist of national importance, William Gilmore Simms, shares with Georgia the famous humorist, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, and claims two historians of distinction, David Ramsay and Edward McCrady, and two prose essayists of first rank, Hugh S. Legaré and William H. Trescot. Around these stars of the first magnitude are clustered a brilliant galaxy of minor

lights,—amateur writers for the most part, each of whom has, however, left some exquisite bit of prose or verse that has found an abiding place in the hearts of the people. It is evident that with many limitations our literature has attempted a development in all directions. Like the larger literature of America, of which it is an integral part, its growth has been from an imitative provincialism toward a greater originality and a wider liberalism. It has been intensely local, and with a few exceptions amateurish rather than professional. There have been periods of experiment, of efflorescence, and of sterility. Heretofore we have been disposed to make too little of our literary assets, but the attitude of our people on the subject is rapidly changing. Our literary past is, on the whole, encouraging, and the outlook for the future is full of hope and the promise of a literary revival of far-reaching significance.

JOSEPH BLYTH ALLSTON

JOSEPH BLYTH ALLSTON was born at "Waverley," the plantation of his father, General Joseph Allston, near Georgetown, South Carolina, February 8, 1833, and died in Anderson, South Carolina, January 29, 1904. His parents having died while he was quite young, he was brought up by his uncle, Governor R. F. W. Allston. In 1851 he graduated at South Carolina College, and after reading law in the office of the great jurist, James Louis Petigru, of Charleston, he was admitted to the bar in 1854. He then resided abroad for several years. In 1857 he married Miss Mary North, a niece of Mr. Petigru, and entered upon the practice of law in Charleston. At the outbreak of the war between the sections in 1861 he volunteered and served for four years in the Twenty-seventh Regiment of South Carolina, attaining the rank of captain. About a month before the close of the war he was captured and imprisoned in Fort Delaware, where he wrote his beautiful and pathetic poem, "Stack Arms!" In 1865 he removed to Georgetown and subsequently to Baltimore for the practice of his profession. Some years ago he retired to his farm, historic "Badwell," the former home of Mr. Petigru, in Abbeville County.

During his student days Captain Allston indicated his aptitude for letters by publishing an admirable sketch of George McDuffie. His most elaborate prose work is his Life of James L. Petigru, published in *The Sunday News* in 1899. He is now best remembered, however, as the author of "Stack Arms!" "Charge of Hagood's Brigade," "Sumter," and numerous other poems, which have been published in various magazines and newspapers during the past fifty years.[1]

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[1]The material for the above sketch is taken, by kind permission of the author, Professor Yates Snowden, from his article on Allston in *The South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine* for April, 1904.

"STACK ARMS!"

(From Simms's War Poetry of the South, 1867.)

"Stack Arms!" I've gladly heard the cry
When, weary with the dusty tread
Of marching troops, as night drew nigh,
I sank upon my soldier bed,
And calmly slept; the starry dome
Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,
And mingled with my dreams of home,
The thoughts of Peace and Liberty.

"Stack Arms!" I've heard it when the shout
Exulting, ran along our line,
Of foes hurled back in bloody rout,
Captured, dispersed; its tones divine
Then came to mine enraptured ear,
Guerdon of duty nobly done,
And glistened on my cheek the tear
Of grateful joy for victory won.

"Stack Arms!" In faltering accents, slow
And sad, it creeps from tongue to tongue,
A broken, murmuring wail of woe,
From manly hearts by anguish wrung.
Like victims of a midnight dream,
We move, we know not how nor why,
For life and hope but phantoms seem,
And it would be relief—to die!

CHARGE OF HAGOOD'S BRIGADE.[1]

(From the same.)

Scarce seven hundred men they stand
In tattered, rude array,
A remnant of that gallant band
Who erstwhile held the sea-girt strand
Of Morris' Isle with iron hand
'Gainst Yankees' hated sway.

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[1]Written in the summer of 1864, immediately after the charge referred to, which was always considered by the brigade as their most desperate encounter.

Secessionville their banner claims,
And Sumter, held 'mid smoke and flames,
And the dark battle on the streams
Of Pocotaligo:
And Walthall's Junction's hard-earned fight,
And Drewry's Bluff's embattled height,
When, at the gray dawn of the light,
They rushed upon the foe.

Tattered and torn those banners now,
But not less proud each lofty brow,
Untaught as yet to yield:
With mien unblenched, unfaltering eye,
Forward, where bombshells shrieking fly,
Flecking with smoke the azure sky
On Weldon's fated field.

Sweeps from the woods the bold array,
Not theirs to falter in the fray,
No men more sternly trained than they
To meet their deadly doom:
While, from a hundred throats agape,
A hundred sulphurous flames escape,
Round shot, and canister, and grape,
The thundering cannon's boom!

Swift, on their flank, with fearful crash
Shrapnel and ball commingling clash,
And bursting shells, with lurid flash,
Their dazzled sight confound:
Trembles the earth beneath their feet,
Along their front a rattling sheet
Of leaden hail concentric meet,
And numbers strew the ground.

On, o'er the dying and the dead,
O'er mangled limb and gory head,
With martial look, with martial tread,
March Hagood's men to bloody bed,
Honor their sole reward;
Himself doth lead their battle line,
Himself those banners guard.

They win the height, those gallant few,
A fiercer struggle to renew,
Resolved as gallant men to do
Or sink in glory's shroud;
But scarcely gain its stubborn crest,
Ere, from the ensign's murdered breast,
An impious foe has dared to wrest
That banner proud.

Upon him, Hagood, in thy might!
Flash on thy soul the immortal light
Of those brave deeds that blazon bright
Our Southern Cross.
He dies. Unfurl its folds again,
Let it wave proudly o'er the plain;
The dying shall forget their pain,
Count not their loss.

Then, rallying to your chieftain's call,
Ploughed through by cannon-shot and ball,
Hemmed in, as by a living wall,
Cleave back your way.
Those bannered deeds their souls inspire,
Borne, amid sheets of forkéd fire,
By the Two Hundred who retire
Of that array.

Ah, Carolina! well the tear
May dew thy cheek; thy clasped hands rear
In passion, o'er their tombless bier,
Thy fallen chivalry!
Malony, mirror of the brave,
And Sellers lie in glorious grave;
No prouder fate than theirs, who gave
Their lives for Liberty.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born on a plantation on the Waccamaw, near Georgetown, South Carolina, November 5, 1779, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 9, 1843. He was prepared for college at Newport, Rhode Island, where he became acquainted with Malbone, and through him acquired an interest in art. He graduated at Harvard in 1800, delivering a poem at commencement. Disposing of his estate in South Carolina, he entered on a course of art-studies at the Royal Academy in London in 1801, and continued at Paris and Rome until 1809, when he returned to America. He again went to England in 1811 and remained seven years, painting during this period many of his best-known pictures and publishing a volume of poems, The Sylphs of the Seasons, in 1813. He lived at Boston and Cambridge from 1818 until the end of his life. Among his most noted paintings are portraits of Benjamin West, Coleridge, and himself, Saul and the Witch of Endor, The Angel Uriel in the Sun, Spaletro's Vision of the Bloody Hand, and the famous Belshazzar's Feast, which he left unfinished. He was twice married, his first wife being a sister of the celebrated Dr. William E. Channing, and his second a sister of the poet Richard H. Dana—both of distinguished New England families.

His published works are: Sylphs of the Seasons, 1813; Monaldi: a Tale, 1841; Lectures on Art, and Poems, edited by R. H. Dana in 1850. In 1892 Mr. J. B. Flagg edited the Life and Letters of Washington Allston.

SATAN AND HIS THRALL.

(From Monaldi: A Tale, 1841.)

After waiting some time for my conductor's return, and finding little worth looking at besides the Lanfranc, I turned to leave the chapel by the way I had entered; but, taking a

wrong door, I came into a dark passage, leading, as I supposed, to an inner court. This being my first visit to a convent, a natural curiosity tempted me to proceed, when, instead of a court, I found myself in a large apartment. The light (which descended from above) was so powerful that for nearly a minute I could distinguish nothing, and I rested on a form attached to the wainscoting. I then put up my hand to shade my eyes, when—the fearful vision is even now before me—I seemed to be standing before an abyss in space, boundless and black. In the midst of this permeable pitch stood a colossal mass of gold, in shape like an altar, and girdled about by a huge serpent, gorgeous and terrible; his body flecked with diamonds, and his head, an enormous carbuncle, floated like a meteor on the air above. Such was the Throne. But no words can describe the gigantic Being that sat thereon—the grace, the majesty, its transcendent form; and yet I shuddered as I looked, for its superhuman countenance seemed, as it were, to radiate falsehood; every feature was in contradiction—the eye, the mouth, even to the nostril—whilst the expression of the whole was of that unnatural softness which can only be conceived of malignant blandishment. It was the appalling beauty of the King of Hell. The frightful discord vibrated through my whole frame, and I turned for relief to the figure below; for at his feet knelt one who appeared to belong to our race of earth. But I had turned from the first, only to witness in this second object its withering fascination. It was a man apparently in the prime of life, but pale and emaciated, as if prematurely wasted by his unholy devotion, yet still devoted —with outstretched hands, and eyes upraised to their idol, fixed with a vehemence that seemed almost to start them from their sockets. The agony of his eye, contrasting with the prostrate, reckless worship of his attitude, but too well told his tale: I beheld the mortal conflict between the conscience and the will—the visible struggle of a soul in the toils of sin. I could look no longer.

As I turned, the prior was standing before me. "Yes," said he, as if replying to my thoughts, "it is indeed terrific. Had you beheld it unmoved, you had been the first that ever did so.

"There is a tremendous reality in the picture that comes home to every man's imagination: even the dullest feel it, as if it had the power of calling up that faculty in minds never before conscious of it."

THE ART OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

(From Lectures on Art and Poems, 1850.)

There is no school from which something may not be learned. But chiefly to the Italian should the student be directed, who would enlarge his views on the present subject, and especially to the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo; in whose highest efforts we have, so to speak, certain revelations of Nature which could only have been made by her privileged seers. And we refer to them more particularly, as to the two great sovereigns of the two distinct empires of Truth,—the Actual and the Imaginative; in which their claims are acknowledged by *that* within us, of which we know nothing but that it *must* respond to all things true. We refer to them, also, as important examples in their mode of study; in which it is evident that, whatever the source of instruction, it was never considered as a law of servitude, but rather as the means of giving visible shape to their own conceptions.

From the celebrated antique fragment, called the Torso, Michael Angelo is said to have constructed his forms. If this be true,—and we have no reason to doubt it,—it could nevertheless have been to him little more than a hint. But that is enough to a man of genius, who stands in need, no less than others, of a point to start from. There was something in this fragment which he seems to have felt, as if of a kindred nature to the unembodied creatures in his own mind; and he pondered over it until he mastered the spell of its author. He then turned to his own, to the germs of life that still awaited birth, to knit their joints, to attach the tendons, to mould the muscles,—finally, to sway the limbs by a mighty will. Then emerged into being that gigantic race of the Sistina,—giants in mind no less than in body, that appear to have descended as from another planet. His

Prophets and Sybils seem to carry in their persons the commanding evidence of their mission. They neither look nor move like beings to be affected by the ordinary concerns of life; but as if they could only be moved by the vast of human events, the fall of empires, the extinction of nations; as if the awful secrets of the future had overwhelmed in them all present sympathies. As we have stood before these lofty apparitions of the painter's mind, it has seemed to us impossible that the most vulgar spectator could have remained there irreverent.

THE ANGEL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(Part IV.)

(From the same.)

'Twas now the hour,—that boding hour of life,
When half-awakened forms of care or strife
Mix with the broken dream,—that shadowy hour,
That like a spectre stands 'twixt night and day,
For good or ill, and with his finger gray
Points to the daily doom no mortal power,
For virtue or for vice, can either change or stay.

And never came that hour more winning mild
To mar the fancies of a sleeping child,
Than now it came to our sweet Philomel.
She looked abroad upon the hueless wood,
Then on the sandy plain, where lately stood
That breathing multitude no tongue could tell;
All, all was still and blank, yet all to her was good.

For e'en the stillness seemed as if a part
Of that pure peace that wrapt her gentle heart.
Then how like thoughts, or rather like a cloud
Of formless feeling growing into thought,
The dusky mass, as now she sees it wrought
Slow into shapes, that all around her crowd,
As each their hue of life from day's first herald caught,—

The purple rack, that from the eastern sky
Tell to the waking earth that day is nigh.
So mused she undepressed in this lone scene.
But now the sun is up; and soon a train,
Led by the wily Thrush, athwart the plain
Is seen to bend. More gorgeous sight, I ween,
Ne'er made the ethereal bow when bent through morning rain!

The tenants of the wood what this might mean
Quick gathered round to learn; for they had seen
The stranger band afar, like some gray mist,
Loosed from a mountain peak, wreathing its way
Slow up the west; and there anon to play
As with the sun; now, dark, his light resist,
And now, in flickering flakes, fling far each shivered ray.

These were the creatures of that regal clime
Where reigns the imperial Sun; whose soil sublime
Teems through its glowing depths e'en with his light,
There ripening into gems; the while he dyes,
With his own orient hues, the earth and skies,
But most the feathered race,—that so their flight
Might bring his glory back in radiant sacrifice.

"Behold my promised friends; far travelers they,—
E'en from the new-found world,—who fain would pay
Their passing homage to a Bird so famed."
So spake the insidious Thrush: and then around
Her snaky eyes she cast, as one who found
Full sure revenge. "Nay, wherefore shrink, ashamed
Thy meaner form to show? for what is form to *sound?*"

The taunting words came dead upon the ear
Of her they would have smote; the cruel sneer
Touched not a heart so flooded o'er with love,—
That pure, supernal love which now gushed forth:—
"O blessed creatures! whence your glorious birth?
From what bright region of the world above?
Sure never things so fair first breathed upon the Earth!"

So deep, yet passionless, that wondrous love
Which Beauty wakes! Pure Instinct from above!
That, 'mid the selfish needs, and pains, and fears,
That waste the heart, still fresh dost ever live!
O, who can doubt the promise thou dost give
Of higher destiny,—when toiling years
And pain and sin shall flee, and only love survive?

Scarce had she spoke, when o'er the wondering crowd,
Grazing the dark tree-tops, there stood a cloud
Of dazzling white; while 'gainst the deep blue sky
Aloft it rose, as 't were some feudal pile,
Where tourneys, held for gentle ladies' smile,
Brought from each polished land her chivalry,
From proud Granada's realm to Britain's gallant isle.

But how unlike to them the radiant throng
That from these cloudy towers poured down their song,
Breathing of Heaven in each hallowed word!
"All hail!" they sang,—"all hail, sweet Nightingale!
Who enviest not, who hatest not, all hail!
Who sufferest all, yet lovest all, sweet Bird!
Thy glory here begun shall never, never fail!"

But, lo! a sudden darkness, deep as night,
Fell on the thick, hot air. With strange affright
The wingéd crowd against each other dashed:
All but our gentle Bird; she fearless stood,
And saw the towery cloud, now changed to blood,
Boil as in wrath; and now with fire it flashed,
And forth the thunder rolled, and shook the appalléd wood.

Then straight again the quiet sylvan scene
Lay bright and basking in the morning sheen;—
So like a dream had this wild vision fled!
Nor left it aught its fearful truth to note,
Save on the sandy plain one small, dark spot,
Where lay the envious Thrush,—black, stiff, and dead.
Alas, too well deserved her miserable lot!

A cold, brief look was all the useless dead
Had from her parting friends, who forthwith sped
Each to his tropic home. But what befell
Our gentle Bird? Some day her glorious strain
Within that dreadful cloud was heard again,
Deepening the thunder; then afar to swell
'Mid soft, symphonious sounds, like murmurs from the main.

Howe'er it was, one faith had all possessed,—
Her spirit then was numbered with the blest.
And still there are who hold a faith as strong,
Though years have passed, far, far upon the drift
Of ebbless time, that some have now the gift
On a still, starlight night to hear her song,—
As 't were their blameless hearts still nearer heaven to lift.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

(From the same.)

'Tis not to honor thee by verse of mine,
I bear a record of thy wondrous power:
Thou stand'st alone, and needest not to shine
With borrowed lustre; for the light is thine
Which no man giveth; and, though comets lower
Portentous round thy sphere, thou still art bright;
Though many a satellite about thee fall,
Leaving their stations merged in trackless night,
Yet take not they from that supernal light
Which lives within thee, sole, and free to all.

JOSEPH BROWNLEE BROWN

JOSEPH BROWNLEE BROWN was born at Charleston, South Carolina, October 4, 1824, and died at Brooklyn, New York, October 21, 1888. Educated at Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1845, he studied law, but soon devoted himself to teaching, and became a contributor to literary periodicals. He spent several years in Europe, acquired a thorough knowledge of modern languages, art and philosophy, wrote in his hours of leisure and translated Homer's "Iliad" into hexameter verse. It has been said of the following poem that it "is alone worth a life otherwise obscure."

"THALATTA! THALATTA!"[1]

I stand upon the summit of my life,
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle, and the burden; vast, afar
Beyond these weary ways, behold, the Sea!
The sea, o'erswept by clouds, and winds, and wings;
By thoughts and wishes manifold; whose breath
Is freshness, and whose mighty pulse is peace.

Palter no question of the horizon dim—
Cut loose the bark! Such voyage itself is rest;
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care,
Eternity! Deliverance, promise, course,
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

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[1]"Thalatta! Thalatta!" meaning "The Sea! The Sea!" an exclamation which has become historical through the story in Xenophon's *Anabasis* of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia to the Black Sea, was uttered by the survivors when they first again espied the sea, in February, 400 B. C.

JOHN DICKSON BRUNS

JOHN DICKSON BRUNS was born at Charleston in 1836. He graduated with the first honor at the College of Charleston in 1854, attended medical lectures at Philadelphia and Charleston, and received the degree of M. D. at the Medical College of the latter in 1857. He was editor of the *Charleston Medical Journal* from 1857 till 1861, when he became the surgeon of a Confederate hospital. From 1865 till 1866 he held a chair of medicine in his *alma mater,* in the meantime visiting Europe and studying at London. In the fall of 1866 he was chosen professor of physiology and pathology in the New Orleans School of Medicine.

Dr. Bruns was the author of "Our Christmas Hymn," *"O Tempora! O Mores!"* "Charleston, 1836," "The Foe at the Gates," "Wrecked," "Dead," "Schiller," "Legend of Santa Claus," and other poems.

OUR CHRISTMAS HYMN.

(From Simms's War Poetry of the South, 1867.)

"Good-will and peace! peace and good-will!"
The burden of the Advent song,
What time the love-charmed waves grew still
To harken to the shining throng;
The wondering shepherds heard the strain
Who watched by night the slumbering fleece,
The deep skies echoed the refrain,
"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace!"

And wise men hailed the promised sign,
And brought their birth-gifts from the East,
Dear to that Mother as the wine
That hallowed Cana's bridal feast;
But what to these are myrrh or gold,
And what Arabia's costliest gem,
Whose eyes the Child divine behold,
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace!"
They sing, the bright ones overhead;
And scarce the jubilant anthems cease
Ere Judah wails her first-born dead;
And Rama's wild, despairing cry
Fills with great dread the shuddering coast,
And Rachel hath but one reply,
"Bring back, bring back my loved and lost."

So, down two thousand years of doom
That cry is borne on wailing winds,
But never star breaks through the gloom,
No cradled peace the watcher finds;
And still the Herodian steel is driven,
And breaking hearts make ceaseless moan,
And still the mute appeal to heaven
Man answers back with groan for groan.

How shall we keep our Christmas-tide?
With that dread past, its wounds agape,
Forever walking by our side,
A fearful shade, an awful shape;
Can any promise of the spring
Make green the faded autumn leaf?
Or who shall say that time will bring
Fair fruit to him who sows but grief?

Wild bells! that shake the midnight air
With those dear tones that custom loves,
You wake no sounds of laughter here,
Nor mirth in all our silent groves;
On one broad waste, by hill or flood,
Of ravaged lands your music falls,
And where the happy homestead stood
The stars look down on roofless halls.

At every board a vacant chair
Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sports appear
Those well-loved forms that will not die.
We lift the glass, our hand is stayed—
We jest, a spectre rises up—
And weeping, though no word is said,
We kiss and pass the silent cup,

And pledge the gallant friend who keeps
His Christmas-eve on Malvern's height,
And him, our fair-haired boy, who sleeps
Beneath Virginian snows tonight;
While, by the fire, she, musing, broods
On all that was and might have been,
If Shiloh's dank and oozing woods
Had never drunk that crimson stain.

O happy Yules of buried years!
Could ye but come in wonted guise,
Sweet as love's earliest kiss appears,
When looking back through wistful eyes,
Would seem those chimes whose voices tell
His birth-night with melodious burst,
Who, sitting by Samaria's well,
Quenched the lorn widow's life-long thirst.

Ah! yet I trust that all who weep,
Somewhere, at last, will surely find
His rest, if through dark ways they keep
The child-like faith, the prayerful mind:
And some far Christmas morn shall bring
From human ills a sweet release
To loving hearts, while angels sing
"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace!"

O, TEMPORA! O, MORES!

(From the same.)

"Great Pan is dead!" so cried an airy tongue
To one, who, drifting down Calabria's shore,
Heard the last knell, in starry midnight rung,
Of the old Oracles, dumb for evermore.

A low wail ran along the shuddering deep,
And as, far off, its flaming accents died,
The awe-struck sailors, startled from their sleep,
Gazed, called aloud: no answering voice replied;

Nor ever will—the angry gods have fled,
Closed are the temples, mute are all the shrines,
The fires are quenched, Dodona's growth is dead,
The Sybil's leaves are scattered to the winds.

No mystic sentence will they bear again,
Which, sagely spelled, might ward a nation's doom;
But we have left us still some god-like men,
And some great voices pleading from the tomb.

If we would heed them, they might save us yet,
Call up some gleams of manhood in our breasts,
Truth, valor, justice, teach us to forget
In a grand cause our selfish interests.

But we have fallen on evil times indeed,
When public faith is but the common shame,
And private morals held an idiot's creed,
And old-world honesty an empty name.

And lust, and greed, and gain are all our arts!
The simple lessons which our fathers taught
Are scorned and jeered at; in our sordid marts
We sell the faith for which they toiled and fought.

Each jostling each in the mad strife for gold,
The weaker trampled by the unrecking throng,
Friends, honor, country lost, betrayed, or sold,
And lying blasphemies on every tongue.

Cant for religion, sounding words for truth,
  Fraud leads to fortune, gelt for guilt atones,
No care for hoary age or tender youth,
  For widows' tears or helpless orphans' groans.

The people rage, and work their own wild will,
  They stone the prophets, drag their highest down,
And as they smite, with savage folly still
  Smile at their work, those dead eyes wear no frown.

The sage of "Drainfield"[1] tills a barren soil,
  And reaps no harvest where he sowed the seed,
He has but exile for long years of toil;
  Nor voice in council, though his children bleed.

And never more shall "Redcliff's"[2] oaks rejoice,
  Now bowed with grief above their master's bier;
Faction and party stilled that mighty voice,
  Which yet could teach us wisdom, could we hear.

And "Woodland's"[3] harp is mute: the gray, old man
  Broods by his lonely hearth and weaves no song;
Or, if he sing, the note is sad and wan,
  Like the pale face of one who's suffered long.

So all earth's teachers have been overborne
  By the coarse crowd, and fainting droop or die;
They bear the cross, their bleeding brows the thorn,
  And ever hear the clamor—"Crucify!"

Oh, for a man with god-like heart and brain!
  A god in stature, with a god's great will,
And fitted to the time, that not in vain
  Be all the blood we've spilt and yet must spill.

Oh, brothers! friends! shake off the Circean spell!
  Rouse to the dangers of impending fate!
Grasp your keen swords, and all may yet be well—
  More gain, more pelf, and it will be, too late!

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[1]The country-seat of R. Barnwell Rhett.
[2]The homestead of Judge James H. Hammond.
[3]The homestead of W. Gilmore Simms (destroyed by Sherman's army.)

THE FOE AT THE GATES—CHARLESTON.

(From Simms's War Poetry of the South, 1867.)

Ring round her! children of her glorious skies,
  Whom she hath nursed to stature proud and great;
Catch one last glance from her imploring eyes,
  Then close your ranks and face the threatening fate.

Ring round her! with a wall of horrent steel
  Confront the foe, nor mercy ask nor give;
And in her hour of anguish let her feel
  That ye can die whom she has taught to live.

Ring round her! swear, by every lifted blade,
  To shield from wrong the mother who gave you birth;
That never villain hand on her be laid,
  Nor base foot desecrate her hallowed hearth.

See how she thrills all o'er with noble shame,
  As through deep sobs she draws the laboring breath,
Her generous brow and bosom all aflame
  At the bare thought of insult, worse than death.

And stained and rent her snowy garments are;
  The big drops gather on her pallid face,
Gashed with great wounds by cowards who strove to mar
  The beauteous form that spurned their foul embrace.

And still she pleads, oh! how she pleads, with prayers
  And bitter tears, to every loving child
To stand between her and the doom she fears,
  To keep her fame untarnished, undefiled!

Curst be the dastard who shall halt or doubt!
  And doubly damned who casts one look behind!
Ye who are men! with unsheathed sword and shout,
  Up with her banner! give it to the wind.

Peal your wild slogan, echoing far and wide,
  Till every ringing avenue repeat
The gathering cry, and Ashley's angry tide
  Calls to the sea-waves beating round her feet.

Sons, to the rescue! spurred and belted, come!
  Kneeling, with clasped hands, she invokes you now
By the sweet memories of your childhood's home,
  By every manly hope and filial vow,

To save her proud soul from that loathéd thrall
  Which yet her spirit cannot brook to name;
Or, if her fate be near, and she must fall,
  Spare her—she sues—the agony and the shame.

From all her fanes let solemn bells be tolled,
  Heap with kind hands her costly funeral pyre,
And thus, with pæan sung and anthem rolled,
  Give her, unspotted, to the God of Fire.

Gather around her sacred ashes then,
  Sprinkle the cherished dust with crimson rain,
Die! as becomes a race of free-born men,
  Who will not crouch to wear the bondman's chain.

So, dying, ye shall win a high renown,
  If not in life, at least by death, set free—
And send her fame, through endless ages down,
  The last grand holocaust of liberty.

HOWARD HAYNE CALDWELL

HOWARD HAYNE CALDWELL was born in Newberry in 1831, and died in 1858. His poetical works are comprised in two small volumes entitled Oliatta, and Other Poems, 1855, and Poems, 1858. The latter contains his best work, including "Saint Agnes," "A Dream of Maries," "Sonnet on the Death of J. B. Anderson," "Oenone," "The Wind Harp," "La Belle Inconnue," "Ode on the Battle of King's Mountain," "The Night When Last We Met," "The Estrangement," etc.

A DREAM OF MARIES.

(From Poems, 1858.)

"Why is the name of Mary sweet?"—*Davidson.*

The winter winds had wailed themselves to sleep,
  The air was balmy as an April day,
And while the lengthened shadows 'gan to creep
  I sought the grove where hangs the long moss gray;
Awhile from toils and cares my mind was free,
  And dull abstractions of remoter times;
I sought the grove with earnestness and glee
  To list the pine-crests with their solemn chimes,
Their strange mild music, so like weirdly Runic rhymes.

Flushed by my speed across the open plain,
  I sat me down to hear the pine-groves sing:
Anon, their song was answered by the strain
  Of lonely dove, or twittering birds on wing;
Then, as when voices hush and grandly ring,
  The organ's tones far thro' each dim-lit aisle,
And Feeling's myriad forms do seem to fling
  On that grand symphony each charm to thrill,
Now hushed the birds their songs to list those tones awhile!

Lulled by the chorus of the gladdened birds,
  Soothed by the accord of many a whispering pine,
A quiet feeling (all unknown to words,
  But which, the heart once knowing, will enshrine),
A slumberous spell did 'round my heart entwine,
  And dreamy, now, upon the moss I sank,—
And while at ease this weary form of mine
  Lay 'mid the autumn-flowers upon the bank,
This vision o'er me stole while eve the first dew drank:

Methought that o'er the wood and open field
  An angel passed, and where his light steps fell
A garden grew, and to the eye revealed
  All flowers and plants and trees on earth that dwell;
Lotus, the angeline, and asphodel,
  Lilies, and tulips, and the queenly rose,
Crocus and iris, myrrh and cassia's smell,
  And fragrant cloves 'neath poppies in repose,
And white magnolia flowers, as pure as virgin-snows.

And all these bowers of richest shade and hue,
  With birds' low songs, were musical and sweet;
And yellow bees, and insects gold and blue,
  And orioles, and doves, and mock-birds meet,
And nightingales, and kingly eagles fleet,
  Gathered around the fountain, where the swan
Did float majestic on the silvery sheet,
  While birds-of-paradise looked proudly on
The host, of myriad hues, with songs of varied tone.

Along the walks I passed, and there beheld
  Such statues as mine eyes had never seen;
Rock-bound Prometheus with his heart unquelled,
  Lone Ariadne, and that Southern Queen
Half-mad with tropic love, Marc Antony's bane,
  And Jove-born Helen gazing on the fight,
And Dido, calling back her lord again,
  And Theseus, Gorgon-armed and war-bedight,
And Circe with her herbs, all plucked at dead of night.

Now, as I passed, I found a floral niche
  Wherein the Virgin-mother and her child,
Bright-aureoled and robed in garments rich,
  From the cold marble looked and almost smiled;
The blest maid-mother, pensive, meek, and mild,
  Meseemed to leave the niche; and 'round the place
The Magi bowed all reverend, holy-willed,
  While from the Infant's soft and beauteous face
There beamed a God-like smile of mercy, love, and grace.

. . . . . .

Now, many Maries crowded on my sight;
  That wretched mother, in the famished town
Who made of her own babe a feast by night;
  And she who wore the lilies and the crown,
Unhappy captive of a sad renown,
  The lovely Stuart, weeping followed near—
And that Medicis with an angry frown
  Who swayed a kingdom once, then fled in fear,
And wore her life away in penury and care!

. . . . . .

Then, a strange murmuring on every side
  Disturbed the stately silence of the scene,
But soon the voices reverently died,
  While spake to me the great Hungarian queen,
Walking before me with majestic mien;
 "Tread thou in virtue's paths and there alone,
Virtue alone is happiness"; serene,
  One said, "Amen!" 'twas Mary Washington,
And weeping Marie Stuart answered with a moan.

The sad Medicis warned of pride and hate,
  And mourned her death-bed curse on Richelieu's head;
Marie Louise bewailed her luckless fate,
  And told the curses of the life she led;
Mary of Spain, in saddest accents said:
 "Beware the lures that fell ambition weaves!
Once, I was known and feared, but 'mong the dead
  My earthly fame no pang of woe relieves,
And, 'mong the living, none my former fame believes."

The noble sister of the great Fifth Charles
  Then lauded justice, courage, faith, and truth;
And Brabant Mary, decked with gold and pearls,
  Bewailed the sins and follies of her youth;
And then that Mary, fairest far in sooth,
  Spoke of her vanity—"A king once came
With gorgeous train to see me—by my troth
  It was most pleasant to have beauty's fame!
But beauty fades, and then one's life is tears and shame."

Then spake that Mary who, at Jesus' feet,
  Learned better wisdom than the sages taught;
"In thee, O Lord! alone, all pleasures meet,
  By thee alone, life to the dead is brought!
Oh dreamer! be thy only future thought
  A prayer for aid to serve this Saviour well:
I trusted Him, and now when earth is naught
  For aye to me, in rapturous bliss I dwell,
And half my joys or woe no tongue may ever tell!"

Then from each Mary some deep teaching wise,
  I heard and pondered on: till, one by one,
The mighty throng did fade before my eyes,
  And soon the fair strange company was gone:
The fountains murmured in a low, sweet tone,
  The birds' night-songs were most surpassing sweet;
The flowers' rich perfume, on the breezes blown,
  Breathed on my brow; then, passing from me fleet,
New gales of balm did come as others would retreat.

And now, the flowers began to cease to send
  Their fragrant perfume 'round my sleeping head;
At once, the fountain's murmur seemed to end,
  The birds were hushed—and lo! the gardens fled!
I roused me then, the last faint streaks of red
  Were on the clouds—the crescent moon was high—
I rose and, wondering, left my heather-bed
  And pondered on that dream;—until I die
It still must live, deep graven in my memory.

. . . . . .

SONNET

On the death of J. B. Anderson, who, having directed his servant to leave him alone at his prayers, was discovered, a short time afterwards, dead upon his knees.

A warrior, dying with his armor on,
A prophet, in his singing robes at death,
A lover, yielding in fond vows, his breath,
A king, deceasing on his regal throne,
A priest, expiring at the altar-stone:
All these are types of thee, belovéd friend!
Blest was thy life, and more than blest thy end,
For in that end life's highest glory shone.
Green be the turf above thy guileless breast,
Calm be thy sleep, and be thy memory blest!
Thy ruling passion, strong in death, we see
An angel-instinct from some holier sphere
Bend over thy head to place life's crown on thee,
That life, like sweet perfume, breathed out in prayer!

NIGHT ON THE DISMAL SWAMP.

(From Oliatta, 1855.)

Night o'er the Dismal Swamp has thrown
  Her hushing spell on all around;
Silence sits sovereign now alone,
  Nor e'en the night-bird's songs resound.
All lies in lonely stillness now,
  Save the low rippling of the wave,
Which, while it crept the woodbine thro',
  A dull, low murmur ever gave;
And where yon vines are closely bound,
  No light by night or day may come,
There spreads afar a cave profound,
  Where gurgle waters in the gloom.
Darkness sleeps ever in that cave,
  Save when the fiery mists arise,
And faintly light the sluggish wave
  With tints like evening's fading skies!
No sound of life is echoed there,
  Till comes the serpent from beneath,
A moment hissing on the air,
  Then lulls in Lethean sleep like death.

Above, the wild mimosas bloom,
  And send their perfumes on the breeze;
And cypress, fitter for the gloom,
  Bends o'er the weeping-willow trees.
Anxiously now upon the shore
  Caspar and Ulric seek in vain
That youth, whom they shall see no more,
  Who never shall return again!
Hither they'd hastened from the cot,
  Knowing he'd seek the lonely lake;
And while they stood, they heard a shout
  Resounding far across the brake.
Caspar but too well knew the cry
 "It is Rudolpho! in *that* place
Seeking his loved one's words t' obey:
  His steps he never may retrace!"
Hark! what sweet music swelleth there?
  An angel-voice now sings alone,
While all the echoes, thro' the air
  Far o'er the wave the sound have borne.
See! thro' the shadows of yon vines
  A light of gentle radiance now
Full o'er the matted jungle shines,
  And on the yellow waves below.
List! as the barque doth swiftly come:
  The spirit-music softly swell:
The night-birds hush the copse-wood from,
  And silent Nature aids the spell:

"Will you come to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
  And its shades of eternal gloom?
There, 'neath the groves of dark vines damp,
  The flowers immortal bloom.
There, the matin song of the earliest bird
  Shall bid us glide o'er the wave,
To rest, where never a footstep stirred,
  In the Night of the rayless cave!

"Will you come to the spirit-call I send,
And drink of the vine I give?
Then, then indeed may our beings blend,
When the earth-part shall cease to live!
Then soul with soul, in our phantom-barque,
We'll glide o'er the waters blue,
When the stars shall call with awakening spark
The maiden and lover so true!"

A wild and maniac cry then swelled
Far o'er the listening wave;
The phantom-barque Rudolpho held
On his way to the rayless cave.
Afar they sped o'er the waters wide,
And her spirit-songs were heard,
While he followed the course of his angel-bride
Till the mouth of the cave they neared.
The light fades on the vision there,
Nor lover or boat is seen;
Silence again dwells on the air,
And the waters are still again!

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and died at Washington, March 31, 1850. He was of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian descent in the line of both parents. He received his preparatory training from his brother-in-law, Dr. Moses Waddel, graduated at Yale in 1804, and studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut. In 1808 he became a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, and three years later was sent to Congress. During his six years' service in the House he took an active part in the debates on the tariff and other legislation, and was a strong advocate of war in 1812. In 1817 Monroe appointed him Secretary of War, a position which he filled with distinguished ability for seven years. From 1825 to 1832 he was Vice-President of the United States, and became the leader of the States' Rights school and the exponent of the strict construction of the Constitution. He was a champion of Nullification in 1832, and was the author of the South Carolina "Exposition." He resigned his high office in December, 1832, to become a Senator, and for ten years formed with Clay and Webster the great triumvirate in the leadership of the Senate. He now receded somewhat from his former position in 1808-1817 and advocated free trade and strict economy in the administration of the government. During this period he delivered some of his most famous speeches with an earnestness, logical force, and profound grasp of political theory that commanded the respect of his opponents and caused him to be regarded as little less than an oracle by his followers. In 1843 he resigned from the Senate, and the next year became Secretary of State in Tyler's cabinet. In this position he hastened the annexation of Texas. He returned to the Senate in 1845, where he remained till his death. Among other policies during his last years he tried to avert the war with Mexico, urged a

peaceful solution of the Oregon question, defended slavery as neither morally nor politically wrong, advocated States' Rights, and labored to preserve the Union. In private life he was highly esteemed for his purity of character, and for his honesty, kindness, and sociability.

Calhoun's works were edited in six volumes by Richard R. Crallé in 1853-1854. His Letters were edited by Professor J. F. Jameson in 1900. Among his most important political treatises and speeches are: A Disquisition on Government, A Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, A Letter to Governor Hamilton on the Subject of State Interposition, Speech on the Tariff in the House, December 19, 1811, Speech on the Admission of Michigan to the Union, January 5, 1837, Speech on the Reception of the Abolition Petitions, February, 1837, and Speech on the Compromise of 1850. Biographies of Calhoun have been written by J. S. Jenkins, Professor H. von Holst, and Gustavus M. Pinckney, and there is a Private Life of Calhoun by Mary Bates (1852).

THE NATURE OF LIBERTY.

(From A Disquisition on Government.)

The principle, in all communities, according to these numerous and various causes, assigns to power and liberty their proper spheres. To allow to liberty, in any case, a sphere of action more extended than this assigns, would lead to anarchy; and this, probably, in the end, to a contraction instead of an enlargement of its sphere. Liberty, then, when forced on a people unfit for it, would, instead of a blessing, be a curse; as it would, in its reaction, lead directly to anarchy,—the greatest of all curses. No people, indeed, can long enjoy more liberty than that to which their situation and advanced intelligence and morals fairly entitle them. If more than this be allowed, they must soon fall into confusion and disorder,—to be followed, if not by anarchy and despotism, by a change to a form of government more simple and absolute; and, therefore, better suited to their condition.

And hence, although it may be true that a people may not have as much liberty as they are fairly entitled to, and are capable of enjoying,—yet the reverse is unquestionably true,—that no people can long possess more than they are fairly entitled to.

Liberty, indeed, though among the greatest of blessings, is not so great as that of protection; inasmuch as the end of the former is the progress and improvement of the race,—while that of the latter is its preservation and perpetuation. And hence, when the two come into conflict, liberty must, and ever ought, to yield to protection; as the existence of the race is of greater moment than its improvement.

It follows, from what has been stated, that it is a great and dangerous error to suppose that all people are equally entitled to liberty. It is a reward to be earned, not a blessing to be gratuitously lavished on all alike;—a reward reserved for the intelligent, the patriotic, the virtuous and the deserving;—and not a boon to be bestowed on a people too ignorant, degraded and vicious to be capable either of appreciating or of enjoying it. Nor is it any disparagement to liberty that such is and ought to be the case. On the contrary, its greatest praise,—its proudest distinction is, that an all-wise Providence has reserved it, as the noblest and highest reward for the development of our faculties, moral and intellectual. A reward more appropriate than liberty could not be conferred on the deserving;—nor a punishment inflicted on the undeserving more just, than to be subject to lawless and despotic rule. This dispensation seems to be the result of some fixed law;—and every effort to disturb or defeat it, by attempting to elevate a people in the scale of liberty, above the point to which they are entitled to rise, must ever prove abortive, and end in disappointment. The progress of a people rising from a lower to a higher point in the scale of liberty, is necessarily slow;—and by attempting to precipitate, we either retard, or permanently defeat it.

There is another error, not less great and dangerous, usually associated with the one which has just been considered. I refer to the opinion, that liberty and equality are so intimately united, that liberty cannot be perfect without perfect equality.

That they are united to a certain extent,—and that equality of citizens, in the eyes of the law, is essential to liberty in a popular government, is conceded. But to go further, and make equality of *condition* essential to liberty, would be to destroy both liberty and progress. The reason is, that inequality of condition, while it is a necessary consequence of liberty, is, at the same time, indispensable to progress. In order to understand why this is so, it is necessary to bear in mind, that the main spring to progress is, the desire of individuals to better their condition; and that the strongest impulse which can be given to it is, to leave individuals free to exert themselves in the manner they may deem best for that purpose, as far at least as it can be done consistently with the ends for which government is ordained,—and to secure to all the fruits of their exertions. Now, as individuals differ greatly from each other, in intelligence, sagacity, energy, perseverance, skill, habits of industry and economy, physical power, position and opportunity,—the necessary effect of leaving all free to exert themselves to better their condition, must be a corresponding inequality between those who may possess these qualities and advantages in a high degree, as will place them on a level with those who do not; or to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions. But to impose such restrictions on them would be destructive of liberty,—while to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions, would be to destroy the desire of bettering their condition. It is, indeed, this inequality of condition between the front and rear ranks, in the march of progress, which gives so strong an impulse to the former to maintain their position, and to the latter to press forward into their files. This gives to progress its greatest impulse. To force the front rank back to the rear, or attempt to push forward the rear into line with the front, by the interposition of the government, would put an end to the impulse, and effectually arrest the march of progress.

These great and dangerous errors have their origin in the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal;—than which nothing can be more unfounded and false. It rests upon the assumption of a fact, which is contrary to universal observation, in whatever light it may be regarded.

It is, indeed, difficult to explain how an opinion so destitute of all sound reason, ever could have been so extensively entertained, unless we regard it as being confounded with another, which has some semblance of truth;—but which, when properly understood, is not less false and dangerous. I refer to the assertion, that all men are equal in the state of nature; meaning, by a state of nature, a state of individuality, supposed to have existed prior to the social and political state; and in which men lived apart and independent of each other. If such a state ever did exist, all men would have been, indeed, free and equal in it; that is, free to do as they pleased, and exempt from the authority or control of others—as, by supposition, it existed anterior to society and government. But such a state is purely hypothetical. It never did, nor can exist; as it is inconsistent with the preservation and perpetuation of the race. It is, therefore, a great misnomer to call it *the state of nature.* Instead of being the natural state of man, it is, of all conceivable states, the most opposed to his nature—most repugnant to his feelings, and most incompatible with his wants. His natural state is, the social and political—the one for which his Creator made him, and the only one in which he can preserve and perfect his race. As, then, there never was such a state as the, so called, state of nature, and never can be, it follows, that men, instead of being born in it, are born in the social and political state; and of course, instead of being born free and equal, are born subject, not only to parental authority, but to the laws and institutions of the country where born, and under whose protection they draw their first breath. With these remarks, I return from this digression, to resume the thread of the discourse.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATE.[1]

(From the letter to Gov. Hamilton.)

I will next proceed to state some of the results which necessarily follow from the facts which have been established. The first, and, in reference to the subject of this commu-

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[1]This famous letter was written by Calhoun at Fort Hill, S. C., August 28, 1832.

nication, the most important, is, that there is *no direct* and *immediate* connection between the individual citizens of a State and the General Government. The relation between them is through the State. The Union is a union of States as communities, and not a union of individuals. As members of a State, her citizens were originally subject to no control but that of the State, and could be subject to no other, except by the act of the State itself. The Constitution was, accordingly, submitted to the States for their separate ratification; and it was only by the ratification of the State that its citizens became subject to the control of the General Government. The ratification of any other, or all the other States, without its own, could create no connection between them and the General Government, nor impose on them the slightest obligation. Without the ratification of their own State, they would stand in the same relation to the General Government as do the citizens or subjects of any foreign State; and we find the citizens of North Carolina and Rhode Island actually bearing that relation to the Government for some time after it went into operation; these States having, in the first instance, declined to ratify. Nor had the act of any individual the least influence in subjecting him to the control of the General Government, except as it might influence the ratification of the Constitution by his own State. Whether subject to its control or not, depended wholly on the act of the State. His dissent had not the least weight against the assent of the State, nor his assent against its dissent. It follows, as a necessary consequence, that the act of ratification bound the State as a community, as is expressly declared in the article of the Constitution above quoted, and not the citizens of the State as individuals; the latter being bound through their State, and in consequence of the ratification of the former. Another, and a highly important consequence, as it regards the subject under investigation, follows with equal certainty; that, on a question whether a particular power exercised by the General Government be granted by the Constitution, it belongs to the State as a member of the Union, in her sovereign capacity in convention, to determine definitely, as far as her citizens are concerned, the extent of the obligation which she con-

tracted; and if, in her opinion, the act exercising the power be unconstitutional, to declare it null and void, *which declaration would be obligatory on her citizens.* In coming to this conclusion, it may be proper to remark, to prevent misrepresentation, that I do not claim for a State the right to abrogate an act of the General Government. It is the Constitution that annuls an unconstitutional act. Such an act is of itself void and of no effect. What I claim is, the right of the State, *as far as its citizens are concerned, to declare the extent of the obligation, and that such declaration is binding on them*—a right, when limited to its citizens, flowing directly from the relation of the State to the General Government on the one side, and its citizens on the other, as already explained, and resting on the most plain and solid reasons.

SECESSION AND NULLIFICATION.

(From the same.)

First, they are wholly dissimilar in their nature. *One has reference to the parties themselves, and the other to their agents.* Secession is a *withdrawal from the Union;* a separation from *partners,* and, as far as depends on the number withdrawing, a *dissolution* of the partnership. It presupposes an association; a union of several States or individuals for a common object. Wherever these exist, secession may; and where they do not, it cannot. Nullification, on the contrary, *presupposes the relation of principal and agent:* the one granting a power to be executed,—the other, appointed by him with authority to execute it; *and is simply a declaration on the part of the principal, made in due form, that an act of the agent transcending his power is null and void.* It is a right belonging exclusively to the relation between principal and agent, to be found *wherever it exists, and in all its forms,* between several, or an association of principals, and their joint agents, as well as between a single principal and his agent.

The difference in their object is no less striking than in their nature. The object of secession is to *free* the withdrawing member from the *obligation* of the association or

union, and is applicable to cases where the object of the association or union *has failed,* either by an abuse of power on the part of *its members,* or other causes. Its *direct and immediate object, as it concerns the withdrawing member, is the dissolution of the association or union,* as far as it is concerned. On the contrary, the object of nullification is to confine the agent within the limits of his powers, by arresting his acts transcending them, *not with the view of destroying the delegated or trust power, but to preserve it, by compelling the agent to fulfil the object for which the agency or trust was created; and is applicable only to cases where the trust or delegated powers are transcended on the part of the agent.* Without the power of secession, an association or union, formed for the common good *of all* the members, might prove ruinous to some, by the abuse of power on the part of the others; and without nullification the agent might, under color of construction, assume a power never intended to be delegated, or to convert those delegated to objects never intended to be comprehended in the trust, to the ruin of the principal, or in case of a joint agency, to the ruin of some of the principals. Each has, thus, its appropriate object, but objects in their nature very dissimilar; so much so, that, in case of an association or union, where the powers are delegated to be executed by an agent, the abuse of power, on the part of the *agent,* to the injury of one or more of the members, would not justify secession on their part. The rightful remedy in that case would be nullification. There would be neither right nor pretext to secede: not right, because secession is applicable only to the acts of the members of the association or union, and not to the act of the agent; nor pretext, because there is another, and equally efficient remedy, short of the dissolution of the association or union, which can only be justified by necessity. Nullification may, indeed, be succeeded by secession. In the case stated, should the other members undertake to grant the power nullified, and should the nature of the power be such as to *defeat the object of the association or union,* at least as far as the member nullifying is concerned, it would then become an abuse of power on the part of the principal, and thus present a case where secession would apply; but in

no other could it be justified, except it be for a failure of the association or union to effect the object for which it was created, independent of any abuse of power. . . . . .

There are many who acknowledge the right of a State to secede, but deny its right to nullify; and yet, it seems impossible to admit the one without admitting the other. They both presuppose the same structure of the Government,—that it is a Union of the States, as forming political communities,—the same right on the part of the States, as members of the Union, to determine for their citizens the extent of the powers delegated and those reserved,—and, of course, to decide whether the Constitution has or has not been violated.

THOMAS COOPER

THOMAS COOPER was born at London, October 22, 1759, and died at Columbia, South Carolina, May 11, 1840. He was educated at Oxford, where he imbibed liberal views. He was in sympathy with the French Revolution, went to Paris during those stormy times, and was on intimate terms with the Jacobin leaders. While in France he ran against the Duke of Orleans for a seat in the Convention. Coming to America in 1792, he made the acquaintance of the leading men of the nation, and threw himself warmly into the cause of Jeffersonian Democracy. He first resided in Northumberland, Pennsylvania, where he met his friend, Dr. Priestly, the celebrated chemist. During the high political excitement of the time, he took an active part in politics, was tried for libel under the sedition law, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of four hundred dollars. In 1806 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, but was removed for arbitrary conduct by Governor Snyder in 1811, at the request of the Legislature. He held successively the chair of chemistry at Dickinson College, of chemistry and mineralogy in the University of Pennsylvania, and of chemistry in South Carolina College. From 1820 to 1834 he was president of the last named college, but he was forced to resign on account of his religious beliefs and his hostility to the clergy. His last days were spent in codifying the Statutes of the State, a work assigned him by the Legislature.

Dr. Cooper was the author of Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy, 1826; Manual of Political Economy, 1833; Medical Jurisprudence; Emporium of Arts and Sciences, 2 vols.; Essay on the Pentateuch; Information Concerning America; and numerous pamphlets and articles in the *Southern Quarterly* and in the *Southern Quarterly Review.*

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

(From Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy, 1826.)

It would be desirable if it can be accomplished, so to regulate the ultimate distribution of consumeable produce, that every human creature in society, should have a full and reasonable share of the necessaries and comforts of life, who contributes his full and reasonable share of industry to earn them. In no case of human society as yet devised or known, does this take place, except in newly settled countries, where land is cheap and plentiful, and bodily labour greatly in demand, as in the back country of America. In every civilized country, such as modern communities on the European model are called, it is with great difficulty that a healthy labourer, with the utmost exertion, can procure wages sufficient to supply the necessaries of life for himself, a wife and child. In Great Britain and Ireland, at this moment, there are a million of labouring poor in this melancholy situation; owing, as I think, to the glut of commodities and the decreased demand for labour, produced by machinery. But in every country of Europe, population presses hard upon subsistence; in every country of Europe, enormous wealth and disgusting luxurious extravagance, are found in the vicinity of abject poverty, of pain, want, disease, and misery. Not individual merely, but family misery, pervading large districts, and thousands of wretches who inhabit and barely exist in them. In every country of Europe, great capitalists live luxuriously, if not idly, on the wasting labour of the miserable poor. Hitherto, governmental policy has favoured capitalists by granting them monopolies in various ways.

In such a distribution of national wealth and earnings, the rich manifestly receive too much; the labouring poor too little. The misery of the mass of the people in Great Britain, is not unknown to, nor is similar misery unfelt in our own country: by the report of the committee on the pauperism of the lower classes in Philadelphia, last year a woman working with her needle as industriously as the powers of nature will permit, can hardly spare out of her scanty earnings for a twelve months labour, more than sixteen dollars to supply herself with food. This is a miserable state of things. God

forbid this country should ever become an exporting, manufacturing country. Let others cherish that dreadful system; may it never become an American system; may it perish and fail here.

This being the actual state of things, let us examine and try to discover, if we can, the cause of the evil, and its remedy. I enter upon this investigation in despair. I should quit it at once, as beyond my powers; but where I fail, others may perchance succeed.

First then, as to the cause and source of this horrible inequality of conditions.

Price is made up of cost of the raw material, profits of capital, and wages paid to the operative; there are no other elements of price. Cost of raw material constitutes but a small proportion. When profits fall, price continuing the same, wages rise, for the labourer receives *a larger proportion* of the price; when wages fall, profits rise for the same reason. Hence, if the wages of the labourer be too small to enable him to obtain the necessaries of life, either the price of the article is too low, or the profits of capital too high. If the capitalist therefore finds it worth his while to manufacture the article, it is because he obtains his profit at the expense of the health and the comfort of the worn out starving operative. It is manifest, this state of things ought not to exist if it can be remedied. Where and what is the remedy? . . .

Capital, whether in the form of raw material, or of the plant, (houses, shops, machinery, tools, land,) or in the form of money, is not of itself productive at all. It can do nothing; it cannot stir; it cannot produce—it is merely an instrument in the hand of the labourer or operative. It is the man who uses it to a good and useful purpose, and he alone who renders it productive. Of itself it is worth no more than a tree of mahogany, growing in the wilds of Honduras.

The whole of price, therefore, belongs, of right, to him who alone confers the value, which produces price. Profits charged by the capitalist, are a fraud on the operative, who is thus robbed of what he alone has earned, and which would have had no existence but for his skill and industry.

What are we to say to these systems which proceed upon the worthlessness of science and intellect—which makes the labour of the hands every thing, and the labour of the head nothing?[1] Which rank *James Watt* and *Robert Fulton* below the blacksmith whom they employ? Which distributes the savings of a life of labour, among men hardly yet arrived at years of discretion, and whose labour has not yet earned a cent? And this to the exclusion of the family of the laborious deceased?[2]

Without wealth enough to afford leisure, there can be no cultivation of intellect; without wealth there can be no pursuit of knowledge, no domestic libraries, no apparatus for scientific investigation, no expensive experiments, no public improvement by means of the voluntary pursuits of individuals who dedicate themselves to knowledge—men to whom the world is indebted for all it knows. These plans of mediocrity and equality, where every man is to have a mouthful of knowledge, and no man a belly-full, are the dreams of presumptuous ignorance—of persons who know not the biography of the benefactors of the human race.

Throughout the whole of this book, I have laboured to shew, that from wealth which industry produces, frugality must save; that this saving is capital, which has no other means or source of existence; that capital seeking employment, is the parent of all demand for labour; that demand for labour, alone produces wages; that subsistence is the fruit of wages; and population of subsistence. Hence, there is no proposition in Euclid more demonstrable, than that subsistence and population depend exclusively on industry and frugality. But where is the use of industry and frugality, if those who exercise these virtues, have no right to dispose of the property which results from them? . . .

But I know of no remedy for these (to me) most manifest errors, both of talent and of ignorance, but free discussion, more extended information, and of course a more extended system of national education, for those who will honestly entitle themselves to it. But as to perfect equality between

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[1]The theory advocated by Thomas Hodgekin in his Popular Political Economy.
[2]Proposed by Ming & Skidmore, Free Inquiry, 1830.

human beings—nature has denied it, and human provisions cannot establish it. Men are born with differences in bodily strength, in mental capacity; differences that operate on every circumstance of life to which they are subsequently exposed, and which daily increase the distance between man and man. These cannot be obviated or eradicated. All that society can do, is to throw no unfair and artificial obstacles in the way of honest exertion; and to take care that industrious effort shall have fair play.

JAMES CARROL COURTENAY

JAMES CARROL COURTENAY was born at Charleston, January 14, 1803, and died there February 3, 1835. He came of a good family of mingled Irish and English stock. He received his early training from his mother, and in young manhood became a skillful surveyor, in the meantime pursuing his studies at night. For several years he conducted an excellent English school and taught in the College of Charleston. A memorial stone in Grace Church, Charleston, thus felicitously summarizes his character and career: "Ingenio stat sine morte Decus. Although his life was short, in its achievements it was long. Self-taught, without school or college advantages, he early became a successful votary of the exact sciences. One of the earliest, if not the first, public appeal from a private citizen advocating the founding of a National Astronomical Observatory was written and published by him when only twenty-four years of age, and is preserved in the historical archives of the country. An eminent instructor, an attractive member of society, the delight and pride of numerous friends, this memorial will preserve his name and achievements."

Professor Courtenay's Inquiry Into the Propriety of Establishing a National Observatory was published in 1827.[1]

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, NOVEMBER, 1834.

(Originally printed in the Charleston *Courier*.)

Having completed our arrangements, the critical moment drew near, and the first contact was observed with all the precision that could be desired. The interest in the scene increased with every minute. We were in a few minutes to witness one of the most uncommon spectacles of the celestial

[1]For the above sketch and for the succeeding selection I am indebted to Hon. William A. Courtenay, of Columbia.

world—one that we shall never behold again in Carolina. We were to witness the verification of a prediction foretold years before and behold in it one of the highest triumphs of human intellect. These added to the gloomy and almost shadowless appearance of surrounding objects and the hurried and novel train of ideas which the whole scene drew forth, pressed strangly on our minds. In another instant total darkness came on, and it was not until that imposing period of time that we realized the scene in all its strength. It was awful! Burke would have recollected it as one of the most glorious instances of the sublime. For ourselves, we felt the ennobling fire of the poet rather than the cool precision of the astronomer; and it was with infinite regret that we checked this feeling to come down to the matter-of-fact details of minutes and seconds.

There is something about this total darkness which has never been described. The accounts of it are vague and unsatisfactory. This fact, acknowledged by all, is of the most extraordinary character. Some suppose the atmosphere to have changed its character, and feel persuaded that the sound of the human voice at this particular time is conducted in a different tone. Others suppose it to exist simply in the few remaining rays of light, and see everything in the ghastly hues of a modified moonlight. The latter opinion may be correct. The circle of white light surrounding the sun at the time of total darkness closely resembled a silver border, though not so refulgent or glittering. Its breadth appeared to us about one-third the sun's diameter. For a considerable period before the total darkness began Venus appeared, and shortly after Antares, well known to seamen as the "scorpion's head," shone brightly forth, although within six degrees of the sun. Mercury is said to have appeared, but we were not fortunate enough to perceive him. Other stars were visible at the same time, but the period of total darkness was too short to allow us to note them particularly.

WILLIAM CRAFTS, JR.

WILLIAM CRAFTS, JR., was born at Charleston, January 24, 1787, and died at Lebanon Springs, New York, September 23, 1826. He was prepared for college by the scholarly divine, Dr. Buist, and was admitted to the sophomore class at Harvard in the autumn of 1802. He said later of his college life: "I had everything which could excite ambition, so I had everything which ambition could desire; of college honors I had as many as I wanted." Having graduated with high honors, he returned in 1806 to his native city, and studied law in the office of Ford and DeSaussure. His subsequent career at the bar, in the Legislature and as editor of the Charleston *Courier,* was no less useful than brilliant. His eloquent speech in the Legislature in 1813 saved the then infant public schools of South Carolina from destruction. The Crafts Public School in Charleston bears his name. After his death in 1826 a eulogy of his life and character was delivered by his friend, Edward S. Courtenay.

A collection of Crafts's works, comprising his poems, essays, and orations, with a memoir, was published in Charleston in 1828. Among his best poems are: "Sullivan's Island," "Love a Prisoner," "Love Asleep," "Love Among the Birds," and "Love's Billet-Doux." His two most notable orations are his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard and an Oration on Washington.[1]

LOVE A PRISONER.

(From Lewisohn's Literature in South Carolina.)

The snow-drop is in bloom,
And the young earth's perfume
Scents new the floating air;
It is the breath of love—
Beneath, around, above,
Young love is there.
Come, let us try to snare him—see,
Love smiling waits for you and me.

[1]Hon. William A. Courtenay kindly furnished the author the material for the above sketch.

Bind him with the jasmine flower,
Hide him in a myrtle bower,
On thornless roses let him rest;
See his gracious eyelids move,
Hope and joy are eyes of love,
Kiss them and be blest.
Love gives his own dear heart to be
One half for you, one half for me.

LOVE'S BENEDICTION.

(From Davidson's Living Writers of the South, 1869.)

Be as thou art, for ever young,
Still on thy cheek the vernal bloom,
The honey's essence on thy tongue,
And on thy lips the rose perfume.

Be as thou art, for ever fair,
Still beam with love, those eyes of thine;
For ever wave thy yellow hair,
And round thy graceful bosom twine.

Those coral lips, those teeth of pearl,
Those smiles, those glances, and those sighs;
Heaven save them long, my charming girl,
To bless this heart, to bless these eyes.

For all of thee, thank heaven, is mine;
And I am happier made by thee;
As when the oak supports the vine,
'Tis glad and looketh cheerfully.

CLARA VICTORIA DARGAN

CLARA VICTORIA DARGAN was born in Fairfield District, South Carolina, in 1840. Dr. James Wood Davidson wrote of her in his Living Writers of the South (1869): "Her education was very carefully conducted; and her talents, especially in music, very early showed themselves. She was almost a prodigy in music,—being able to play upon the piano some quite intricate pieces at an age so tender that she found some difficulty in reaching the instrument. She wrote verses full of strange fancies before she entered her teens. Since the war she was engaged in teaching music for one year in Florence, Alabama. She is today resident in interior Georgia."

Miss Dargan was the author of Riverlands, 1863, a tale of life upon the Ashley, in South Carolina, first published as a prize story in *The Southern Field and Fireside;* Helen Howard, by "Esther Chesney," 1861; and many poems contributed to various Southern periodicals, among them "Then and Now," and "Jean to Jamie," of which Timrod said: "If simplicity and pathos be poetry, then this is poetry of the highest stamp. The verses flow with the softness of a woman's tears."

THEN AND NOW.

(From Davidson's Living Writers of the South, 1869.)

1864.

I woke within the darkened dawn—
  I woke, and saw the mournful stars
Go slowly trooping o'er the plain,
  Bearing the grand old warrior Mars
    Upon his crimson shield,
And said, "It is a sign to me
That he is dead—his soul is free.
As wane those stars within the west,
So he has found a dreamless rest
    Upon the battle-field.

"God pity me! He was my friend,
And this his welcome natal morn;
Yet there he lies so cold and still,
And I lie here—alone, forlorn,
And watch the day grow red,—
The dreary day! Oh! piteous stars,
Bear to his rest your hero Mars,
But look across the azure plain,—
Look back, and tell me once again,
Is my brave hero dead?"

1866.

I thought you dead; it was a dream!
Fate had a bitterer lot in store:
You to live on, estranged and cold,
I to exist, yet live no more.

Another natal morn has dawned;
I watched the stars at break of day,
As far behind the western steeps
They faded into misty gray,
And spoke not. Only in my heart
There rose a faintly murmured prayer:
"God bless my friend! though friend no more,"
And silent passed into a tear.

JOHN DAVIS

JOHN DAVIS, of Coosawhatchie, South Carolina, was the author of a duodecimo pamphlet of poems, a rare copy of which is in the library of the College of Charleston. Though foreign born, he adopted South Carolina as his home, and insisted on being known as "John Davis of Coosawhatchie." Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, in his scholarly history of Literature in South Carolina, speaks of his lines to the whippoorwill as probably the first sonnet written in this State. It is certainly one of the first pieces of true poetry in the literature of South Carolina. My attention has been called, by my colleague, Professor Yates Snowden, to a book of travels, which contains some graphic sketches of life in the low country of South Carolina, during the early years of the last century. A copy is owned by the Charleston Library.

SONNET TO THE WHIPPOORWILL.

(From Poems. Written at Coosawhatchie in South Carolina.)

Poor, plaintiff bird, whose melancholy lay
  Suits the despondence of my troubled breast,
I hail thy coming at the close of day,
  When all thy tribe are hushed in balmy rest.

Wisely thou shunn'st the gay, tumultuous throng,
  Whose mingled voices empty joys denote,
And for the sober night reserv'st thy song,
  When echo from the wood repeats thy note.

Pensive, at silent night, I love to roam,
  Where elves and fairies tread the dewy green,
While the clear moon, beneath the azure dome
  Sheds a soft lustre o'er the sylvan scene,

And hear thee tell thy moving tale of woe,
  To the bright Empress of the Silver Bow.

ROBERT MEANS DAVIS

ROBERT MEANS DAVIS was born in Fairfield District, South Carolina, April 9, 1849, and died in Columbia, South Carolina, March 13, 1904. He was the eldest son of Isabella Harper Means and Henry Campbell Davis, whose grandfather came to Laurens District from Maryland. On both sides his ancestry had been connected with the best in the history and traditions of South Carolina. He was a nephew of Mrs. William C. Preston on his father's side, and on his mother's, a nephew of Governor J. H. Means. He received his early education from private tutors, and at the noted school in Abbeville District, conducted by Octavius T. Porcher, and his preparation for college at Mt. Zion College at Winnsboro, under Professor G. A. Woodward. He entered South Carolina College in 1867, and graduated with highest honors in 1869 with the degree of A. B., and in 1872 he received the degree of LL. B. He taught for two years in the schools of California, then for five years at Mt. Zion College, which he converted into a graded school—the first of its kind outside of Charleston. In 1876, as Secretary of the Democratic Executive Committee, he was in the centre of activity in conducting the memorable campaign which resulted in the election of Wade Hampton. In 1882 he was elected to the chair of history and political economy in South Carolina College, and filled it with distinguished ability and success until his death twenty-three years later. He married, January 3, 1877, Sarah Elizabeth LeConte, daughter of the distinguished geologist, Dr. Joseph LeConte, of the University of California. He did much brilliant editorial work on the Winnsboro *News and Herald,* the Charleston *News and Courier,* the Columbia *Register* and *The State,* and made numerous contributions to these papers on historical and political subjects. He wrote much also in lighter vein, and always in a style that was entertaining, vigorous,

and convincing. Among Professor Davis's writing may be mentioned an essay on Octavius Theodore Porcher; an economic paper in *The Forum* for November, 1892, entitled "The Matter with the Small Farmer"; a series of articles in *The State* on the Boer war; The Raison d'Etre of the South Carolina College, 1901; and an Historical Sketch of Education in South Carolina. He died while still in the prime of intellectual activity and usefulness.[1]

OCTAVIUS THEODORE PORCHER AS A TEACHER.

(From *The Educational*, 1903.)

His method of instruction will interest teachers in the present day. Mr. Porcher's motto was thoroughness. In arithmetic he drilled the boys, especially in fractions, requiring the reasons for every operation until all but the dullards had facility in mechanical operations at least. Two small boys had each a long division example assigned to them morning and afternoon and I think they must have worked long division a year. Above this the classes made good progress.

When our class began algebra, Mr. Porcher explained the subject for about a week and then said, "Boys, I expect every tub to stand on its own bottom. You must receive no assistance from any one." This was a severe rule but it was scrupulously obeyed. Every pupil did his own ciphering in Loomes' Algebra with more or less success. Occasionally Mr. P. explained an example to the class but he generally let us rely upon ourselves. It became an object of pride to wrestle with difficulties. Sometimes the class was held a week on a difficult example or problem, until a member was able to exclaim "Eureka!" when he had the privilege of explaining it to the class at the board. I think I went through the whole algebra without having help from Mr. Porcher on more than three or four problems. Right here an instance may be given to show how even the most thorough teacher may fail to teach everything. I had been taught that the

[1]My thanks are due Mrs. Sarah LeConte Davis for the above sketch and the succeeding selection.

first letters of the alphabet indicated known quantities, and the last letters unknown quantities, and I had no trouble in knowing how to find the value of x, y, or z. But on reaching arithmetical progression, when the quantities in the formula were represented by a, l, d, and s, and was confronted with the task of "deducing the value of any two when the other three were given," I broke down, because there was no x to be found anywhere. To my mortification another boy explained it to the class. Then, as when Columbus made the egg to stand on end, the work was easy enough. Then first I grasped the idea that any letter might be used. Some of the class made poor success in algebra, but they scorned illicit aid.

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON was born in Newberry County, th Carolina, in 1829, and died in Florida in 1905. In 2 he graduated at South Carolina College. He taught Winnsboro and afterwards at Columbia until 1861. He volunteered as a soldier in the Army of Northern Vir- a, and served throughout the war. From 1865 to 1871 again taught at Columbia, then went to Washington, re he held a government clerkship, thence in 1873 to New k, where he engaged in journalistic and literary work. He also resided for a time in Florida, and represented Dade County in the Legislature.

Dr. Davidson is best known by his Living Writers of the South, 1869, an incondite and curious but interesting critical work. He wrote, also, Poetry of the Future, The Correspondent, School History of South Carolina, The Bell of Doom (poem), Florida of Today, and for thirty-six years was compiling an (as yet unpublished) Dictionary of Southern Authors, which contains an index of over 4,000 names. For an appreciation of his life and character, by Colonel John Peyre Thomas, author of a History of the South Carolina Military Academy, see *The State* for July 25, 1897.

MRS. BALL'S THE JACKET OF GRAY.

(From Living Writers of the South, 1869.)

The only publication that I have seen of Mrs. Ball's, excepting occasional poems, is a brochure of about thirty pages, entitled The Jacket of Gray, and Other Fugitive Poems, published in Charleston, 1866. The epigraph-dedication of this collection is, "In Memoriam of our Loved and Lost Cause, and our Martyred Dead, 'outnumbered, not outbraved.'" Most of the poems are in the spirit of that dedicatory sentence. The initial poem—a real heart-poem, full of pathos, and passion, and tears—is enough to stamp the author as a

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poet of true feeling; not as one of Tennysonian art, or range, or style, but one like Eliza Cook, with her sweet, soft touches of nature, so easy that we forget the comparative absence of higher poetic art. I give it entire:

THE JACKET OF GRAY.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band
That rose in defense of our dear southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray?

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers mortal tongue cannot say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.

But her country had called, and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of gray.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah vain, all in vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah! spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robe the jacket of gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay—
"He never disgraced the jacket of gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore!

Simple as it is when viewed with the eye of poetic art, this poem has touched thousands of hearts, and will be treasured and kept, notwithstanding a blemish or two—as in the fourth stanza—as long as "John Anderson" or "The Old Arm-Chair."

Mrs. Ball, née Rutledge, is a resident, and I believe a native of the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

The following personal item I clip from a Southern journal: "Mrs. Ball ignores all transcendentalism, as a poet,—she writes only what every person of common intelligence may understand. She is direct, and to the purpose; and these poems are such as are appropriated and appreciated at once by the hearts of our people. And, moreover, Mrs. Ball is one of those true Southern women who do not sit down and fold their hands over ruined hopes and fallen fortunes, but who is ever up and doing, with a heart for any fate. Such unflagging energy while battling with adversity as she has displayed merits a large and generous reward; and we sincerely trust it will, ere long, be hers."

Mrs. Ball has also, since the war, contributed some stories of high order of merit to the Southern press.

FRANCIS WARRINGTON DAWSON

FRANCIS WARRINGTON DAWSON was born at London, May 17, 1840, and was killed under mysterious circumstances by Dr. T. B. McDow at Charleston, March 12, 1889. He was educated at various schools of London, and early developed a fondness for literature. None of his literary work, however, saw the light with the exception of four or five comedies. In 1862 he sailed for South Carolina on the *Nashville,* ran the blockade at Beaufort, and enlisted as master's mate in the Confederate navy. In order to engage in more active service he resigned from the navy and enlisted as a private in the Purcell battery in the Army of Northern Virginia, in June, 1862. He was badly wounded at Mechanicsville, and was promoted for conspicuous bravery. He was captured and confined in Delaware for a short time in 1862, but was exchanged in time to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg; and served under Longstreet in the Gettysburg and East Tennessee campaigns. He received a commission as captain of artillery in May, 1864, and served in the Valley campaign. After the close of the war he was connected for a year with the Richmond *Examiner* and *Dispatch,* and was assistant editor of the Charleston *Mercury* from 1866 till the fall of 1867, when he purchased an interest in the Charleston *News,* which was consolidated with the *Courier* in 1873. It was as editor of the *News and Courier* that Captain Dawson's best work was done. His busy hands and fertile brain built up that great and influential newspaper, and did much for Charleston and the State. In the celebrated Bowen libel suit he struck a telling blow for the liberty of the press, and was knighted by Leo XIII in 1883 for his eminent service to good morals in the suppression of duelling.

THE CASH-SHANNON DUEL.

(Editorial in *The News and Courier,* July 7, 1880.)

There is not a gleam of light to relieve the darkness of the tragic scene at DuBose's Bridge. A sweeter gentleman than Colonel Shannon, one more polished and refined, was not to be found in South Carolina. The temper of his adversary is exhibited in the letters and circulars laid before the public today. They speak for themselves, and in no uncertain tones.

The original cause of the trouble was an allegation of fraud against Mrs. Cash in proceedings in which Colonel Shannon was one of the attorneys. It is evident from the letters of Captain Ellerbe that Colonel Shannon disclaimed all knowledge of the objectionable words, and disclaimed likewise any intention of giving offence. This is confirmed by the dispatch of our representative at Camden. None doubted Colonel Shannon's courage, and he was apparently desirous of avoiding a duel. Well might he be! At his ripe age, surrounded by a large and dependent family, with troops of friends, he had nothing to gain by according or seeking satisfaction on the so-called "field of honour." It cannot be believed that he would deliberately do wrong to any man; and it was out of the power of any one to harm him by angry words or vulgar abuse.

The presumption is that the letters published by Colonel Cash so stung Colonel Shannon, knowing himself to be both brave and blameless, that he committed what we are obliged to regard as the error of challenging his accuser. It is an error that one is too ready to forgive, but tender affection for him who is slain should not prevent us from remembering that he who sends a challenge is more blameworthy, under ordinary circumstances, than he who accepts one. Colonel Cash was harmless, until Colonel Shannon's challenge gave him his long-sought opportunity.

The persons who acted as the friends of Colonel Shannon and Colonel Cash are, we presume, well known. It is not one of Colonel Cash's faults to seek to evade responsibility for his acts. The names of the friends of Captain Ellerbe and Captain DePass are no secret. Under the State law, the acceptance of a challenge is an offence punishable by

imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and by perpetual disfranchisement and disability to hold any office of profit or honour under this State. For carrying or delivering a challenge, or for being present at any duel as a second or aid, or for giving countenance to a duel, the punishment is disability to hold any office of honour or trust, and imprisonment in the Penitentiary for not exceeding ten years. We are confident that public opinion will sustain the demand that the law be enforced against every one connected with the challenges, and the duel, in which Messrs. Cash, Ellerbe, and DePass were concerned. Unless this is done, ceremonious manslaughter is no crime in South Carolina, and the laws against duelling may as well be stricken from the statute book. There must be a beginning somewhere, and the conditions are favorable for testing conclusively the integrity and fearlessness of courts and juries in South Carolina.

In vindication of the law, for the welfare of the whole people, not for vengeance upon individuals, public opinion, sorely conscious of the errors and perils of duelling, will insist that there be no vacillation or time-serving. This is due to the reputation of South Carolina, and to the good name of her children. We cast no stones at those who consider "The Code" a necessity or a shield, although, in our judgment, it is morally wrong and socially indefensible. How impotent it is! How vain it is! Once again he who was conceived to have done the wrong goes unscathed, and he who was sinned against lies dead, with a bullet in his noble, generous heart.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON was born at Charleston in 1798, and died in 1872. He received his education at the College of Charleston, where he was under the instruction of Judge King, Dr. Buist, and Dr. Hedley, and at Yale, where he graduated in 1814. After reading medicine in the office of Dr. P. G. Prioleau, he attended the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, where he was granted a diploma in 1819. He held, with distinction, chairs in the Medical College of Charleston for eight years, in the Medical College of South Carolina for about twenty years, and in the University of New York for three years. After the war between the North and the South in which he lost all his property, he continued his work as a professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

Dr. Dickson was the author of a number of poems, and published Dengue: Its History, Pathology, and Treatment, about 1827; Essays on Pathology and Therapeutics, 2 vols., 1845; Essays on Slavery, 1845; Essays on Life, Sleep, Pain, &c., 1852; and Elements of Medicine, 1855.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

December 20, 1860.

(From Simms's War Poetry of the South, 1867.)

The deed is done! the die is cast;
The glorious Rubicon is passed:
Hail, Carolina! free at last!

Strong in the right, I see her stand
Where ocean laves the shelving sand;
Her own Palmetto decks the strand.

She turns aloft her flashing eye;
Radiant, her lonely star on high
Shines clear amidst the darkening sky.

Silent, along those azure deeps
Its course her silver crescent keeps,
And in soft light the landscape steeps.

Fling forth her banner to the gale!
Let all the hosts of earth assail,—
Their fury and their force shall fail.

Echoes the wide resounding shore,
With voice above the Atlantic roar,
Her sons proclaim her free once more!

Oh, land of heroes! Spartan State!
In numbers few, in daring great,
Thus to affront the frowns of fate!

And while mad triumph rules the hour,
And thickening clouds of menace lower,
Bear back the tide of tyrant power.

With steadfast courage, faltering never,
Sternly resolved, her bonds we sever:
Hail, Carolina! free forever!

I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE.

(From The Charleston Book, 1848.)

I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green oak tree,—
Oh! that sun-bright land is the land for me!

The snowy flower of the orange there,
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming-bird of rainbow plume
Hangs o'er the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While midst the leaves, his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day—
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Of the laurel, the rose, and the gay woodbine;
Where the long gray moss decks the rugged oak tree—
That sun-bright land is the land for me.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES was born at Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1816, and died in New Orleans about 1888. She was a daughter of Justice W. F. Shackelford, of South Carolina, and was educated at a school in Charleston conducted by the daughters of Dr. Ramsay, the historian. At the age of fourteen she married John C. Dinnies, of St. Louis, where she resided until their removal to New Orleans about 1848. Mrs. Hales, in the *Ladies' Wreath,* states that "Mrs. Dinnies became engaged to her future husband, through a literary correspondence, four years before their union, and that they never met until one week before their marriage. The contract was made solely from sympathy and congeniality of mind and taste; and that in their estimate of each other they were not disappointed may be inferred from the tone of her songs."

The greater number of her poems appeared originally in various magazines under the signature of "Moina." In 1846 she published a richly illustrated volume entitled The Floral Year, a sequence of one hundred poems arranged chronologically in twelve groups. The edition was soon exhausted, but no subsequent one was issued. Among her best poems are "Wedded Love," "The Wife," "Love's Messenger," "Emblems," "The True Ballad of the Wanderer," "The Greek Slave," and "Carolina." Shortly after her marriage she contributed to *The Catholic Standard* two series entitled "Rachel's What-Not" and "Random Readings," which attracted favorable attention.

THE WIFE.

(From Davidson's Living Writers of the South, 1869.)

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone";

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
"Earth may not claim thee longer";
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part:
I could not live "alone"!

THE GREEK SLAVE[1]

(From the same.)

Move gently, gently,—Galatea[2] lives!
  Again hath genius waked to life the stone!
Art, with creative touch, here beauty gives,
  And matchless grace and purity are shown!
Mark the expression on her brow and cheek,
And start not if those parted lips should speak!

Gently, aye, gently, in her presence move;
  A sacred thing is sorrow such as hers!
For, though her Christian faith its depth reprove,
  Its hushed emotion every feature stirs.
The swelling nostril, and the lips' slight curl
Betray thy struggles, hapless captive girl!

Thy faultless figure in its perfect grace,
  Charms but a moment as we lift our eyes
Up to the holier beauty of thy face,
  Where the sad history of thy young life lies;
Engraven on each lineament serene
Is what thou art—what once thy fate has been.

Beloved—how deeply, let thy beauty tell!
  Wooed—as fair maids are ever wooed and won!
Torn from thine early home, where loved ones dwell,
  And placed in chains for men to gaze upon!
Deep is thy grief, young girl! but strength is given
To bear its burthen by thy trust in Heaven!

Yes! strength is given by that faith divine,
  To thy proud spirit, to sustain its woe,
And through thy lovely features still to shine,
  Veiling their beauty in its own mild glow;
While every shade seems so instinct with life,
We deem thee living—like Pygmalion's wife.

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[1]"A Grecian maiden, made captive by the Turks, and exposed at Constantinople for sale. The cross and locket visible amid the drapery indicate that she is a Christian and beloved."—Norman's note on Powers's statue of the Greek Slave.

[2]A statue endowed with life by Venus in response to the prayer of the sculptor Pygmalion.

CAROLINA.

(From Simms's War Poetry of the South, 1867.)

In the hour of thy glory,
When thy name was far renowned,
When Sumter's glowing story
Thy bright escutcheon crowned;
Oh, noble Carolina! how proud a claim was mine,
That through homage and through duty, and birthright, I was thine.

Exulting as I heard thee,
Of every lip the theme,
Prophetic visions stirred me,
In a hope-illumined dream:
A dream of dauntless valor, of battles fought and won,
Where each field was but a triumph—a hero every son.

And now, when clouds arise,
And shadows round thee fall;
I lift to heaven my eyes,
Those visions to recall;
For I cannot dream that darkness will rest upon thee long,
Oh, lordly Carolina! with thine arms and hearts so strong.

Thy serried ranks of pine,
Thy live-oaks spreading wide,
Beneath the sunbeams shine,
In fadeless robes of pride;
Thus marshalled on their native soil their gallant sons stand forth,
As changeless as thy forests green, defiant of the North.

The deeds of other days,
Enacted by their sires,
Themes long of love and praise,
Have wakened high desires
In every heart that beats within thy proud domain,
To cherish their remembrance, and live those scenes again.

Each heart the home of daring,
Each hand the foe of wrong,
They'll meet with haughty bearing,
The war-ship's thunder song;
And though the base invader pollute thy sacred shore,
They'll greet him in their prowess as their fathers did of yore.

His feet may press their soil,
Or his numbers bear them down,
In his vandal raid for spoil,
His sordid soul to crown;
But his triumph will be fleeting, for the hour is drawing near,
When the war-cry of thy cavaliers shall strike his startled ear.

A fearful time shall come,
When thy gathering bands unite,
And the larum-sounding drum
Calls to struggle for the Right;
"*Pro aris et pro focis,*" from rank to rank shall fly,
As they meet the cruel foeman, to conquer or to die.

Oh, then a tale of glory
Shall yet again be thine,
And the record of thy story
The Laurel shall entwine;
Oh, noble Carolina! oh, proud and lordly State!
Heroic deeds shall crown thee, and the Nations own thee great.

JOHN DRAYTON

JOHN DRAYTON was born at "Drayton Hall" on the Ashley River, in South Carolina, in 1766, and died in 1822. He was a son of Chief-Justice William Henry Drayton (1742-1779), the president of the Council of Safety and of the Provincial Congress. After having studied at Princeton, he was sent to England to complete his education. He afterwards studied law, became distinguished at the bar, was appointed a district judge of the United States and held this position at the time of his death. He was Governor of South Carolina from 1800 to 1802, and from 1808 to 1810.

Governor Drayton edited and published his father's State papers and memoirs of the early part of the Revolution. His own Memoirs of the Revolution in South Carolina also were based mainly on these manuscripts. His writings include also his letters written during a tour through the Northern and Eastern States, and A View of South Carolina.

BATTLE WITH THE CHEROKEE INDIANS IN 1776.

(From Memoirs of the Revolution in South Carolina.)

The army now crossed Cannucca Creek, and was proceeding toward Noewee Creek when tracks of the enemy's spies were discovered about half past ten o'clock a. m., and the army was halted and thrown into close order. It then proceeded on its left towards a narrow valley, bordering on Noewee Creek, and enclosed on each side by lofty mountains, terminated at the extremity by others equally difficult; and commenced entering the same, for the purpose of crossing the Appalachean Ridge, which separated the Middle Settlements from those in the Vallies.

These heights were occupied by twelve hundred Indian warriors; nor were they discovered, until the advance guard of one hundred men began to mount the height, which terminated the valley. The army having thus completely fallen

into the ambuscade of the enemy, they poured in a heavy fire upon its front and flanks; compelling it to recoil, and fall into confusion. Great was the pertu-bation which then prevailed, the cry being, *"We shall be cut off";* and while Colonel Williamson's attention was imperiously called to rally his men, and charge the enemy, he was at the same time obliged to reinforce the baggage guard, on which the subsistence of the army depended for provisions, in this mountainous wilderness.

In this extremity, Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond caused detachments to file off, for the purpose of gaining the eminences above the Indians, and turning their flanks; while Lieutenant Hampton with twenty men, advanced upon the enemy, passing the main advance guard of one hundred men: who, being panic-struck, were rapidly retreating. Hampton, however, clambered up the ascent, with a manly presence of mind; which much encouraged all his followers: calling out, *"Loaded guns advance—empty guns, fall down and load:"* and being joined by thirty men, he charged desperately on the foe. The Indians now gave way; and a panic passing among them from right to left, the troops rallied and pressed them with such energy, as induced a general flight: and the army was thereby rescued from a total defeat and massacre.

Besides this good fortune, they became possessed of so many packs of deer skins and baggage; that they sold among the individuals of the army, for £1,200 currency; and which sum was equally distributed among the troops. In this engagement, the killed of Williamson's army, were thirteen men, and one Catawba Indian; and the wounded were, thirty-two men, and two Catawbas. Of the enemy, only four were found dead, and their loss would have been more considerable, if many of them had not been mistaken for the friendly Catawbas, who were in front.

STEPHEN ELLIOTT (1771-1830)

STEPHEN ELLIOTT was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, November 11, 1771, and died at Charleston, March 28, 1830. His father was a planter, and his mother was a granddaughter of John Barnwell. After his graduation at Yale in 1791, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his estate, at the same time pursuing his literary and scientific studies. In 1793 he was elected to the legislature of South Carolina, and was a member of that body until his election as president of the Bank of the State in 1812, an office which he held until his death. His leisure he continued to devote to literature and science, especially the study of botany, which he cultivated with much enthusiasm. In 1813 he was honored with the presidency of the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina, which he was instrumental in founding. For some time he was the editor of *The Southern Review*. In 1825 he aided in establishing the Medical College of the State, and was chosen to fill the chair of Natural History and Botany.

Dr. Elliott's most important work is The Botany of South Carolina and Georgia (Charleston, 1821-1824), in the preparation of which he was assisted by Dr. James McBride. He left several other works in manuscript, and one of the most extensive collections in natural history in the country.

THE VARIETY OF NATURE.

(From The Charleston Book, 1845.)

When we survey this great work of creation, its extent, its harmony, the magnificence of its outline, the perfection of its minute details, we cannot be surprised that its study should have engaged and occupied minds of the highest power, nor that such minds should have failed thoroughly to explain what infinite wisdom has devised, infinite power executed,

and what mortal spirits may be permitted only partially to comprehend. Yet let us not despond. In the study of nature we tread in the footsteps of wisdom. We listen to a voice, which is the same yesterday, today, and forever. And while the erring and fluctuating opinions of man, his crimes, his follies, his power, pass away and are forgotten, the empire of nature is immutable,—to us eternal; the knowledge of nature which is once accurate, is forever true—the knowledge of nature which is once perfect, may be forever useful.

When we approach to examine the fabric of nature, so far as it is subjected to our inspection, we find ourselves immediately placed amidst differing, if not contending powers. We perceive ourselves inhabitants of a globe, which science informs us, is but one of an immense system, surrounded by other forms, some similar to our own, some wandering over the earth, roaming in different elements, or confined to one; some, though located in one spot, varying in size and aspect with the passing seasons; or by other substances apparently composing portions of the globe itself, immovable and changing not. The first impression which the mind receives, and that which most attracts the attention, is the wide difference that exists between the earth itself and the diversified forms which occupy its surface; between the silent, still, and joyless repose of matter, and the noisy, gay, and animated voice of life. The substances which compose that portion of the earth, whether crust, or covering, or projecting masses of its mighty frame, which is alone submitted to our researches, are passive, immovable, insensible; those which inhabit that surface, are, for the most part, active, capable of moving from place to place at pleasure, and possess great sensibility. The former have neither growth nor voluntary action; they have no mode of increase, but by the casual addition of similar particles, united by the strong and universal law of attraction. They can remain unaltered for indefinite periods of time; they have no death, but they perish or rather are destroyed solely by the separation of their component particles. The latter all increase in size through their own agency, by the constant addition of particles which they have the power to collect and assimilate to their substances by the principle of

life; they perish whenever this addition and assimilation cannot be continued; and exist only for limited and indefinite periods. The former have no organization, are not produced by similar and preëxistent bodies, but are always and necessarily formed by accidental contact of similar particles. They have no regular structure, but, under certain circumstances, a modified attraction gives to each particle of matter a definite position, and generates the regular forms of crystallized bodies. The latter are all furnished with organs calculated and adapted to perform the functions, to collect, absorb, and assimilate those particles which are necessary for their existence, and they always proceed from similar and preëxistent bodies. . . .

It is in this vast domain of life, that the order established by divine wisdom is so singularly conspicuous. We perceive beings almost innumerable, forms endless in their variety, creatures infinitely diversified in their habits and in their pursuits, all submitting to the guidance and governance of a few simple, universal laws. All, however varied may be their operations, instinctively labor for the preservation of their own lives and the protection of their future progeny. The butterfly, which sports in the air, and flies from plant to plant on wings as light and brilliant as the flower over which it hovers; wherever she herself may feed, yet deposits her eggs only on those plants which are the appropriate food of her infant caterpillar; the bee and the wasp consume their lives in building cells, and in depositing in those cells honey or insects, or some other food adapted to the support of that offspring they will never know; fish leave the ocean, struggle against the currents, ascend the rapids, leap up the falls of long rivers to deposit their eggs in places which the parent cannot inhabit, but where their young may find security and food:—all bend to some paramount impression, all yield an unqualified obedience to the laws of their instinctive lives. These laws operate with unceasing force; they are permanent and unchangeable. They have governed the living tribes of nature since their existence began; they will control them while their races exist. Chance can have no agency in principles so stable and so uniform.

One being alone has been liberated in part from this blind

and uncontrollable instinct, has been permitted to compare causes and effects, to know good from evil. To one has been given the awful responsibility of free-will—and instead of the mysterious and unerring impulses of instinct, he has been endowed with that reason which must be his pride or his reproach. Man himself is, perhaps, the most wonderful anomaly in the system of life; and while he avails himself of his privilege to examine all that surrounds him, all that now exists, and all that has been created, it should be a part of the same study cautiously to investigate his own position, to ascertain his connection with the past, with the present, and with the future.

STEPHEN ELLIOTT (1806-1866)

STEPHEN ELLIOTT, son of the botanist of the same name, was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, August 31, 1806, and died at Savannah, Georgia, December 21, 1866. After graduating at Harvard in 1824, he studied law and practised his profession at Charleston and Beaufort from 1827 till 1833. He then became a candidate for holy orders in the Episcopal church, and was ordained a deacon in 1835, a priest in the following year, and first Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia in 1840. In 1835 he was elected to the professorship of Sacred Literature in South Carolina College. After his consecration to the bishopric he became rector of St. John's church in Savannah. In 1844 he was chosen provisional Bishop of Florida. From 1845 till 1853 he resided at Montpelier, Georgia, where he founded a seminary for young ladies. He expended a large fortune in the effort to improve the education of women. He afterwards officiated as rector of Christ Church, Savannah, until his death. "A Eulogy of Bishop Elliott," a masterpiece of eloquence and chaste English, was delivered by William H. Trescot.

Bishop Elliott was regarded as one of the most scholarly and eloquent preachers of his church. Many of his sermons were published in pamphlet form or in magazines. Three sermons of historic interest are "The Silver Trumpets of the Sanctuary," delivered to the Pulaski Guards, June 9, 1861, "God's Presence with the Confederate States," delivered in Christ Church, June 13, 1861, and "God's Presence with Our Army at Manassas," in the same church on July 28, 1861.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.[1]

(From a sermon entitled "God's Presence with Our Army at Manassas," preached in Christ Church, Savannah, on Sunday, July 28, 1861.)

. . . God was evidently there, strengthening the hearts of our struggling soldiers, and bringing the haughty down to the dust. Could the eyes of our fainting dying children have been open that day to see spiritual things, I feel sure that they would have seen horses and chariots of fire riding upon the storm of battle, and making those that were for them more than those that were against them.

It is but seldom, in the annals of war, that so signal a victory has been granted to the arm of valor and the prayer of faith. We should have been satisfied with even a doubtful field; more than satisfied with a decided repulse. How loud then should be our thanksgiving, how deep our gratitude, when God has granted a triumph which must resound through the civilized world, and give us a name at once among the nations of the earth; when he has permitted us totally to demoralize that insolent army; to drive them back in shame and confusion of face upon their strongholds, to strip them of their batteries which they boasted to be invincible, to despoil them of all the stores which they had been so painfully gathering for so long a time—to snatch from them the prestige of power which their partizan writers had given them abroad. And this victory had been given to us by God, just at the moment when it was most important to us. There are circumstances in all conflicts which make certain battles decisive, decisive not because they end the struggle, but decisive because of the effects produced upon the human mind. Man, with all his greatness, is very infirm in his judgments and is apt to measure a cause more by its success than by its principles. The one requires to be examined and decided about, the other is a thing of sight and sense; the one is modified by our feelings and prejudices, the other carries man by storm. Besides, it is hard to separate success from God's favor, and the superstitious mind—and by far the larger part of the world is superstitious instead of

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[1]The selection is taken from *The Southern Episcopalian* (September, 1861), which was kindly loaned the author by Prof. Yates Snowden.

religious—almost invariably connects the finger of the Almighty with man's triumphs. Such effects it was most important should be produced at this crisis of our affairs. Hitherto our success had been ascribed to numbers, as at Sumter—to treachery, as in Texas—to the inexperience of officers, as at Bethel. In this fight we were acknowledged to be inferior, both in numbers and in arms. The enemy was led by officers of high reputation, under the experienced eye of the great captain himself, and there was no room for any other fraud than such as stands connected with the legitimate stratagems of war. The eye of the civilized world was upon this battle—of statesmen, to understand how to conduct their negotiations—of bankers, how to regulate their loans—of merchants, in what channels to float their commerce—of timid and doubtful men, how to decide their politics. Much depended upon it for ourselves. For strange to say, imperceptibly to ourselves, our confidence in ourselves had been seriously impaired by the imbecile dependence upon the North for all the material comforts of life, into which we had permitted ourselves to fall. Even while we were guiding the Union by our statesmanship, and illustrating it by our valor—even while we were giving it its Presidents, its Generals, its Admirals—even while we were furnishing it by our well-directed and well-managed labor, with its great staple of exchange, we were permitting the North to take all the credit of advancement to itself, to absorb into its great centers of commerce, wealth, literature, science, fashion, and to call it all its own, no matter whence it came or whose brain or pocket produced it, and to persuade even ourselves that we were a helpless race, who were dependent upon it for all we were and all we might hope to be. . . . We ourselves were getting fast to be persuaded that there was no wisdom, no learning, no virtue, no power in the South. In this battle, then, we were upon trial; trial not only by the world, but trial by and for ourselves. A defeat would have visited upon us all this false opinion and false character, and it would have required many fields of blood to break the chains of prejudice and calumny, and would have produced upon ourselves an effect which might have hung, for long years, as a crushing weight upon all our efforts.

Honor then to the noble spirits who have achieved this victory for us! Others may die upon the battlefield, but none can die so gloriously as they! Others may rise up and be baptised for the dead, but none can ever supplant her first martyrs in the admiration of their countrymen. Whatever illustrious deeds may be done in the future—whatever glorious victories may inspire hereafter new songs of thanksgiving and of praise, none can ever eclipse the fame of these deeds and of this victory. They will ever be the first who cast themselves before the insulted form of their mother, and received in their young hearts the wounds that were intended for her; they will ever be the first who gave their blood to wash out before the world the stains that had been slanderously cast upon her honor and her virtue; they will ever be the first who have offered up upon the altar of justice and of truth, a hecatomb of victims to soothe her insulted spirit. Boys many of them were in years, but lions in heart! They have died young, but they have lived long enough to gain an enviable place in history, to entwine their names with the independence and glory of the South. But, above all, honor to the noble spirit who led them to the battlefield; who, having taught them by his virtue, his integrity, his unspotted character, how to live, was now about to teach them how to die! Before he left his home, he wrapped the Confederate flag about him and said that it should be his winding sheet, and all through that bloody day he courted the fulfilment of his prophecy. Wherever the storm of war was fiercest, there was he; wherever death was busiest in his bloody work, there raged he, the very impersonation of a hero. Even that cruel tyrant seemed loth to take away so grand a soul, and it was not until victory was about to perch upon his crest, and snatch him from his grasp, that he struck the fatal blow! And when his gallant boys surrounded him, even while his tongue was faltering in death, he uttered words that will be as memorable as the battlefield—*"I am killed, but don't give up the fight."* Like Nelson, he died in the very arms of victory, and his blood, like the dragon's teeth, which were sown by Cadmus, sprang up around men who hurled back the cruel invaders! Mourn for such a life and such a death as his was! We cannot mourn, and even his widowed mother should say with the noble Ormond, "I would rather have my dead son, than any living son in Christendom." . . .

WILLIAM ELLIOTT

WILLIAM ELLIOTT was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1788, and died there in 1863. He sprang from a talented family of good old English stock that maintains its distinction in South Carolina at the present day, and that has furnished to South Carolina letters the eminent Charleston botanist, Dr. Stephen Elliott (1771-1830), his uncle, who with Hugh S. Legaré founded *The Southern Review,* and Bishop Stephen Elliott of Georgia, whose Sermons were edited with a beautiful memoir by Thomas M. Hanckel, Esq. The late lamented editor of *The State,* N. G. Gonzales, from whom a selection is given in this volume, and his brother Ambrose E. Gonzales, author of Silhouettes, and Captain William E. Gonzales, the present editor of *The State,* are descendants of the same family on the maternal side. William Elliott became widely known as an accomplished planter, a widely read scholar, and a writer of no mean ability. In 1850 he published Fiesco, a Tragedy, and in 1856 Carolina Sports by Land and Water. The latter became exceedingly popular and passed through one English and two American editions. There is also extant an address which he delivered in 1850 before the St. Paul's Agricultural Society.

HUNTING THE DEVIL-FISH.[1]

(From Carolina Sports, 1856.)

At six o'clock on Wednesday, the 16th August, we started from Bay Point on our cruise for devil-fish. In my boat, manned by six oarsmen and a steersman, I was accompanied by my son, a youth under eighteen. In the second boat were G. P. E. and W. C., Esqrs., with a crew of four men. The armament of the larger consisted, besides the harpoon, of a

[1] I am indebted to Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales for this selection.

lance, hatchet, and rifle; that of the smaller boat was two bayonets fixed in long staves (the line which was to have been rigged to a second harpoon having been swept away, with a sharp hook attached, by an overwhelming spring tide the night before). We stretched away before a fresh northeaster, for the Bay gall on Hilton Head, and then struck sail and made all snug for action. Masts, sails, awnings, were all stowed away in the bottom of the boat, the anchor with its rope, was transferred to the platform for *trim,* and that nothing should interfere with our running gear. Here a large shoal of porpoises came plunging about us; the harpoon was poised, but none came within striking distance; and after being tantalized by this show of unexpected sport, a rifle shot among them sent them booming off, and left us leisure to pursue our proper game.

We rowed slowly along between the Bay gall breaker and the shore, on the early ebb, expecting to meet the devil-fish on their return from Skull Creek, the scene of their high-water gambols. The smaller boat, with outspread sails, stretched off and on, traversing the same region, but on different lines. No fish were seen. We advanced in front of Mrs. E.'s avenue, and took another survey, and thus slowly extended the cruise to Skull Creek, while our consort stretched away as far as Pinckney's Island. The ebb was half spent, and we began to despair. I landed on the beach at Hilton Head, yet kept the boat afloat, and two hands on the lookout. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, "There," cried our lookout man. I followed the direction of his hand—it pointed to Skull Creek Channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it—it was a devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts—the red flag is raised to signal our consort—the oarsmen spring to their oars—and we dashed furiously onward in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface.

The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to anyone; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the clete, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart

behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief. "There he is behind us!" "Stern all"—and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow—his wing only is visible—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds, the staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern, *belly up*. Tom clapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so near that he might have pierced him with a sword! And now the fish came wantoning about us—taking no note of our presence, circling round us, with amazing rapidity, yet showing nothing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. "Forward," the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist—I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when ho! the line stopped short! "Is it possible? I have him—the devil fish is struck!" Out flies the line from the bow—a joyful shout bursts from our crew—our consort is lashed to our stern—E. and C. spring aboard—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

Thirty fathoms are run out and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like—reminding one of the motion of a canal boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface—the rifle is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable part appeared. We then drew upon the line that we might force him to the surface and spear him—I soon found *that* was no fun. "Tom, don't you want to play a devil-fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here is my place if you desire it." Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel and *yet unpatented* impelling power! "You will find this melon refreshing, friends! at twelve o'clock, let us take a glass of wine to our success. Tom, why don't you pull him up?" Tom held up his hands from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. "We'll put three men to the line and bouse on him." He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the line, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up the iron was found bent like a reaping hook, and the staff broken in the socket. The fish now quickened his speed, and made across Daw's Channel for Paris Bank.

"Just where we would have you, my old boy—when we get you near Bay Point Beach, it will be so convenient to land you!" He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steam-boat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel, he turns for Bay Point. "Now, then, another trial—a bouse on him." Three fellows are set to the rope—his wing appears—C—— aims his bayonet, and plunges it deep into his body—

another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye—the blade remains buried in his body. "Now, for it, George!" *His* bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, *that* is snapped off in the blade. Here we are unweaponed! our rifle and hatchet useless, our other implements broken! "Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages!" At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. "Out oars, boys, and pull against him." The tide was now flood—the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean water. George, meanwhile, was refitting the broken implements; the lance was fixed in a new staff, and secured by a tie of triple drum line; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. "Row him ashore, boys." The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. "Force him then to the surface." He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform—quite *hors de combat.* Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat; the fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope—he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears, Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton's Head again approaches, but it is the *eastern face* of the island that now presents itself. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and *this* is done against wind, tide and oar! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds, and show itself in our faces; our means of assailing so powerful an antagonist were too inadequate; nothing remained but to bouse on him once more, and endeavor to dispatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and after giving him a long run to weary him to the

uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion—and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared sticking out, from the *belly* of the fish: the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature. After a moment's pause to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the center of this white mass. The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn around the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea—and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon tore out! An instant before, I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish, the next, it was held up in the air in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost! I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment, only, a faint hope revived; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body—it might hold him! "Clear my line, boys!" Alas! the weight of the fish is too much for my tackle—the line flies through my hand—is checked—the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice by which it entered—*and the fish is gone!* We spoke not a word, but set our sails, and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners, who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea—yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN was born at Boston, October 8, 1794, and died at Charleston in 1888. Her father, Samuel Howard, was a shipwright. After his death in 1797, her mother moved into the country. There she spent her girlhood, restless, pious, fond of reading, and precocious. She wrote verses at ten, and published a poem, "Jephthah's Rash Vow," when she was sixteen. In 1819 she married the Rev. Samuel Gilman, D. D., who shortly afterwards made his home in Charleston as pastor of the Unitarian church. He died there in 1858. In 1832 Mrs. Gilman founded and edited *The Rosebud,* the first weekly newspaper for children in the United States. In this periodical and in its successor, *The Southern Rose,* appeared most of her literary work. That she was an industrious writer will appear from the list of her publications.

Mrs. Gilman was the author or editor of the following books: The Ladies' Annual Register for 1838; Ruth Raymond, or Love's Progress; The Poetry of Travelling in the United States, 1838; Recollections of a New England Housekeeper; Recollections of a Southern Matron, 1867; The Rosebud Wreath; Verses of a Lifetime, 1849; Mrs. Gilman's Gift-Book of Stories and Poems for Children, 1850; The Humming-Bird; The Little Wreath; Oracles from the Poets, 1852; Sibyl, or New Oracles from the Poets; Oracles for Youth, 1854; Stories and Tales for Children; Tales and Ballads; and Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the Invasion of Charleston, 1839.[1]

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[1]My thanks are due Mrs. Washington Finley, of Charleston, for the material for the above sketch.

TO THE URSULINES.

(From Simms's Charleston Book, 1845.)

Oh, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above—your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty, and commune with Heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing—
Space for the ringdove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky—
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might,
To swell and rave—
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun to tread his path in might
And golden pride—
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

(From Verses of a Life-Time, 1848.)

She bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'Twas near her sister's mound;
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart—
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

THE COLONEL'S CLOTHES.

(From Recollections of a Southern Matron, 1867.)

Every man has some peculiar taste or preference, and, I think, though papa dressed with great elegance, his was a decided love of his old clothes; his garments, like his friends, became dearer to him from their wear and tear in his service, and they were deposited successively in his dressing-room, though mamma thought them quite unfit for him. He averred that he required his old hunting-suits for accidents; his summer jackets and vests, though faded, were the coolest in the world; his worm-eaten but warm *roquelaire* was admirable for riding about the fields, etc. In vain mamma represented the economy of cutting up some for the boys, and giving others to the servants; he would not consent, nor part with articles in which he said he felt at home. Often did mamma remonstrate against the dressing-room's looking like a haberdasher's shop; often did she take down a coat, hold it up to the light, and show him perforations that would have honored New Orleans or Waterloo; often, while Chloe was flogging the pantaloons, which ungallantly kicked in return, did she declare that it was a sin and a shame for her master to have such things in the house; still the anti-cherubic shapes accumulated on the nails and hooks, and were even considered as of sufficient importance to be preserved from the fire at the burning of Roseland.

Our little circle about this time was animated by a visit from a peddler. As soon as he was perceived crossing the lawn with a large basket on his arm, and a bundle slung across a stick on his shoulder, a stir commenced in the house. Mamma assumed an air of importance and responsibility; I felt a pleasurable excitement; Chloe's and Flora's eyes twinkled with expectation; while, from different quarters, the house servants entered, standing with eyes and mouth silently open, as the peddler, after depositing his basket and deliberately untying his bundle, offered his goods to our inspection. He was a stout man, with a dark complexion, pitted with the smallpox, and spoke in a foreign accent. I confess that I yielded myself to the pleasure of purchasing some gewgaws, which I afterwards gave to Flora, while mamma looked at the glass and plated ware.

"Ver sheap," said the peddler, following her eye, and taking up a pair of glass pitchers; "only two dollars—sheap as dirt. If te lady hash any old closhes, it is petter as money."

Mamma took the pitchers in her hand with an inquisitorial air, balanced them, knocked them with her small knuckles—they rang as clear as a bell—examined the glass—there was not a flaw in it. Chloe went through the same process; they looked significantly at each other, nodded, set the pitchers on the slab, and gave a little approbatory cough.

"They are certainly very cheap," said mamma.

"They is, for true, my mistress," said Chloe, with solemnity, "and more handsomer than Mrs. Whitney's that she gin six dollars for at Charleston."

"Chloe," said mamma, "were not those pantaloons you were shaking today quite shrunk and worn out?"

"Yes, ma'am," said she; "and they don't fit nohow. The last time the colonel wore them he seemed quite *onrestless.*"

"Just step up," said her mistress, "and bring them down; but stay—what did you say was the price of these candlesticks, sir?"

"Tish only von dollars; but tish more sheaper for te old closhes. If te lady will get te old closhes, I will put in te pellows and te prush, and it ish more sheaper, too."

Chloe and mamma looked at each other, and raised their eyebrows.

"I will just step up and see those pantaloons," said mamma, in a consulting tone. "It will be a mercy to the colonel to clear out some of that rubbish. I am confident he can never wear the pantaloons again; they are rubbed in the knees, and require seating, and he never *will* wear seated pantaloons. These things are unusually cheap, and the colonel told me lately we were in want of a few little matters of this sort." Thus saying, with a significant whisper to me to watch the peddler, she disappeared with Chloe.

They soon returned, Chloe bearing a variety of garments, for mamma had taken the important *premier pas.* The pantaloons were first produced. The peddler took them in his hand, which flew up like an empty scale, to show how light they were; he held them up to the sun, and a half contempt-

uous smile crossed his lips; then shaking his head, he threw them down beside his basket. A drab overcoat was next inspected, and was also thrown aside with a doubtful expression.

"Mr. Peddler," said mamma, in a very soft tone, "you must allow me a fair price; these are excellent articles."

"Oh, ver fair," said he, "but te closhes ish not ver goot; te closhes-man is not going to give me noting for dish," and he laid a waistcoat on the other two articles.

Mamma and Chloe had by this time reached the depths of the basket, and, with sympathetic exclamations, arranged several articles on the slab.

"You will let me have these pitchers," said mamma, with a look of concentrated resolution, "for that very nice pair of pantaloons."

The peddler gave a short whistle expressive of contempt, shook his head, and said, "Tish not possibles. I will give two pisher and von prush for te pantaloon and waistcoat."

Mamma and Chloe glanced at each other and at me; I was absorbed in my own bargains, and said, carelessly, that the pitchers were perfect beauties. Chloe pushed one pitcher a little forward, mamma pushed the other on a parallel line, then poised a decanter, and again applied her delicate knuckles for the test. That, too, rang out the musical, unbroken sound, so dear to the housewife's ear, and, with a pair of plated candlesticks, was deposited on the table. The peddler took up the drab overcoat.

"Te closhesman's give noting for dish."

Mamma looked disconcerted. The expression of her face implied the fear that the peddler would not even accept it as a gift. Chloe and she held a whispering consultation. At this moment Binah came in with little Patsey, who, seeing the articles on the slab, pointed with her dimpled fingers, and said her only words,

"Pretty! pretty!"

At the same moment, Lafayette and Venus, the two little novices in furniture-rubbing, exclaimed:

"Ki! if dem ting an't shine too much!"

These opinions made the turning point in mamma's mind, though coming from such insignificant sources.

"So they are pretty, my darling," said mamma to Patsey; and then, turning to the peddler, she asked him what he would give in exchange for the pantaloons, the waitscoat, and the coat.

The peddler set aside two decanters, one pitcher, the plated candlesticks, and a hearth-brush.

"Tish ver goot pargains for te lady," said he.

Mamma gained courage.

"I cannot think of letting you have all these things without something more. You must at least throw in that little tray," and she looked at a small scarlet one, worth perhaps a quarter of a dollar.

The peddler hesitated, and held it up so that the morning sun shone on its bright hues.

"I shall not make a bargain without *that,*" said mamma, resolutely. The peddler sighed, and laying it with the selected articles, said:

"Tish ver great pargains for te lady."

Mamma smiled triumphantly, and the peddler, tying up his bundle and slinging his stick, departed with an air of humility.

Papa's voice was soon heard, as usual, before he was seen.

"Rub down Beauty, Mark, and tell Diggory to call out the hounds."

There was a slight embarrassment in mamma's manner when he entered, mingled with the same quantity of bravado. He nodded to her, tapped me on the head with his riding-whip, gave Patsey a kiss as she stretched out her arms to him, tossed her in the air, and, returning her to her nurse, was passing on.

"Do stop, Colonel," said Mamma, "and admire my bargains. See this cut-glass and plate that we have been wishing for, to save our best set."

"What, this trash?" said he, pausing a moment at the table—"blown glass and washed brass! Who has been fooling you?"

"Colonel," said mamma, coloring highly, "how can you—"

"I cannot stop a minute, now, wife," said he. "Jones and Ferguson are for a hunt today! They are waiting at Drake's corner. It looks like falling weather, and my old drab will come in well today."

Mamma looked frightened, and he passed on up-stairs. He was one of those gentlemen who keep a house alive, as the phrase is, whether in merriment or the contrary, and we were always prepared to search for his hat, or whip, or slippers, which he was confident he put in their places, but which, by some miracle, were often in opposite directions. Our greatest trial, however, was with mamma's and his spectacles, for they had four pairs between them—far-sighted and near-sighted. There were, indeed, *optical* delusions practised with them; for when papa wanted his, they were hidden behind some pickle-jar; and when mamma had carefully placed hers in her key-basket, they were generally found in one of papa's various pockets; when a distant object was to be seen, he was sure to mount the near-sighted, and cry "Pshaw!" and if a splinter was to be taken out, nothing could be found but the far-sighted ones, and he said something worse: sometimes all four pairs were misssing, and such a scampering ensued!

We now heard a great outcry up-stairs. "Wife! Chloe! Cornelia! come and find my drab coat!" We looked at each other in dismay, but papa was not a man for delay, and we obeyed his summons.

"Wife," said he, beating aside the externals of man that hung about his dressing-room, "where is my old drab coat?"

Mamma swallowed as if a dry artichoke was in her throat, as she said, slowly, "Why, Colonel, you know you had not worn that coat for months, and as you have another one, and a *roquelaire,* and the coat was full of moth-holes, I exchanged it with the peddler for cut-glass and plate."

"Cut devils!" said papa, who liked to soften an oath by combinations; "it was worth twenty dollars—yes, more, because I felt at home in it. I hate new coats as I do——"

"But, Colonel," interrupted mamma, you did not see the scarlet tray, and the——"

"Scarlet nonsense," shouted papa; "I believe, if they could, women would sell their husbands to those rascally peddlers;"

Beauty and the hounds were now pronounced ready. I followed papa to the piazza, and heard his wrath rolling off as he cantered away.

NARCISO GENER GONZALES

NARCISO GENER GONZALES was born on Edisto Island, S. C., August 5, 1858, and died in Columbia January 19, 1903. His father was a Cuban patriot, who married a daughter of William Elliott, of Beaufort. Until ten years of age he was taught at home, but at fifteen he attended a private school in Virginia for a year. This was all the education which he received at school, his family having been ruined by the war. For about two years he engaged in farming in Virginia and South Carolina, and then became a telegraph operator, and was in the employ of a railroad for three years. During the memorable campaign of 1876 he was correspondent of the Charleston *Journal of Commerce.* After serving first as correspondent of the Charleston *News and Courier* at Columbia and at Washington, 1880-1881, and then on the editorial staff in 1882, he organized and managed the bureau of that paper in Columbia till 1890. In the following year, with his brother, Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales, he founded *The State,* of Columbia, and was its editor-in-chief until his death. During the Cuban war, he went, as first lieutenant on the staff of General Nunez, to the relief of General Gomez, endured six weeks of hardship and privation, and took part in the assault on the fortified town of Moron. In 1901 he married Miss Lucy Barron, of Manning.

By his editorial utterances Mr. Gonzales won an enviable reputation as a writer, and wielded a remarkable influence in behalf of law and order, popular education, purity in politics, and the upbuilding of the commonwealth. On January 16, 1903, he was mortally wounded on the street in Columbia by Lieut.-Gov. James H. Tillman in an unprovoked assault inspired by a series of editorials which appeared in *The State* during the gubernatorial campaign of the preceding year and which reflected on the character of Colonel Tillman. As an editor Mr. Gonzales was consistently and courageously

the champion of all that was highest and noblest in private and civic life, and died a true martyr in the cause of the people of the State which he loved better than life. On December 12, 1905, a handsome monument was erected in Columbia in his honor by the citizens of the State. Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Smith delivered on that occasion an oration of great literary merit.

LAUNCHING "THE STATE."

(Editorial from the first issue of *The State,* on February 18, 1891.)

In the dawn of this new day, with the lifting of the shadows and the coming of the eastern tints of promise, certain men, loving their State, reverencing the nobleness of her past and watchful of her future, send out to their brethren, far and near, this messenger, which, with loyal pride in the land of their birth, they name THE STATE.

A frail and modest bark it may be to bear so proud a name, but it is freighted with good intent and high resolve, and bears at the fore as symbols of inspiration and hope, the noble emblems and brave mottoes of South Carolina.

Out into an illimitable sea of human thought, and energy, and passion, toward a far horizon concealing mysteries of the days to come which no eye of man can pierce; out to the angry buffetings of storms and the stagnant solitudes of calms, the ship of THE STATE fares forth.

No black flag is at her peak and no stain of piracy is upon the argonauts who man her decks. They sail with clean hands and honest hearts, intent on good, and the fair wind which sends them out of harbor bears with it, and to their ears, the "God speed" of thousands who are accounted good and true.

Theirs is a venturesome voyage, no doubt, and one upon which timid spirits would not embark; but it is a mission of duty, and honor, and right, and there is no coward in the crew.

So the anchor is up, and the charts are scanned, and with fair white sails filled and fearless colors floating, THE STATE, prow-pointed by the needle of Truth, clears the harbor of Faith, and is in the wide ocean of Endeavor.

May her helm prove steady and her timbers stout!

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, November 10, 1788, and died at Newberry, South Carolina, October 4, 1863. After receiving a fine classical education he studied law, and practiced at his home in Beaufort. He was elected a member of the State legislature, and was sent to Congress from 1833 to 1837. Among other public positions, he was appointed collector of the port of Charleston in 1841 and performed its duties until 1853. In politics he was in favor of maintaining the Union, but was a strong defender of slavery.

Grayson's most important prose work is a Biographical Sketch of James Louis Petigru, published in 1866, but his most popular work is a once-famous pro-slavery poem, "The Hireling and the Slave," 1854. He was the author also of "Chicora," an Indian legend, 1856, The Country, 1858, and a Letter to Governor Seabrook against Disunion of the States. He was a frequent contributor to local magazines and newspapers.

THREESCORE YEARS AND SEVEN.

(From Chicora, and Other Poems, 1856.)

Life's voyage, by rock and shoal, is near its close,
  The billow buffeted, the gale endured;
Shattered in spars and hull, the vessel goes
  Near the safe port from every storm secured.

The road grows short; with frosts or torrid skies,
  By weary steps, hill, plain, and valley pressed,
Footsore and faint with toil the traveler eyes
  The rising spire that marks the place of rest.

The night is near at hand; the shadow steals,
  With the last sunbeam, farther from the trees;
In mist and chill the waning moon reveals
  Her light, and hollow sounds the evening breeze.

The year is almost gone; the falling leaf,
  Yellow and sere, flies far on every blast;
Spring flower, and summer fruit, and autumn sheaf
  Gathered—its bright and beautiful are past.

Welcome! the port of refuge safe from storms,
  Welcome! the silent city of repose.
Welcome! night's dreams and visionary forms,
  And winter's waste of purifying snows!

Another spring shall bloom; another day,
  Brighter than hope, shall rise to set no more;
A fairer region court the traveler's stay,
  And oceans, wreckless, spread without a shore.

Launched on their bosom, to each starry sphere,
  Beyond the reach of telescopic eye,
Farther than Fancy wings her swift career,
  Radiant, like suns, unbodied spirits fly.

Stripped of their fleshly rags—the mortal chain
  Of sensual appetite and passions vile—
Freed from the cankered earth, the sting, the stain
  Of base pursuits that dazzle and beguile,

Companionship with seraphim they hold,
  The endless chain of being they explore,
Nature's deep hidden mysteries unfold,
  And, face to face, the Ineffable adore.

Strong with the vigor of immortal youth,
  Beyond dim Reason's ken they speed their flight;
With Intuition's glance o'ermaster Truth,
  And find in knowing ever new delight.

Again, with earnest gaze and outstretched arms,
  They meet, oh, thought of joy! the lost on earth,
Restored, renewed, arrayed in all the charms
  That Love bestows on Heaven's diviner birth;

Restored to part no more, no more to know
The doubt, the fear, the change of mortal love;
To endless ages, hand in hand, they go,
Sharing and doubling all their joys above.

Happiest of hearts on earth! the calm, the pure,
Aloof from vulgar joys and vain pursuits,
That seek through life, unswerving, to secure
Of nobler being these celestial fruits.

I ask no scholar's lore, no poet's lyre,
Trophy nor wreath that conquerors display,
Nor wealth, nor wit, nor eloquence desire,
Nor matchless wisdom, nor imperial sway.

But faith—strong faith—that upward to the sky,
In every ill unshaken, undismayed,
Looks like the eagle, with unblenching eye,
Steadfast and bright in sunlight and in shade.

Let this be mine! and if the parting day
Grow dark, the wave seem black with winter's gloom,
Fearless, though rough and perilous the way,
I tread the path that leads me to the tomb.

THE SLAVE AND HIS PASTIMES.

(From The Hireling and the Slave, 1854.)

Companions of his toil, the axe to wield,
To guide the plough, to reap the teeming field,
A sable multitude unceasing pour
From Niger's banks and Congo's deadly shore;
No willing travelers they that widely roam,
Allured by hope, to seek a happier home.
But victims to the trader's thirst for gold,
Kidnap'd by brothers, and by fathers sold,
The bondsman born, by native masters reared,
The captive band, in recent battle spared;

For English merchants bought, across the main,
In British ships, they go for Britain's gain;
Forced on her subjects in dependent lands,
By cruel hearts and avaricious hands,
New tasks they learn, new masters they obey,
And bow submissive to the white man's sway. . . .

But Providence, by his o'erruling will,
Transmutes to lasting good, the transient ill,
Makes crime itself the means of mercy prove,
And avarice minister to works of love;
In this new home, whate'er the Negro's fate—
More blest his life than in his native State!
No mummeries dupe, no Fetish charms affright,
Nor rites obscene diffuse their moral blight;
Idolatries, more hateful than the grave
With human sacrifice, no more enslave;
No savage rule, its hecatomb supplies,
Of slaves for slaughter, when a master dies:
In sloth and error sunk for countless years,
His race has lived, but light at last appears—
Celestial light—religion undefiled
Dawns in the heart of Congo's simple child;
Her glorious truths he hears with glad surprise,
And lifts his views with rapture to the skies;
The noblest thoughts that erring mortals know,
Spring from this source, and in his bosom glow.
His nature owns the renovating sway,
And all the old barbarian melts away.

And now, with sturdy hand and cheerful heart,
He learns to master every useful art,
To forge the axe, to mould the rugged share,
The ship's brave keel for angry waves prepare;
The rising wall obeys his plastic will,
And the loom's fabric owns his ready skill.

. . . . . .

Not toil alone, the fortune of the Slave!
He shares the sport and spoils of wood and wave;
Through the dense swamp, where wilder forests rise

In tangled masses, and shut out the skies,
Where the dark covert shuns the noontide blaze,
With agile step, he threads the pathless maze,
The hollow gum, with searching eye explores,
Traces the bee to its delicious stores,
The ringing axe with ceaseless vigour plies,
And from the hollow scoops the luscious prize.

When autumn's parting days grow cold and brief,
Light hoar frosts sparkle on the fallen leaf,
The breezeless pines, at rest, no longer sigh,
And pearl-like clouds hang shining in the sky;
When to the homestead flocks and herds incline,
Sonorous conchs recall the rambling swine,
And from the field, the low descending sun
Sends home the Slave, his fleecy harvest done;
In field and wood he hunts the frequent hare,
The wild hog chases to the forest lair,
Entraps the gobbler; with persuasive smoke
Beguiles the 'possum from the hollow oak;
On the tall pine tree's topmost bough espies
The crafty coon—a more important prize—
Detects the dodger's peering eyes that glow
With fire reflected from the blaze below,
Hews down the branchless trunk with practised hand,
And drives the climber from his nodding stand;
Downward, at last, he springs with crashing sound,
Where Jet and Pincher seize him on the ground,
Yields to the hunter the contested spoil,
And pays, with feast and fur, the evening toil.

When calm skies glitter with the starry light,
The boatman tries the fortune of the night,
Launches the light canoe; the torch's beam
Gleams like a gliding meteor on the stream;
Along the shore, the flick'ring fire-light steals,
Shines through the wave, and all its wealth reveals.
The spotted trout its mottled side displays,
Swift shoals of mullet flash beneath the blaze;
He marks their rippling course; through cold and wet,

Lashes the sparkling tide with dext'rous net;
With poised harpoon the bass or drum assails,
And strikes the barb through silv'ry tinted scales.

. . . . . .

Still braver sports are his, when April showers
Impart new fragrance to the joyous flowers,
When jasmines, through the woods, to early spring,
In golden cups, their dewy incense bring,
White dog-wood blossoms sparkle through the trees,
The fragrant grape perfumes the morning breeze,
And with the warmer sun and balmier air,
The finny myriads to their haunts repair;
Such sports are his—with boundless jest and glee,
Where bold Port Royal spreads its mimic sea;
Bright in the North—the length'ning bay and sky
Blend into one—its shining waters lie,
And southward breaking on the shelving shore,
Meet the sea wave and swell its endless roar,
On either hand gay groups of islands show
Their charms reflected in the stream below—
No richer fields, no lovelier isles than these,
No happier homes, the weary traveler sees!

ALEXANDER GREGG

ALEXANDER GREGG was born at Society Hill, in Darlington District, South Carolina, in 1819, and died in Texas in 1893. He was ordained in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1846, and in the same year became rector of St. David's, Cheraw. He was made bishop of Texas in 1859, and resided there the rest of his life. He was the author of the History of the Old Cheraws: containing an account of the aborigines of the Pedee, with notices of families and sketches of individuals, New York, 1868. It was republished by The State Company in Columbia, 1905. He wrote also a History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Texas, and a Life of Bishop Otey.

A TORY RAID IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

(From The History of the Old Cheraws, 1868.)

It was natural that such acts of retaliation on the part of the Whigs should excite a desperate spirit of revenge in the Tories. In this instance their fury was directed chiefly against Colonel Kolb, who had rendered himself most obnoxious by his repeated successes in capturing and punishing some of their most active and notable men. And they were particularly excited against him, now that his path in the late expedition had been marked by the blood of several of their favorite companions. Nothing, as subsequently appeared, was to satisfy them short of his life. No sooner had he departed from the neighbourhood of Cat Fish, than a plan was set on foot to surprise him in the bosom of his family, and put him to death. Knowing that his men would be disbanded for a short time after his return, they determined to follow on without delay, and make sure of their prey.

Accordingly, a company of about fifty Tories collected at the place now known as Tart's Mill, six miles above Marion Court House.

Their leader was Captain Joseph Jones, a native of that neighbourhood. No time was to be lost. The more rapid their movements, the more certain would be the surprise. A few hours' hard riding would take them to the object of their revenge, about thirty-four miles distant. It was arranged that they should reach Colonel Kolb's at a late hour of the night.

Riding up rapidly under cover of darkness, the surprise was complete. The high qualities of the gallant Kolb, suddenly roused from sleep, with his loved ones around him, and a brutal foe thirsting for blood at his door, were now to be put upon their last and severest trial. His family consisted of Mrs. Kolb, an only daughter, then a child, and two sisters. Two young men, Evans', were also with the family. They had probably accompanied the colonel on his late expedition, and were members of his staff. The house was well secured, and the inmates doubly armed. Well knowing the bloody purpose and desperate character of the foe, Colonel Kolb's first impulse was to sell his life as dearly as possible. A determined resistance was accordingly made, though in the face of overpowering numbers, and as some accounts represent, but incorrectly perhaps, several of the Tory party were killed. Not knowing the number within, and excited to desperation by the resistance offered, if not the havoc made in their ranks, the Tories threatened to burn the dwelling with its inmates, if Colonel Kolb did not at once surrender. It is said by one authority, the house was actually fired. Reduced to the last extremity, and moved by the entreaties of the ladies, whose consternation must have been great, the colonel agreed to deliver himself up as a prisoner of war. The proposition was accepted; and he went forth, accompanied by his wife and sisters, and when almost in the act of presenting his sword, was treacherously shot on the spot. This deed was perpetrated, without the captain's orders, by Mike Goings, a private in the Tory ranks. On some former occasion, Colonel Kolb had excited this man's special hostility, and hence his perfidious revenge. Thomas Evans, upon this murderous breach of faith, attempted to escape, but was shot, and died soon after from the effect of the wound. The dwelling was then plun-

dered, and after setting it on fire, the Tories made a hasty retreat.

. . . At this stage in the history of this calamitous day, the thrilling narrative of an eye-witness continues the story. Lewis Malone Ayer, the second son of Thomas Ayer, of Hunt's Bluff, then a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, was on a visit with his mother to the family of John Downes, a brother-in-law, who lived about three miles above Colonel Kolb's on the river. Mr. Downes having died in the course of the night, young Ayer was despatched at an early hour in the morning to inform the colonel of the sad event.

He had proceeded about half way, when he was startled by the firing of guns in the direction of Colonel Kolb's residence. Upon going a short distance further, and alarmed at the unusual sounds he had heard, he saw an old man, William Forniss, riding out from his house to the road. They were well acquainted; and upon coming up, he accosted the youth in an excited, hurried manner, saying, "Lewis, what firing of guns was that a while ago?" Ayer replied, "I do not know;" and just then, upon looking in that direction, they saw Colonel Kolb's residence in flames. Young Ayer then related the errand on which he was going, and the old man replied, "Come along, let us go and see what is to pay there. I will not lead you into danger."

On approaching the path which led out from Colonel Kolb's to the main Welch Neck road down the river, they saw, from a number of fresh tracks, that a company of horsemen had passed rapidly on but a short time before. "Whoever they are," said Forniss, "they are gone, and we may now approach without fear." Upon riding up, a mournful spectacle was presented to their view. The dwelling was enveloped in flames, and about to tumble in; and a short distance off were Mrs. Kolb and her two sisters-in-law weeping over their dead.

They told the sad story of the surprise and resistance, of the final capitulation and the closing scene; and how, not satisfied with blood, the Tories had rifled the house of every valuable, set it on fire, and fled. The bleeding corpse the agonized females had been forced to remove beyond the reach of the burning timbers. The lapse of nearly eighty

years had not dimmed the eye of memory as the once youthful Ayer looked back from old age upon the shocking scene. His day's adventures had now just begun. Forniss, well aware of the danger to which all those who might come in the way of the retreating Tory party would be exposed, informed young Ayer that a brother-in-law of his (Ayer's), named M'Gee, was that day to come up to Colonel Kolb's on business, that he must hasten on, get around and ahead of the Tories, so as to intercept M'Gee and apprize him of the danger, or he would certainly be killed.

The youthful rider was mounted on a beautiful animal, a piebald mare, with flaxen mane and tail, and noted for her fleetness. He was confident she could bear him away unharmed from any pursuit that might be made, having outstripped the Tories on several previous occasions when they had chased him to effect her capture. Excited by the scene just witnessed, and alarmed at the prospect of the imminent peril to which M'Gee would be exposed, he started at once on the hazardous mission, secure, however, in the watchful eye above that guided him, and the fleetness of his mare, which had often eluded the pursuer before. After proceeding a short distance, he met an old man, Willis by name, small of stature, and a shoemaker by trade. Willis lived out in the marshes, and being old and feeble, was allowed to occupy ostensibly the position of a neutral. His heart, however, was with the Whigs, and, as opportunity offered, he rendered faithful service to the cause of liberty. On this occasion he rode a shaggy pony, corresponding in age with himself, and carried on his shoulder an old-fashioned, long-barrelled fowling-piece, which he affectionately called "Old Sweet-lips." Upon meeting young Ayer, he asked what all that shooting was he had heard above. In a few words the story was related to him, and that of the errand upon which the youth had started. "Very well," said he, "hurry on; you will see two of the red-coats lying in the road ahead of you." His words proved true, for a little further on the youth found two British soldiers dead in the road, who had bled profusely. They had paid the penalty of an untimely plundering sally with their lives. . . .

From the spot where the soldiers had fallen, young

Ayer pursued his way, the road running along a ridge flanked on either side by swamp or boggy marsh land. He hastened on, for there was no time to be lost. A few miles below, at a point where an abrupt turn was made by the road to avoid the marsh, it reached the house of a man named M'Daniel. Riding at a rapid pace, for he expected not to overtake the Tories so soon, he was almost upon them before he could rein his mare in. Some of the party were on the piazza, but most of them within the house. He was immediately discovered and pursued with a shout, the Tories halloing at the top of their voices to the flying youth to stop. Several shots were fired at him, but without effect, having been aimed high, as he supposed, not to kill his mare.

After wheeling round, young Ayer struck out of the main road into a narrow cow-path, which crossed a large and very boggy marsh.

It was so narrow and obscure that his pursuers did not observe it, though he knew, being familiar with the locality, that it was the only track by which a safe crossing could be effected. Seeing him dash through, they attempted to do the same, and by going directly across, hoped to get ahead of him, as the path led around by an angle. But, in this they were sadly disappointed. For as he reached the opposite ridge, and looked back, lying close on the off-side of his mare, the result was what he anticipated. The whole party were in full view, riders and horses floundering in the mud, in hopeless confusion. The chase was at an end, the despicable pursuers deeply chagrined to have been thus out-witted by a boy, and glad to get back to the quarters they had left. . . .

After returning from this bloody expedition, the Tories dispersed, taking refuge, doubtless, for a time in their hiding places, knowing full well the vengeance with which they would be visited by the Whigs. Thus ended for the region of the Upper Pedee, the 28th of April, 1781, one of the saddest days in its history.

THOMAS SMITH GRIMKE

THOMAS SMITH GRIMKÉ was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1786, and died of cholera near Columbus, Ohio, in 1834. He descended from a Huguenot family that was exiled from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, lawyer and scholar, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday-schools, and the Bible. He was a man of deep feeling, earnest purpose, and pure life. Some of his views were radical and peculiar. He proposed sweeping reforms in English orthography, and disapproved of the classics and of pure mathematics in any scheme of general education. The extract below is from an address delivered at a Sunday-school celebration.

LA FAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES.

(From Speeches of Thomas S. Grimké, 1831.)

It is but a few years since we beheld the most singular and memorable pageant in the annals of time. It was a pageant more sublime and affecting than the progress of Elizabeth through England after the defeat of the Armada; than the return of Francis I from a Spanish prison to his own beautiful France; than the daring and rapid march of the conqueror at Austerlitz from Frejus to Paris. It was a pageant, indeed, rivaled only in the elements of the grand and the pathetic, by the journey of our own Washington through the different States. Need I say that I allude to the visit of La Fayette to America?

But La Fayette returned to the land of the dead, rather than of the living. How many who had fought with him in the war of '76, had died in arms, and lay buried in the grave of the soldier or the sailor! How many who had survived the perils of battle, on the land and the ocean, had expired on the death-bed of peace, in the arms of mother,

sister, daughter, wife! Those who survived to celebrate with him in the jubilee of 1825, were stricken in years and hoary-headed; many of them infirm in health; many the victims of poverty, or misfortune, or affliction. And, how venerable that patriotic company; how sublime their gathering through all the land; how joyful their welcome, how affecting their farewell to that beloved stranger!

But the pageant has fled, and the very materials that gave it such depths of interest are rapidly perishing: and a humble, perhaps a nameless grave, shall hold the last soldier of the Revolution. And shall they ever meet again? Shall the patriots and soldiers of '76, the "Immortal Band," as history styles them, meet again in the amaranthine bowers of spotless purity, of perfect bliss, of eternal glory? Shall theirs be the Christian's heaven, the kingdom of the Redeemer? The heathen points to his fabulous Elysium as the paradise of the soldier and the sage. But the Christian bows down with tears and sighs, for he knows that not many of the patriots, and statesmen, and warriors of Christian lands are the disciples of Jesus.

But we turn from La Fayette, the favorite of the old and the new world, to the peaceful benevolence, the unambitious achievements of Robert Raikes. Let us imagine him to have been still alive, and to have visited our land, to celebrate this day with us. No national ships would have been offered to bear him, a nation's guest, in the pride of the star-spangled banner, from the bright shores of the rising, to the brighter shores of the setting sun. No cannon would have hailed him in the stern language of the battle-field, the fortunate champion of Freedom, in Europe and America. No martial music would have welcomed him in notes of rapture, as they rolled along the Atlantic, and echoed through the valley of the Mississippi. No military procession would have heralded his way through crowded streets, thick-set with the banner and the plume, the glittering saber and the polished bayonet. No cities would have called forth beauty and fashion, wealth and rank, to honor him in the ball-room and theater. No States would have escorted him from boundary to boundary, nor have sent their chief magistrate to do him homage. No national liberality would have allotted to him a nobleman's

domain and princely treasure. No national gratitude would have hailed him in the capitol itself, the nation's guest, because the nation's benefactor; and have consecrated a battleship, in memory of his wounds and his gallantry.

Not such would have been the reception of Robert Raikes, in the land of the Pilgrims and of Penn, of the Catholic, the Cavalier, and the Huguenot. And who does not rejoice that it would be impossible thus to welcome this primitive Christian, the founder of Sunday-schools? His heralds would be the preachers of the Gospel, and the eminent in piety, benevolence, and zeal. His procession would number in its ranks the messengers of the Cross and the disciples of the Savior, Sunday-school teachers and white-robed scholars. The temples of the Most High would be the scenes of his triumph. Homage and gratitude to him, would be anthems of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Parents would honor him as more than a brother; children would reverence him as more than a father. The faltering words of age, the firm and sober voice of manhood, the silvery notes of youth, would bless him as a Christian patron. The wise and the good would acknowledge him everywhere as a national benefactor, as a patriot even to a land of strangers. He would have come a messenger of peace to a land of peace. No images of camps, and sieges, and battles; no agonies of the dying and the wounded; no shouts of victory, or processions of triumph, would mingle with the recollections of the multitude who welcomed him. They would mourn over no common dangers, trials, and calamities; for the road of duty has been to them the path of pleasantness, the way of peace. Their memory of the past would be rich in gratitude to God, and love to man; their enjoyment of the present would be a prelude to heavenly bliss; their prospects of the future, bright and glorious as faith and hope. . . .

Such was the reception of La Fayette, the warrior; such would be that of Robert Raikes, the Howard of the Christian church. And which is the nobler benefactor, patriot, and philanthropist? Mankind may admire and extol La Fayette more than the founder of the Sunday-schools; but religion, philanthropy, and enlightened common sense must ever

esteem Robert Raikes the superior of La Fayette. His are the virtues, the services, the sacrifices of a more enduring and exalted order of being. His counsels and triumphs belong less to time than to eternity.

The fame of La Fayette is of this world; the glory of Robert Raikes is of the Redeemer's everlasting kingdom. La Fayette lived chiefly for his own age, and chiefly for his and our country; but Robert Raikes has lived for all ages and all countries. Perhaps the historian and biographer may never interweave his name in the tapestry of national or individual renown. But the records of every single church honor him as a patron; the records of the universal Church, on earth as in heaven, bless him as a benefactor.

The time may come when the name of La Fayette will be forgotten; or when the star of his fame, no longer glittering in the zenith, shall be seen, pale and glimmering, on the verge of the horizon. But the name of Robert Raikes shall never be forgotten; and the lambent flame of his glory is that eternal fire which rushed down from heaven to devour the sacrifice of Elijah. Let mortals then admire and imitate La Fayette more than Robert Raikes. But the just made perfect, and the ministering spirits around the throne of God, have welcomed him as a fellow-servant of the same Lord; as a fellow-laborer in the same glorious cause of man's redemption; as a co-heir of the same precious promises and eternal rewards.

LAURA GWYN

LAURA GWYN was born in 1833. She resided at one time in Greenville, South Carolina, where her husband was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1860 Mrs. Gwyn published a volume entitled Miscellaneous Poems, which included "The Valley Flower," "Human Life," "The Voyage of Life," "Exploits of a Farie," "Time: a Sketch," "The Stars," "The Siren," "I Pledged a Goblet, Sweet, to Thee," "The Witch of Table Rock," Death in a Ball Room," "Autumn," "Days Agone," etc.

THE VALLEY FLOWER.

(From Miscellaneous Poems, 1860.)

There is a valley, in whose bosom sweet
The loveliest brooklet runs with silver feet,
Making soft music as it trips along,
Filling the air with its delicious song.

Here, o'er an old oak's ruggéd roots it leaps;
Here, in a little moss-rimmed basin sleeps,
Reflecting long fern leaves and flowers fair,
That spring uncultured and unnoticed here.

A race of lovely lilies, too, have made
Their home beneath the valley's pleasant shade;
Springing from out their beds of leafy beryl,
Their snowy beauties proudly they unfurl.

And 'neath the bowery green a bevy, too,
Of rarest violets ope their eyes of blue;
And a wild rose, in richest summer bloom,
Fills all the dim air with its sweet perfume.

But, ah! one cometh to this valley fair,
Whose feet are lighter than the brooklets are;
Whose voice is softer, in its watery flow,
Than these light wavelets, singing as they go!

O, there is one, unto whose queenly brow
The proud white lilies in their beauty bow!
And these meek violets catch from her dear eyes
A softer blue than fills the summer skies!

O, there is one who walks this happy vale,
To whose bright cheek the blooming rose is pale!
She comes! the clustering vines her white hands part;
Hale queen of this sweet vale and my rich heart!

JAMES HENRY HAMMOND

JAMES HENRY HAMMOND was born in Newberry District, South Carolina, in 1807, and died in 1864. He was prominent as an advocate of nullification in 1832, and was elected to Congress in 1835. He became Governor of South Carolina in 1842, and United States Senator in 1857. So logical and convincing was he in debate and so profound was his mastery of public questions, that he was regarded by many as a fitting successor of the great Calhoun in the championship of Southern policies and principles.

SLAVERY IN THE LIGHT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

(From Cotton is King.)

You next complain that our slaves are kept in bondage by the "law of force." In what country or condition of mankind do you see human affairs regulated merely by the law of love? Unless I am greatly mistaken, you will, if you look over the world, find nearly all certain and permanent rights, civil, social, and I may even add religious, resting on and ultimately secured by the "law of force." The power of majorities—of aristocracies—of kings—nay of priests, for the most part, and of property, resolves itself at last into "force," and could not otherwise be long maintained. Thus, in every turn of your argument against our system of slavery, you advance, whether conscious of it or not, radical and revolutionary doctrines calculated to change the whole face of the world, to overthrow all government, disorganize society, and reduce man to a state of nature—red with blood, and shrouded once more in barbaric ignorance. But you greatly err, if you suppose, because we rely on force in the last resort to maintain our supremacy over our slaves, that ours is a stern and unfeeling domination, at all to be compared in hardhearted severity to that exercised, not over the mere laborer only, but by the higher over each lower order, wherever the British sway is acknowledged. You say, that

if those you address were "to spend one day in the South, they would return home with impressions against slavery never to be erased." But the fact is universally the reverse. I have known numerous instances, and I never knew a single one, where there was no other cause of offense, and no object to promote by falsehood, that individuals from the non-slaveholding States did not, after residing among us long enough to understand the subject, "return home" *to defend our slavery.* It is matter of regret that you have never tried the experiment yourself. I do not doubt you would have been converted, for I give you credit for an honest though perverted mind. You would have seen how weak and futile is all abstract reasoning about this matter, and that, as a building may not be less elegant in its proportions, or tasteful in its ornaments, or virtuous in its uses, for being based upon granite, so a system of human government, though founded on force, may develop and cultivate the tenderest and purest sentiments of the human heart. And our patriarchal scheme of domestic servitude is indeed well calculated to awaken the higher and finer feelings of our nature. It is not wanting in its enthusiasm and its poetry. The relations of the most beloved and honored chief, and the most faithful and admiring subjects, which, from the time of Homer, have been the theme of song, are frigid and unfelt compared with those existing between the master and his slaves—who served his father, and rocked his cradle, or have been born in his household, and look forward to serve his children—who have been through life the props of his fortune, and the objects of his care—who have partaken of his griefs, and looked to him for comfort in their own—whose sickness he has so frequently watched over and relieved—whose holidays he has so often made joyous by his bounties and his presence; for whose welfare, when absent, his anxious solicitude never ceases, and whose hearty and affectionate greetings never fail to welcome him home. In this cold, calculating, ambitious world of ours, there are few ties more heartfelt, or of more benignant influence, than those which mutually bind the master and the slave, under our ancient system, handed down from the father of Israel. The unholy purpose of the abolitionist is, to destroy by defiling it; to infuse into it the

gall and bitterness which rankle in their own envenomed bosoms; to poison the minds of the master and servant; turn love to hatred, array "force" against force and hurl all

> "With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition."

You think it a great "crime" that we do not pay our slaves "wages," and on this account pronounce us "robbers." In my former letter, I showed that the labor of our slaves was not without great cost to us, and that in fact they themselves receive more in return for it than your hirelings do for theirs. For what purpose do men labor, but to support themselves and their families in what comfort they are able? The efforts of mere physical labor seldom suffice to provide more than a livelihood. And it is a well-known and shocking fact that while a few operatives in Great Britain succeed in securing a comfortable living, the greater part drag out a miserable existence, and sink at last under absolute want. Of what avail is it that you go through the form of paying them a pittance of what you call "wages," when you do not, in return for their services, allow them what alone they ask—and have a just right to demand—enough to feed, clothe, and lodge them, in health and sickness, with reasonable comfort? Though we do not give "wages" in money, we do this for our slaves, and they are therefore better rewarded than yours. It is the prevailing vice and error of the age, and one from which the abolitionists, with all their saintly pretentions, are far from being free, to bring everything to the standard of money. You make gold and silver the great test of happiness. The American slave must be wretched indeed, because he is not compensated for his services *in cash.* It is altogether praiseworthy to pay the laborer a shilling a day, and let him starve on it. To supply all his wants abundantly, and at all times, yet withhold from him *money,* is among "the most reprobated crimes." The fact cannot be denied, that the mere laborer is now, and always has been, everywhere that barbarism has ceased, enslaved. Among the innovations of modern times, following "the decay of villeinage," has been the creation of a new system of slavery. The primitive and patriarchal, which

may also be called the sacred and natural system, in which the laborer is under the personal control of a fellow-being endowed with the sentiments and sympathies of humanity, exists among us. It has been almost everywhere else superseded by the modern *artificial money-power system,* in which man—his thews and sinews, his hopes and affections, his very being, are all subjected to the dominion of Capital—a monster without a heart—cold, stern, arithmetical—sticking to the bond—taking even the "pound of flesh."—working up human life with engines, and retailing it out by weight and measure. His name of old was "Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven." And it is to extend his empire that you and your deluded coadjutors dedicate your lives. You are stirring up mankind to overthrow our heaven-ordained system of servitude, surrounded by innumerable checks, designed and planted deep in the human heart by God and nature, to substitute the absolute rule of this "spirit reprobate," whose proper place was hell.

You charge us with looking on our slaves "as chattels or brutes," and enter into a somewhat elaborate argument to prove that they have "human forms," "talk," and even "think." Now, the fact is, that however much you may indulge in this strain for effect, it is the abolitionists, and not the slaveholders, who, practically, and in the most important point of view, regard our slaves as "chattels or brutes." In your calculations of the consequences of emancipation, you pass over entirely those which must prove most serious, and which arise from the fact of their being *persons.*

You appear to think that we might abstain from the use of them as readily as if they were machines to be laid aside, or cattle that might be turned out to find pasturage for themselves. I have heretofore glanced at some of the results that would follow from breaking the bonds of so many human beings, now peacefully and happily linked into our social system. The tragic horrors, the decay and ruin that would for years, perhaps for ages, brood over our land, if it could be accomplished, I will not attempt to portray. But do you fancy the blight would, in such an event, come to us alone? The diminution of the sugar crop of the West Indies affected Great Britain only, and there chiefly the poor. It

was a matter of no moment to capital that labor should have one comfort less. Yet it has forced a reduction of the British duty on sugar. Who can estimate the consequences that must follow the annihilation of the cotton crop of the slave-holding States? I do not undervalue the importance of other articles of commerce, but no calamity could befall the world at all comparable to the sudden loss of two millions of bales of cotton annually. From the deserts of Africa to the Siberian wilds—from Greenland to the Chinese wall—there is not a spot of earth but would feel the sensation. The factories of Europe would fall with a concussion that would shake down castles, palaces, and even thrones; while the "purse-proud, elbowing insolence" of our Northern monopolist would soon disappear forever under the smooth speech of the peddler, scourging our frontiers for a livelihood, or the bluff vulgarity of the South Sea whaler, following the harpoon amid storms and shoals. Doubtless the abolitionists think we could grow cotton without slaves, or that at worst the reduction of the crop would be moderate and temporary. Such gross delusions show how profoundly ignorant they are of our condition here.

WADE HAMPTON

WADE HAMPTON was born at Charleston, March 28, 1818, and died at Columbia, April 11, 1902. He was the third to bear the distinguished name. He graduated at South Carolina College in 1836, but never received a military education. Having served for a short time as a member of the Legislature, he engaged in planting in South Carolina and in Mississippi, where he resided during the winter months. His cotton crop in 1856 was estimated at 5,000 bales. When the war opened he entered the army first as a private, but soon raised and commanded the Hampton Legion. He was promoted for conspicuous ability through the various grades to that of Lieutenant-General. He was wounded at the battles of First Manassas and Seven Pines. In 1865 he nobly accepted the consequences of defeat and retired to his plantation. He led the campaign of 1876, the most memorable in the history of the State, and was elected Governor over D. H. Chamberlain by a majority of 1,135. In 1878 he was reëlected Governor, and soon afterwards United States Senator; was returned to the Senate in 1884, but was defeated in 1890. He was appointed United States Railroad Commissioner in 1893. In 1878 he lost a leg by an accident while hunting. His last public appearance was at the Centennial Celebration of South Carolina College. On November 20, 1906, an equestrian statue of Hampton by Ruckstuhl was unveiled in Columbia with imposing exercises, the oration being delivered by Gen. M. C. Butler.[1]

While not in any sense a literary man, General Hampton wrote many able State papers and delivered a large number of speeches in the Senate, and on great public occasions, which, on account of their noble thought and manly diction, deserve a place in the literature of the State. Technical criticism of so great a man seems almost impertinent. In spite of his lack of rhetorical training, and his distaste for

[1]Gen. Butler was born on March 8, 1836, and died on April 14, 1909.

writing, whenever he gave expression to his thoughts at some great public crisis, he created literature that for its deep feeling, its noble words and high seriousness deserves to live as long as his splendid deeds. Although addressed to the reason rather than to the æsthetic faculty, they will always inspire the loftiest thoughts and emotions in the reader.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS IN 1876[1]

(From Reynolds's History of Reconstruction in South Carolina, 1906.)

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

It is with feelings of the profoundest solicitude that I assume the arduous duties and grave responsibilities of the high position to which the people of South Carolina have called me. It is amid events unprecedented in this republic that I take the chair as Chief Magistrate of this State. After years of misrule, corruption and anarchy, brought upon us by venal and unprincipled political adventurers, the honest people of the State, without regard to party or race, with one voice demanded reform and with one purpose devoted themselves earnestly and solemnly to this end. With a lofty patriotism never surpassed, with a patience never equalled, with a courage never excelled, and with a sublime sense of duty which finds scarcely a parallel in the history of the world, they subordinated every personal feeling to the public weal and consecrated themselves to the sacred work of redeeming their prostrate State. To the accomplishment of this task they dedicated themselves with unfaltering confidence and with unshaken faith, trusting alone to the justice of their cause and commending that cause reverently to the protection of the Almighty.

When the corrupt party which for eight years has held sway in this State, bringing its civilization into disgrace and making its government a public scandal, saw that the demand for reform found a responsive echo in the popular heart, and that the verdict of the people would be pronounced

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[1]This address was delivered by Governor Hampton from a platform in front of Carolina Hall, in Columbia, December 16, 1876. It is reprinted here by kind permission of Mr. John S. Reynolds.

against those who had degraded the State, they appealed for Federal intervention, and by a libel on our whole people, as false as it was base, called in the soldiery of the United States army to act as supervisors of our election. In a time of profound peace, when no legal officer had been resisted in the proper discharge of his functions, we have witnessed a spectacle abhorrent to every patriotic heart and fatal to republican institutions—Federal troops used to promote the success of a political party. Undismayed though shocked by this gross violation of the Constitution of the country, our people with a determination that no force could subdue, no fraud could defeat, kept steadily and peacefully in the path of duty, resolved to assert their rights as American freemen at the ballot box—that great court of final resort, before which must be tried the grave questions of the supremacy of the Constitution and the stability of our institutions. What the verdict of the people of South Carolina has been, you need not be told. It has reverberated throughout the State, and its echoes come back to us from every land where liberty is venerated, declaring in tones that cannot be mistaken that, standing on the Constitution of our country, we propose to obey its laws, to preserve, as far as in us lies, its peace and honor, and to carry out in good faith every pledge made by us for reform and honest government. We intend to prove to the world the sincerity of our declaration that the sole motive which inspired the grand contest we have so successfully made was not the paltry ambition for party supremacy, but the sacred hope of redeeming our State. It was this hope which led our people to a victory which was grander in its proportions, greater in its success, nobler in its achievement and brighter in its promise of prosperity than any other ever waged on this continent.

But it was thought to wrest the fruits of this magnificent victory from the hands that won it, by a gigantic fraud and a base conspiracy. When the members-elect of the General Assembly repaired to the capitol to take the seats to which the people of South Carolina had assigned them, armed soldiers of the Federal government confronted them, and their certificates of election were examined and passed upon by a corporal of the guard. A spectacle so humiliating to a

free people, and so fatal to republican institutions, had never been presented in America. It could not have been witnessed even here, where civil liberty has for years been but a mockery, had not the ruthless hand of military power struck down the most sacred guaranties of the Constitution, for the tread of the armed soldier, as he made his rounds through the halls of legislation, was over the prostrate form of Liberty herself. It was amid these ominous, these apalling scenes that the members of the General Assembly were called on to assume their duties as the representatives of a free State, and that State one of the original thirteen that won our independence and framed our Constitution. That the natural, patriotic indignation of our people did not find expression in violence is creditable in the highest degree to them, and this was due in a large measure to the statesman-like and dignified conduct of those members of the General Assembly who had been made the victims of this gross outrage on their persons and this daring conspiracy against their constitutional rights.

Debarred the free exercise of their rights by the presence of an armed force, a legal quorum of the lower house, after placing on record a noble protest, quietly withdrew from the capitol and proceeded to organize that branch of the General Assembly. Not one form of our law, not one requirement of the Constitution was wanting to give force and legality to this organization, and that its authority has not been fully recognized is due solely to the same armed usurpation which has subordinated the civil to the military power throughout this whole contest.

Of the disgraceful, dangerous and revolutionary proceedings resorted to by the defeated party after the organization of the lower house it is needless for me to speak. You have been the witnesses and the victims of these, and the civilized world has looked on with amazement, disgust and horror; you have seen a minority of that house usurp the powers of the whole body; you have seen the majority expelled from their hall by threats of force; you have seen persons having no shadow of a claim as members admitted to seats as representatives by the votes of men who themselves were acting in direct violation of the Constitution; and you have seen the

last crowning act of infamy by which a candidate for Governor, defeated by the popular vote, had himself declared elected by his co-conspirators.

I make no comment on these flagrant outrages and wrongs; it pertains to the General Assembly to take such action in regard to them as that honorable body may deem proper. But it is due to my position as the chief magistrate of this commonwealth to place on record my solemn and indignant protest against acts which I consider subversive of civil liberty and destructive of our form of government. These are questions which concern not us alone, but the people of the United States; for if acts so unauthorized and so unconstitutional are allowed to pass without rebuke, popular government as established by the Constitution will give place to military despotism. Our duty, the duty of every patriot, is to demand a strict construction of the Constitution and a rigid adherence to its provisions. We can only thus preserve our liberties and our government.

A great task is before the Conservative party of this State. They entered on this contest with a platform so broad, so strong, so liberal, that every honest citizen could stand upon it. They recognized and accepted the amendments of the Constitution in good faith; they pledged themselves to work reform and to establish good government; they promised to keep up an efficient system of public education; and they declared solemnly that all citizens of South Carolina of both races and of both parties, should be regarded as equals in the eye of the law; all to be protected in the enjoyment of every political right now possessed by them.

To the faithful observance of these pledges we stand committed, and I, as the representative of the Conservative party, hold myself bound by every dictate of honor and of good faith to use every effort to have these pledges redeemed fully and honestly. It is due not only to ourselves but to the colored people of the State that wise, just and liberal measures should prevail in our legislation. We owe much of our late success to these colored voters, who were brave enough to rise above the prejudice of race and honest enough to throw off the shackles of party in their determination to save the State. To those who, misled by their fears, their

ignorance, or by evil counseling, turned a deaf ear to our appeals, we should not be vindictive but magnanimous. Let us show to all of them that the true interests of both races can best be secured by cultivating peace and promoting prosperity among all classes of our fellow-citizens. I rely confidently on the support of the members of the General Assembly in my efforts to attain these laudable ends, and I trust that all branches of the government will unite cordially in this patriotic work. If so united and working with resolute will and earnest determination, we may hope soon to see the dawn of a brighter day for our State. God in His infinite mercy grant that it may come speedily, and may He shower the richest blessings of peace and happiness on our whole people.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE was born at Charleston, January 1, 1830, and died at his home, "Copse Hill," at Grovetown, Georgia, July 6, 1886. He was a son and namesake of a lieutenant in the navy, and a nephew of the great orator, Robert Y. Hayne. Having lost his father during infancy, his education was superintended by his mother and his uncle, who sent him to the city schools and later to the College of Charleston, where he graduated in 1852. For a short time he practised law, but soon abandoned it for a literary career. He became successively editor of *Russell's Magazine* and the Charleston *Literary Gazette,* at the same time contributing to the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals. He was also prominent, like Timrod, in Simms's coterie of literary men, and published three volumes of poetry in Boston. At the outbreak of war in 1861, he became an aide on the staff of Governor Pickens, and served until obliged to retire by failing health. After this he was a refugee in Greenville and later in Winnsboro. Like Timrod again he wrote a number of popular war lyrics. His house with his fine library and other property having been burned during the bombardment of Charleston, he removed, in 1866, with his family to a farm in the pine woods about sixteen miles from Augusta, Georgia. Here assisted by his noble wife, Mary M. Michel of Charleston, he waged a cheerful and successful fight against poverty and disease. He resumed his editorial work and industriously contributed to the magazines, especially the *Home Journal* and the *Southern Bivouac,* a great mass of essays, poems, prose fiction, and memoirs of famous men. His generous, forgiving spirit, his brave fight for literary independence, and his acknowledged poetical genius won him many friends at the North, and he was in this way able to do much toward healing the wounds of sectional strife.

Hayne's published works include Poems, 1855; Sonnets and Other Poems, 1857; Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos, 1859; Legends and Lyrics, 1872; The Mountain of the Lovers, and Other Poems, 1873; Memoir of Robert Y. Hayne, 1878; Memoir of Hugh S. Legaré, 1878; a complete illustrated edition of his Poems, 1882; and introductions to editions of Timrod's Poems (1873), and Ticknor's Poems (1879)[1]

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

(From Poems, 1882.)

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and night
Borne from the West when cloudless day declines—
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

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[1]This sketch is based on information kindly furnished the author by Mr. William H. Hayne, through whose courtesy and the kindness of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, the following selections, except the last, are here published.

THE PINE'S MYSTERY.

Listen! the sombre foliage of the Pine,
A swart Gitana of the woodland trees,
Is answering what we may but half divine,
To those soft whispers of the twilight breeze!

Passion and mystery murmur through the leaves,
Passion and mystery, touched by deathless pain.
Whose monotone of long, low anguish grieves
For something lost that shall not live again!

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND.

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss [calm!
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland [tune,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint under-
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers, [June.
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps, [divine.
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender, [round,
Wherewith like soft heart-lightnings they gird their meaning
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spring of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars,—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispering voices bless me, [drous stars?
With welcome dropping dewlike from the weird and won-

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer [of balm,
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

THE WOODLAND PHASES.

Yon woodland, like a human mind,
Hath many a phase of dark and bright;
Now dim with shadows, wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light.

They softly come, they softly go,
Capricious as the vagrant wind,
Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,
That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace! yet wherefore thus
Do shade and beam our spirits stir?
Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
But we are strangely wooed by her.

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,
Each hour with sure earth-changes rife,
Hint more than all the sages say,
Or poets sing of death and life.

For truths half drawn from Nature's breast,
Through subtlest types of form and tone,
Outweigh what man, at most, hath guessed
While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway, betwixt heaven and us,
  Stands Nature in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
  His glory on her mystic face.

BY THE GRAVE OF HENRY TIMROD.

When last we parted—thy frail hand in mine—
  Above us smiled September's passionless sky,
And touched by fragrant airs, the hill-side pine
  Thrilled in the mellow sunshine tenderly;
    So rich the robe on nature's slow decay,
We scarce could deem the winter tide was near,
  Or lurking death, masked in imperial grace;
    Alas! that autumn day
Drew not more close to winter's empire drear
  Than thou, my heart! to meet grief face to face!

I clasped thy tremulous hand, nor marked how weak
  Its answering grasp; and if thine eyes did swim
In unshed tears, and on thy fading cheek
  Rested a nameless shadow, gaunt and dim,—
    My soul was blind; fear had not touched her sight
To awful vision; so, I bade thee go,
  Careless, and tranquil as that treacherous morn;
    Nor dreamed how soon the blight
Of long-implanted seeds of care would throw
  Their nightshade flowers above the springing corn.

Since then, full many a year hath risen and set,
  With spring-tide showers, and autumn pomps unfurled
O'er gorgeous woods, and mountain walls of jet—
  While love and loss, alternate, ruled the world;
    Till now once more we meet—my friend and I—
Once more, once more—and thus, alas! we meet—
  Above, a rayless heaven; beneath, a grave;
    Oh, Christ! and dost thou lie
Neglected here, in thy worn burial-sheet?
  Friend! were there none to shield thee, none to save?

Ask of the winter winds—scarce colder they
  Than that strange land—thy birth-place and thy tomb:
Ask of the sombre cloud-wracks trooping gray,
  And grim as hooded ghosts at stroke of doom;
    At least, the winds, though chill, with gentler sweep
Seem circling round and o'er thy place of rest,
  While the sad clouds, as clothed in tenderer guise,
    Do lowly bend, and weep
O'er the dead poet, in whose living breast
  Dumb nature found a voice, how sweet and wise!

Once more we meet, once more—my friend and I—
  But ah! his hand is dust, his eyes are dark;
Thy merciless weight, thou dread mortality,
  From out his heart hath crushed the latest spark
    Of that warm life, benignly bright and strong;
Yet no; we have *not met*—my friend and I—
  Ashes to ashes in this earthly prison!
    Are these, O child of song,
Thy glorious self, heir of the stars and sky?
  Thou art not here, not *here*, for thou hast risen!

Death gave thee wings, and lo! thou hast soared above
  All human utterance and all finite thought;
Pain may not hound thee through that realm of love,
  Nor grief, wherewith thy mortal days were fraught,
    Load thee again—nor vulture want, that fed
Even on thy heart's blood, wound thee; idle, then,
  Our bitter sorrowing; what though bleak and wild
    Rests thine uncrownéd head?
Known art thou now to angels and to men—
  Heaven's saint and earth's brave singer undefiled.

Even as I spake in broken under-breath
  The winds drooped lifeless; faintly struggling through
The heaven-bound pall, which seemed a pall of death,
  One cordial sunbeam cleft the opening blue;
    Swiftly it glanced, and settling, softly shone

O'er the grave's head; in that same instant came
From the near copse a bird-song half divine;
"Heart," said I, "hush thy moan,
List the bird's singing, mark the heaven-born flame,
God-given are these—an omen and a sign!"

In the bird's song an omen *his* must live!
In the warm glittering of that golden beam,
A sign his soul's majestic hopes survive,
Raised to fruition o'er life's weary dream.
So now I leave him, low, yet, restful here;
So now I leave him, high-exalted, far
Beyond all memory of earth's guilt or guile;
Hark! tis his voice of cheer,
Dropping, methinks, from some mysterious star;
His face I see, and on his face—a smile!

IN HARBOR.

I think it is over, over,
I think it is over at last,
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed:—
Life, like a tempest of ocean
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over,
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah!—few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release:—

From the ravage of life, and its riot
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last?
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throb through the sanctified river
  Which girdles the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

I *know* it is over, over,
I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
  For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

A JAR OF HONEY.[1]

What strange enchantment, who shall say,
  Lured over lands and over seas,
Westward, in some long-perished May,
  The brightest of Hymettean bees?
They clustered in a murmurous swarm
Where south winds from the Gulf were warm.

Columbus was a name unborn,
  What time they crossed the mystic waves—
Ah! had they left their Greece in scorn,
  Withholding from the greed of slaves
That honey whose clear amber gleam
Touched Plato's mouth in Academe?

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[1]Through the courtesy of Mr. William H. Hayne, this poem is here first printed in a volume.

Ah! had they left the gracious slope
  Of their loved mountain home of flowers,
When the last torch of Freedom's hope
  Was darkened on her guardian towers?
And they—such wild and free-born elves—
Spurned that unhallowed night themselves?

Enough! they came! our savage glades
  Heard their drowsed bass o'er cane and creek,
While twilight lips of Indian maids
  Sipped honey of a taste antique;
And now, their latest offspring's prize
Is shrined before these museful eyes!

Bright harvest of winged, tireless toil,
  Some secret spells of sylvan lore,
New alchemies of bloom and soil
  Blend richly with the sweets of yore—
Transmitted thence, undulled from far,
Hived memories sparkle in the jar!

Ye modern bees! your sires perchance
  Hummed past the loud Athenian quays;
Or followed in her first romance,
  The destined love of Pericles,
While Zeuxis heard, 'mid April grass,
Your tiny mimicked thunders pass!

Your liquid amber, mixed with wine,
  Once flushed Aspasia's heavenly face,
When at old banquets, half-divine,
  Mirth, Power and Genius wooed her grace;
And o'er the board in mad-capped ease,
Jested young Alcibiades!

I turn the glass; it burns and beams
  In fire-side lustres flashed aslant,
Until its bosomed splendor teems
  With shapes and colors palpitant!
Where twinkling like a wizard star,
Smiles the quaint genius of the jar!

Unsealed from out its crystal hold,
  Let each slow, honeyed wavelet slip!
The melted soul of sunset's gold
  Is trembling on the perfumed lip;
And thoughts, like charmed melodious bees,
Sing of youth's lost Hesperides.

CHARLES COLCOCK HAY[1]

THE ROSE.

Most beauteous Flower! the loveliest
  Of all the glittering train
That Flora leads at vernal morn
  Upon the dewy plain!
The modest violet hangs its head,
  The lily's cheek grows pale,
When on the heath thy charms appear,
  Thy breath upon the gale.

Bright harbinger of sunny days—
  Emblem of youth and love!
Nature hails thee as Noah did
  The olive and the dove:
At thy approach fond Zephyr comes
  In all a wooer's pride
On glorious wing to whisper love,
  And claim his beauteous bride.

And fair and bright, thy nuptual bower
  'Neath skies of azure hue,
Joyous the hymeneal song
  That Nature swells for you:
From sunny hill and verdant plain
  Felicitations rise,
Birds blithely sing, and laughing brooks
  Send back their glad replies.

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[1]The author is indebted to Professor F. Horton Colcock, of South Carolina College, for the kind loan of a unique manuscript collection of poems of Charles Colcock Hay, Samuel J. Hay, Helen Hay, Rev. Peronneau Hay, and Patti Lee Hay Colcock.

But ah! how fleeting are thy charms!
How brief thy vernal day!
Like youth and love, alas! too soon
Thou'rt doomed to fade away;
The breeze that warmly kissed thy cheek
Now coldly passes by,
And leaves thy tender form to droop,
To wither and to die.

So thus, too oft, confiding hearts,
In purest love imbued,
First feel the chilling slight from those
Who flattered and who sued;
And like the blighted rose, that was
So fair but yesterday,
Sink with their beauties to the tomb,
And—unmourned—pass away.

SAMUEL J. HAY

A HEALTH TO OLD VIRGINIA.

A health to Old Virginia!
  God bless the brave old State!
She owneth all the attributes
  That make a nation great:
Beneath her sod the mighty dead
  In deathless memory sleep,
While from her soil the noblest types
  Of mortal warriors leap—
Leap ready armed to work her will
  In Freedom's righteous cause,
The guardian of Liberty,
  Religion and the Laws. . . .

A health to Old Virginia!
  The storm is on her shores,
But like her Stonewall Chief she stands
  Unshaken as it roars;
Though fearfully before the gale
  The madding billows rise,
While his wild wings the storm hath spread,
  And darkened earth and skies,
Yet back the baffled waves must roll,
Or break against a rock,
They cannot crush—though nations feel,
  And tremble at the shock. . . .

ROBERT Y. HAYNE[1]

ROBERT Y. HAYNE was born in St. Paul's Parish, Colleton District, South Carolina, November 10, 1791; and died at Asheville, North Carolina, September 24, 1839. He studied law and was admitted to the Charleston bar in 1812. He served as captain in the war of 1812. He was elected and served as a member of the legislature 1814-1818, and as attorney-general of South Carolina 1818-1822. In 1823 he was chosen United States senator and held office until 1832. As senator he was an opponent of the protective system, and in the tariff debate of 1824 first advanced the theory that Congress has no Constitutional right to impose duties on imports for the protection of home industries. In January, 1830, the theory of nullification having already been expounded by Calhoun, Hayne introduced it into the Senate in connection with his speeches on Foote's resolution, eliciting the famous reply of Daniel Webster. He resigned his senatorship in 1832 to become governor of South Carolina. He took a prominent part in the nullification proceedings of that year, issuing a counter-proclamation to President Jackson, but a compromise having been effected, he presided over the State convention which repealed the ordinance of nullification in 1833. The remainder of his life was chiefly occupied with State improvements. He was the first mayor of Charleston, 1836-7, and was president of the Cincinnati and Charleston railroad at the time of his death. He married twice, his first wife being Frances Pinckney, who died in 1818, and his second Rebecca B. Alston, who survived him.

The Life and Speeches of Robert Y. Hayne was published in 1845. His speech in the great debate with Webster has been frequently issued separately. Among his other impor-

[1]There is uncertainty as to what the initial in Hayne's name stands for. Whenever the name is printed in full it is given as *Young,* but the historian, Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., has strong evidence going to show that it was *Yonge.*

tant speeches should be mentioned his Argument for Free Trade in a resolution providing for a reduction of duties to a revenue standard, delivered January 9, 1832, in opposition to Clay's resolution. General George McDuffie, at the request of the citizens of Charleston, delivered a eulogy upon his life and character.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S DEVOTION TO THE UNION.

(From the Speech in the Debate with Webster, January 21, 1830.)

The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Webster], while he exonerates me personally from the charge, intimates that there is a party in the country who are looking to disunion. Sir, if the gentleman had stopped there, the accusation would have "passed by me like the idle wind, which I regard not." But when he goes on to give to his accusation "a local habitation and a name," by quoting the expression of a distinguished citizen of South Carolina [Dr. Cooper], "that it was time for the South to calculate the value of the Union," and in the language of the bitterest sarcasm, adds, "Surely then the Union cannot last longer than July, 1831," it is impossible to mistake either the allusion or the object of the gentleman. Now, Mr. President, I call upon every one who hears me to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember that, at the time his unprovoked and uncalled-for attack was made on the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New England; nor had I made the most distant allusion either to the Senator from Massachusetts or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South, through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold; I will struggle, while I have life, for our altars and our firesides, and, if God gives me strength, I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor

shall I stop there. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms until I have obtained "indemnity for the past and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. President, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty; I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me; and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone; and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house," on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina; of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due the South. They

espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

But, sir, our country was soon called upon to engage in another revolutionary struggle, and that, too, was a struggle for principle. I mean the political revolution which dates back to '98, and which, if it had not been successfully achieved, would have left us none of the fruits of the Revolution of '76. The revolution of '98 restored the Constitution, rescued the liberty of the citizen from the grasp of those who were aiming at its life, and, in the emphatic language of Mr. Jefferson, "saved the Constitution at its last gasp." And by whom was it achieved? By the South, sir, aided only by the democracy of the North and West.

I come now to the War of 1812, a war which, I well remember, was called in derision (while its event was doubtful) the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war; but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country than all other

events in our history put together. What, sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights!" It was for the protection of Northern shipping and New England seamen that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had everything to lose and nothing to gain. But, sir, with that generous devotion to country so characteristic of the South, they only asked if the rights of any portion of their fellow-citizens had been invaded; and when told that Northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and acting on that exalted sentiment "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek, in open war, for a redress of those injuries which it did not become freemen to endure. Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as the advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons. How they fulfilled that trust, let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed in any degree to the success of that war, to which Southern councils and Southern valor did not largely contribute. Sir, since South Carolina is assailed, I must be suffered to speak it to her praise that at the very moment when, in one quarter, we heard it solemnly proclaimed "that it did not become a religious and moral people to rejoice at the victories of our army or our navy," her legislature unanimously

"*Resolved,* That we will cordially support the government in the vigorous prosecution of the war until a peace can be obtained on honorable terms, and we will cheerfully submit to every privation that may be required of us by our government for the accomplishment of this object."

South Carolina redeemed that pledge. She threw open her treasury to the government. She put at the absolute disposal of the officers of the United States all that she possessed—her men, her money, and her arms. She appropriated half a million dollars, on her own account, in defense of her maritime frontier, ordered a brigade of State troops to be raised,

and when left to protect herself by her own means, never suffered the enemy to touch her soil, without being instantly driven off or captured.

Such, sir, was the conduct of the South—such the conduct of my own State in that dark hour "which tried men's souls."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DOCTRINE.

(From the same.)

Thus it will be seen, Mr. President, that the South Carolina doctrine is the Republican doctrine of '98—that it was promulgated by the fathers of the faith—that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times—that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned—that it embraces the "very principles, the triumph of which, at that time, saved the Constitution at its last gasp," and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation. Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the States. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all or any of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of its own authority, and the States are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically "a government without limitation of powers." The States are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one word more to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved—a firm, manly, and steady resistance

against usurpation. The measures of the Federal Government have, it is true, prostrated her interest, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin. But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest—a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the States and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. "Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave." Sir, if, acting on these high motives—if, animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty"?

SUSAN PETIGRU KING

SUSAN PETIGRU KING [Mrs. C. C. Bowen] was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1826 and died there in December, 1875. She was the youngest daughter of James L. Petigru, one of the most distinguished ante-bellum lawyers of the State. Like her father she was famous for her wit and cleverness at repartee, and many of her sayings were so brilliant that they remain a tradition to this day. The celebrated English author, Thackeray, on one occasion during his visit to Charleston undertook a tilt with her and was badly discomfited. Her gaiety and conversational gifts made her a leading figure in the social life of her native city, and her queenly presence and gracious courtesy became a memory in the "Jockey" and "St. Cecilia" Clubs. She married twice, the first time Captain Henry C. King of Charleston, a gallant Confederate soldier who was killed in 1862 in the battle of Secessionville, and again in 1873 she married Mr. C. C. Bowen.

Mrs. King was well known as an author of considerable ability. She published several novels descriptive of contemporary life, especially that in society circles in Charleston; viz., Busy Moments of an Idle Woman, 1854; Lily, a Novel, 1855; Sylvia's World, a Novel, 1859; Crimes Which the Law Does Not Reach, 1859 (short stories); Gerald Gray's Wife, 1866; An Actress in High Life, and numerous sketches for local magazines.[1]

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

(From Sylvia's World, 1859.)

There was not a more beautiful avenue of trees in all the world than that which led to the front entrance of Oaklevel. They were very old—they met overhead and enlaced them-

[1]This sketch is based on information kindly furnished the author by Mr. Charles J. Colcock, of Charleston.

selves with wreaths of moss: the sunlight came flickering through the branches and fell stealthily and tremblingly upon the clean, smooth ground. Little heaps of dead leaves lay here and there, scattered by each breath of the December breeze, and forming their tiny mounds in fresh places, as the wind trundled them along.

On a fine, bright morning, some years since, two persons were slowly pacing up and down this grand, majestic walk. They were both young, and both were handsome. She was blonde, and he a dark, grave-looking man.

"Nelly, I don't like flirts."

"Yes you do—you like me, don't you?"

"I don't like your flirting."

"What do you call flirting? If I am to be serious and answer your questions, and admit your reproofs and heed them—pray begin by answering me a little. When and where do I flirt?"

"Everywhere and at all times."

"Be more particular, if you please. Name, sir, name."

"I am not jesting, Nelly. Yesterday, at the picnic, you talked in a whisper to John Ford, you wore Ned Lawrens' flowers stuck in your belt-ribbon, you danced two waltzes with that idiot Percy Forest, and you sat for a full hour tête-à-tête with Walter James, and then rode home with him. I wish he had broken his neck—him!" and a low muttered curse ended the catalogue.

"If he had broken his neck, very probably he would have cracked mine, so thank you; and please, Harry, don't swear. It is such an ungentlemanly habit, I wonder that you should have it. And now for the list of my errors and crimes. The mysterious whisper to John Ford was to ask him if he would not invite Miss Ellis to dance; I had noticed that no one had yet done so. You gave me no flowers, although your sister's garden is full of them this week, so I very naturally wore Ned Lawrens' *galanterie* in the shape of half-a-dozen rosebuds. Percy Forest may be a goose, but he waltzes, certainly, with clever feet. One of those waltzes I had offered early in the day to you, and you said that you preferred a polka. Walter James is an old friend of mine, and for the matter of that, of yours, too. We talked very soberly—I

think that his most desperate speech was the original discovery that I have pretty blonde ringlets, and when he falls in love it shall be with a woman who has curls like mine. You best know whether papa allows me to drive with you, since our accident—my choice lay between a stuffy, stupid carriage, full of dull people, and a nice breezy drive in an open wagon with a jolly creature like Walter, whom you and I know to be, despite his compliments to my Eve-like coloring, *éperdûment amoureux* of Mary Turner's dark beauty. Now, Harry, have not you been unreasonable?"

"How can I help being so, Nelly, darling, when I am kept in this state of misery," answered Harry, whose frowning brow had gradually smoothed itself into a more placable expression. "What man on earth could patiently endure seeing the woman he adores free to be sought by every one—feeling himself bound to her body and soul, and yet not be able to claim her in the slightest way—made to pass his life in solitary wretchedness because an old lady and gentleman are too selfish"——

"Hush, hush, Harry; you are forgetting. I am very young; papa and mamma think me too young to bind myself by any engagement."

"It is not that. They choose to keep you as long as they can moldering with themselves in this old house."

"Harry!"

"Or else, it is I whom they dislike and refuse to receive as a son. Too young? Why, you are nineteen. It is an infamous shame."

"I will not speak to you if you go on in this way. You know just as well as I do, what their reasons are. My poor sister Emily made a love match at eighteen, and died, broken-hearted, at twenty-three. Her husband was a violent, jealous man who gave her neither peace nor valuable affection. He looked upon her as a pretty toy, petted her, and was raging if a gentleman spoke more than ten words by her side, so long as her beauty and novelty lasted. Her health failed, her delicate loveliness departed, and with these went his worthless passion. I was a mere child then—the last living blossom of a long garland of household flowers—when my father laid his beloved Emily in her early grave. I stood

by his great chair, that sad evening, in my little black gown, when he returned from the funeral, and he placed his hands upon my head, and made a vow that never, with his consent, should his only remaining darling follow in the steps of the lost one. "No man shall have her who has not proved himself worthy to win her. As Jacob served Laban shall her future husband serve for her, if it pleases God that she live, and that she have suitors." Day by day, year by year, he has but strengthened himself in this determination, and when, last spring, you applied to him for my hand, he told you frankly that if you had patience to wait, and were convinced of the strength of our mutual attachment, on my twenty-third birthday, you might claim a Mrs. Harry Trevor from his fireside."

"But, Nelly, four years to wait!—and all because poor Mrs. Vernon had weak lungs—forgive me, dearest—Helen,—dearest Helen." But Helen walked on and away from him with proper indignation.

With impatient strides, he passed her, just as they reached the lawn which bordered the avenue and surrounded the house. Extending his arms to bar her passage,

"Listen to me, my own dear Nelly," he pleaded. "I was wrong to say that, but you cannot understand, my angel, how furious and intractable I become when I think of those four years, those forty-eight months, those incalculable days between the time when I shall be sure of you."

"If you are not sure of me now, you do not fancy that you will be any more so then, do you?" asked Helen, gravely; but she permitted him to lead her away from the stone steps that she was about mounting, and back to the quiet alley under the old oaks.

He drew her arm through his, gently stroking her gloved hand as it rested in his own.

"If there is no truth and belief between us today, there will be none then," Helen pursued. "I am, in the sight of heaven, by my own free will and wish, your affianced wife. All the priests on earth would not make me more so, in spirit, than I am now. But I respect my father's wishes and feelings—and you must do so too," she added, lifting her eyes with such a lovely look of tenderness that Harry, as he

pressed the hand with renewed fervor, murmured a blessing in quite a different tone from the one which he had devoted to the now forgotten Walter James.

He glanced around, and was about to seal his happiness upon the dainty, pink lips, smiling so sweetly and confidingly, but Helen, blushing and laughing, said:

"Take care, papa is reading yesterday's paper at the left-hand window of the dining-room, and I think if one eye is deciding upon the political crisis, the other is directed this way."

"We are watched, then!" exclaimed Trevor, passionately, all his short-lived good humor again flown. "This is worse and worse."

Helen looked at her lover, with a calm, searching expression in her blue eyes: "Perhaps papa is right. He has a terror of violent men, and he may like to see if you are always as mild as he sees you in my presence."

Trevor bit his lip and stamped his foot impatiently. Helen hummed a tune and settled her belt ribbon with one hand, while she played the notes she was murmuring on the young gentleman's coat sleeve with the other.

He let the mischievous fingers slide through his arm, and "thought it was going to rain, and he had better be thinking of his ride to the city."

Nelly looked up at the blue heavens, where not a speck of a cloud was visible, and gravely congratulated him on a weather wisdom, which was equally rare and incomprehensible.

"But your season, my dear Harry, is always April; sunshine and storm succeed so rapidly that you can never take in the unbroken calm of this—December, for instance. Besides, I thought you were to stay all night with us? I know mamma expects you to do so."

"I am very much obliged," said Mr. Trevor, haughtily, "I have business in town."

"Clients? Court sitting?" asked Nelly, innocently and demurely lifting her pretty eyebrows.

"No. There is a party at Lou Wilson's, and I half promised to go. We are to try some new figures of the german.

"Indeed." Nelly's eyes flashed, and the color stole up deeper to her cheek. "I won't detain you."

She bowed and turned from him, with a cold "good morning." Her heart was beating and the tears were very near, but she managed to still the one and send back the others, so as to say indifferently over her shoulder: "Should you see Walter James, pray tell him that I shall be happy to learn that accompaniment by this evening, and as there is a moon (in spite of your storm), he can ride out after business hours, and practice the song. But, however, I won't trouble you, mamma is to send a servant to Mrs. James' some time today, and I will write a note."

"I think it will be useless; he is going to Miss Wilson's."

"Not if he can come here, I fancy," said the wilful little beauty, with a significant tone—and then, repeating her cool "good-bye—let us see you soon," she sauntered into the house, elaborately pausing to pick off some dead leaves from the geraniums that were sunning themselves on the broad steps by which she entered.

Thus parted two foolish children—one of whom had a moment before expressed the most overwhelming passion, and the other had avowed herself "in the sight of heaven, his affianced wife!"

MAXIMILIAN LA BORDE

MAXIMILIAN LA BORDE was born at Edgefield, South Carolina, June 5, 1804, and died at Columbia, November 6, 1873. His father was a native of Bordeaux, France, and became a wealthy planter in San Domingo, but emigrated to Charleston during the insurrection of 1791. He attended the academy of Chancellor J. C. Caldwell, and graduated at South Carolina College in 1820. He began the study of law in the office of Simkins and McDuffie, but soon turned to that of medicine, graduating at the Charleston Medical College in 1826. In 1836 he assisted General James Jones in founding the *Edgefield Advertiser,* at the same time carrying on his practice. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1836, and Secretary of State three years later. In 1842 he was made professor of belles lettres in South Carolina College. In 1845 he was transferred to the chair of metaphysics, but when the institution became the University, he was assigned the chair of English, which he held until his resignation a month before his death. During the war for secession he was employed in establishing wayside hospitals and in the relief of the soldiers.

Dr. La Borde was the author of an Introduction to Physiology, The Story of Lethea and Verona, and The History of the South Carolina College, a work of great interest and importance.

THORNWELL AS SCHOLAR AND TEACHER.

(From History of the South Carolina College, 1859.)

It is now in order for me to speak of Dr. Thornwell as an instructor in the College. It will be seen that he wanted a few days of being twenty-five years old when he was elected

to a professorship. When a student, he made an extraordinary impression upon the faculty. He was particularly a favorite with Cooper and Henry, and struck by his genius and attainments, they predicted with confidence his future distinction. As soon as he entered upon his duties as professor, all felt that the faculty had received a most valuable accession. The character of his intellect, his scholarly tastes, his rare learning for one of his years, his ardor, his enthusiasm, his insatiable thirst for knowledge, his talent for easy communication, all this pointed to a college as a most becoming theatre for his exertion. As a teacher, few, if any, have equalled, certainly none have surpassed him. Never was there in our walls a clearer head, a more acute mind. Always master of his subject, he was ever prepared to disentangle it of the rubbish with which it was encumbered, and, seizing upon its main points, to press them with a power and earnestness which were sure to make an impression. The most complex problems, the most abstract questions furnished the occasions for the display of his highest powers. He luxuriated in the profound, and dwelt with delight upon subjects, which by the many are regarded as incomprehensible. His mind was ever in search of law and principle; errors, like straws, he knew, floated upon the surface, and truth, like the pearl, was only to be found below. Dr. Thornwell first filled the Professorship of Belles Lettres and Criticism, and though none could witness his teachings without perceiving the genius and ability for which he is remarkable, yet the department was not congenial to his tastes, and the highest proofs of his powers are to be sought elsewhere. And here I may be permitted to say, that he has but little appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or art. He has his *taste,* but it has no great sympathy with the common standard of the world. He is essentially a *man of truth,* and though none is more addicted to sober, philosophical speculation, still he is always in search of the *real.* He will accept no ideal, he will rest upon no counterfeit. He wants the thing itself. He revolts at the imaginative, the fictitious, the mere pictorial illustration, the imitative, and instinctively turns away from what Scott calls, "forging the handwriting of nature." Of the world of fancy—a world

redolent with a beauty which nature in all her prodigality does not exhibit, where

> "All that is most beauteous—imaged there
> In happier beauty, more pellucid streams,
> An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams,"

he knows but little. His mind is logical, argumentative, metaphysical, and it is in this field of exertion that his genius has reaped its highest rewards. He has a love for ancient thought and speculation amounting almost to reverence, and his chosen companionship is with his great masters, Plato and Aristotle, with whom he wanders, as Milton styles it, in "the shady spaces of philosophy." The most interesting aspect, therefore, in which he is to be regarded as an instructor, is in the department of Logic and the Metaphysical and Moral Sciences. I think it is not saying too much to add, that never was the instruction in those branches of knowledge so ably conducted as when he had charge of them. In most youthful minds their very abstract nature produces a degree of repulsiveness which is not easily overcome; but by his genius and learning he so completely vindicated their utility and elevating tendencies, that they are now as favorite pursuits as any others in the College. The reader is prepared to anticipate the particular branches of learning in which he has made his principal acquisitions. But I will proceed now to express this more articulately. That he should have formed opinions of his own upon all the vexed questions connected with Logic, such as its precise nature and character, its utility as a branch of education, etc., and that he should have explored its learning, is no more than was to be expected. Immense as is this literature, he has mastered it all; and from the time of Aristotle, to that of Sir William Hamilton, there is no author of note with whom he is not familiar. He has given to each the most patient study, and thoroughly imbued as he is with a love of philosophy and speculation, has subjected them all to the severe scrutiny of his own powers. He is no dreamy theorist, who has happened to incorporate a particular idea in an educational system; but he exemplifies in his own writings and discourses

the value of those studies, of which he is the able and eloquent exponent. Who can resist the power of his logic, and who can extricate himself from his meshes when he becomes entangled in them? Whether it be the science or the art of reasoning, or both; whether it be the science which treats rather of the laws of thought, than of the laws of reasoning; whether its domain is so exclusive as not to allow of the introduction of metaphysical notions; whether it is purely deductive, or may be identified with the inductive, no matter how these questions may be determined, Dr. Thornwell is entitled to the proud distinction of being *the Logician* in our midst.

HENRY LAURENS

HENRY LAURENS was born at Charleston in 1724, and died there in 1792. He was of French Huguenot descent. He received the training for a successful business career partly in Charleston and partly in London. He was vice-president of South Carolina in 1770. From 1771 to 1774 he traveled in England and on the continent, becoming acquainted with many of the most illustrious men of the time. After holding several public offices in South Carolina and serving against the Indians, he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, of which he was chosen president. In 1779 he was sent as minister to Holland, but was captured and imprisoned in the Tower of London for more than a year as a suspected traitor. At the close of the Revolution he was exchanged for Lord Cornwallis and represented this country in the preliminary negotiations for peace. His narrative of his capture, of his confinement in the Tower of London, etc., 1780, 1781, 1782, is found in the Collections of the South Carolina Historical Society, Vol. I, 1857. He was an ardent patriot and a man of incorruptible integrity. Tyler styles him "the noblest Roman of them all."

A PATRIOTIC TOAST.

(From A Narrative of the Capture of Henry Laurens, etc.)

The 14th or 15th September [1780], the Vestal and Fairy, which had joined her, entered the Basin of St. Johns, Newfoundland. Soon after we had anchored, Admiral Edwards sent his compliments, desiring I would dine with him that and every day while I should remain in the land.

The Admiral received me politely at dinner; seated me at his right hand; after dinner he toasted the king; I joined. Immediately after he asked a toast from me. I gave "General Washington," which was repeated by the whole company, and created a little mirth at the lower end of the table. The

Admiral, in course of conversation, observed I had been pretty active among my countrymen. I replied that I had once been a good British subject, but after Great Britain had refused to hear our petitions, and had thrown us out of her protection, I had endeavored to do my duty.

A PRISONER IN THE TOWER.

(From the same.)

September 23d. [1781]—For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower, assured, "It was the advice and desire of all my friends, the thing might be easily effected, the face of American affairs was extremely gloomy. That I might have eighteen hours start before I was missed; time enough to reach Margate and Ostend; that it was believed there would be no pursuit," etc., etc. I had always said: "I hate the name of a runaway." At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it." Where the project of an escape originated is uncertain; but I am fully convinced it was not the scheme of the person who spoke to me upon the subject. The ruin of that person and family would have been the consequence of my escape, unless there had been some previous assurance of indemnification.

MARY ELIZABETH LEE

MARY ELIZABETH LEE was born at Charleston, March 23, 1813, and died there September 23, 1849. She came of a family long settled in South Carolina, and her grandfather, Colonel William Lee, was one of the exiles sent by the British to St. Augustine. William Lee, her father, was a lawyer, and for some time practised with his brother Thomas, afterwards United States Judge for South Carolina.

Her simple and uneventful life was devoted to home duties (in which she excelled) and to study and literature. She contributed to *The Orion, The Southern Rose* and similar current local publications, and also to *Graham's Magazine, The Southern Literary Messenger,* and other magazines. One prose work, Historical Tales for Youth, was the outcome of a successful competition for a prize offered by the Massachusetts Educational Board for books to be introduced into the school libraries. Her work was one of those adopted, and was regarded as one of the most popular and useful.

Miss Lee's mind was highly cultivated, and her character and disposition were beautiful. While apparently absorbed in her writings, she devoted much attention to painting, an art in which she attained considerable proficiency. She commanded respect and affection on all sides in her community, where she possessed a distinct place as a gentle and poetic influence at a period when literary activity was rarer than at present.[1]

Her poems were republished in a volume after her death, with a Memoir by Dr. Samuel Gilman. Some of the best known and most meritorious are "The Blind Negro Communicant," "The Poets," "Summer Rain," "Light," "The

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[1]For the above sketch the author is indebted to Mr. A. Markley Lee, of the Charleston bar.

Last Place of Sleep," "An Eastern Love Song," The Indian's Revenge," and a few others. Her translations from the German and adaptations from the Bible, are felicitous both in versification and expression. Koerner's "Battle Hymn" and Schiller's "Division of the Earth" do full justice to the originals, and her paraphrase of the 103rd Psalm is a noble poetic rendering of the English version.

THE POETS.

(From Poetical Remains of Mary Elizabeth Lee, 1851.)

The poets—the poets—
  Those giants of the earth:
In mighty strength they tower above
  The men of common birth;
A noble race—they mingle not
  Among the motley throng,
But move, with slow and measured steps,
  To music-notes along.

The poets—the poets—
  What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
  They rule a world's wide host;
Their stainless banner floats unharmed
  From age to lengthened age;
And history records their deeds
  Upon her proudest page.

The poets—the poets—
  How endless is their fame!
Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
  No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems that gleam
  In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won, in memory's depth,
  An immortality.

The poets—the poets—
  Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes that contain
  Their bright and spotless lore?
They charm us in the saddest hours,
  Our richest joys they feed;
And love for them has grown to be
  A universal creed.

The poets—the poets—
  Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
  Around each honored head:
No tribute is too high to give
  Those crowned ones among men.
The poets! the true poets!
  Thanks be to God for them!

THE SPRING.

(From the same.)

The Spring! The new-born Spring!
  That pet-child of the year;
It comes in gay and thoughtless glee,
  Bounding o'er Winter's bier:
Fresh flowers look up to greet it,
  Birds spring from out the grass;
The very air with joy keeps time
  To its footsteps as they pass.

The Spring! the buoyant Spring!
  Oh! happy is its lot,
It wins a blessing and a smile
  From palace and from cot.
All watch its truant gambols
  Along a devious maze:
It findeth out some beauty
  In earth's most dreary ways. . . .

The Spring! the balmy Spring!
  For pastime it doth sip
Honey and dew from every bud
  That opes a nectared lip;
And as its soft, cool breathings
  Just now across me moved,
My blood ran warm, as when I meet
  The kiss of one beloved. . . .

The Spring! the tireless Spring!
  With its full wealth of flowers;
I wonder if 'twill hold such sway
  Through all life's hardening hours;
I wonder, when my head grows white,
  And life's a breaking string—
If such a childhood of the heart
  Will always come with Spring!

THE LAST PLACE OF SLEEP.

(From the same.)

Lay me not in green-wood lone,
Where the sad wind maketh moan,
Where the sun hath never shone,
  Save as if in sadness;
Nor, I pray thee, let me be
Buried 'neath the chill, cold sea,
Where the waves, tumultous, free,
  Chafe themselves to madness.

But in yon enclosure small,
Near the church-yard's mossy wall,
Where the dew and sunlight fall,
  I would have my dwelling;
Sure, there are some friends, I wot,
Who would make that narrow spot
Lovely as a garden plot,
  With rich perfumes swelling.

Let no costly stone be brought,
Where a stranger's hand hath wrought
Vain inscriptions speaking nought
To the true affections;
But, above the quiet bed,
Where I rest my weary head,
Plant those buds, whose perfumes shed
Tenderest recollections.

Then, as every year, the tide
Of strong death bears to my side
Those, who were by love allied,
As the flowers of summer;
Sweet to think, that from the mould
Of my body long since cold,
Plants of beauty shall enfold
Every dear new-comer.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARE

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ was born at Charleston, January 2, 1797, and died at Boston, June 20, 1843. He was descended from Scotch and Huguenot ancestors. He nearly lost his life when a child as the result of inoculation with the small-pox, and throughout life his legs were dwarfed, though his head and chest were finely developed. Being thus deprived of out-door exercises he became a hard student and eventually one of the most cultured and learned public men in America. He was prepared for college by Mitchell King at the high school of Charleston and by Dr. Waddel at the Willington Academy. He then attended South Carolina College, where he was highly distinguished as a student of ancient and modern languages, and in 1814 graduated with the first honor. After studying law in Charleston under King for three years, he visited Europe for two years, spending much time in study at Paris and at Edinburgh, where he met George Tichnor. On returning to Charleston in 1820 he was sent to the legislature for two years, practised law and managed a plantation on John's Island. From 1824 to 1830 he was again in the general assembly. Early in the year 1828 he and Stephen Elliott, the botanist, jointly founded *The Southern Review,* a quarterly magazine, of which he served as editor during its life of four years. He contributed to it some of his most scholarly reviews and secured a good list of able contributors. He became attorney-general of the State in 1830, and from 1832 to 1836 was *chargé d' affaires* at Brussels, where he continued his studies in the civil law. He opposed the Nullification movement. He was elected to Congress in 1836, but was defeated in 1838 due to his opposition to the sub-treasury bill. In 1841 he was appointed attorney-general of the United States by Tyler, and on Webster's retirement acted as secretary of state for several months. His closing years were saddened

by ill health and loss of relatives. He died at the home of his friend Tichnor while attending the Bunker Hill celebration with the President.

Legaré's writings were collected by his sister, Mrs. Bullen, in 1846, and published posthumously in two volumes with a memoir. These volumes include his Diary of Brussels; Journal of the Rhine; Diplomatic Correspondence; Private Correspondence, and essays on Demosthenes, the Man, the Orator, and the Statesman; Athenian Democracy; Origin, History, and Influence of the Roman Legislation; The Constitutional History of Greece; Classical Learning; Roman Literature, and Catullus. A short sketch of his life was published by Paul H. Hayne in 1878.

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

(From the Works of Hugh Swinton Legaré, 1846.)

We now approach, with more confidence, the second question, how far it is worth our while to study the writings of the ancients as models, and to make them a regular part of an academic course. We shall be obliged to be more brief upon this branch of the subject than we could wish to be, but will endeavor to urge some of the strongest grounds in favor of the established system.

And first, it is, independently of all regard to their excellence, a most important consideration, that our whole literature in every part and parcel of it, has immediate and constant reference to these writings. This is so true, that no one, who is not a scholar can even understand—without the aid of labored scholia, which, after all, can never afford a just, much less a lively idea of the beauties of the text—thousands of the finest passages, both in prose and poetry. Let any one who doubts this, open Milton where he pleases, and read ten pages together, and we think he will confess that our opinion is well founded. Indeed, a knowledge of Latin and Greek is almost as much *presupposed* in our literature, as that of the alphabet, and the facts or the fictions of ancient history and mythology, are as familiarly alluded to in the learned circles of England, as any of the laws or phenomena in nature. . . .

We mention as another important consideration, that the knowledge of these languages brings us acquainted, familiarly, minutely and impressively, with a state of society altogether unlike anything that we see in modern times. When we read a foreign author of our own day, we occasionally, indeed, remark differences in taste, in character and customs; but in general, we find ourselves *en pays de connaissance.* Modern civilization, of which one most important element is a common religion, is pretty uniform. But the moment we open a Greek book we are struck with the change. We are in quite a new world, combining all that is wonderful in fiction, with all that is instructive in truth. Manners and customs, education, religion, national character, everything is original and peculiar. Consider the priest and the temple, the altar and the sacrifice, the chorus and the festal pomp, the gymnastic exercises, and those Olympic games, whither universal Greece repaired with all her wealth, her strength, her genius and taste—where the greatest cities and kings, and the other first men of their day, partook with an enthusiastic rivalry, scarcely conceivable to us, in the interest of the occasion, whether it was a race, a boxing match, a contest of musicians, or an oration, or a notable history to be read *to* the mingled throng—and where the horse and the rider, the chariot and the charioteer, were consecrated by the honors of the crown and the renown of the triumphal ode. Look into the theaters where "the lofty grave tragedians" contend, in their turn, for the favor of the same cultivated people, and where Aristophanes, in verses, which, by the confession of all critics, were never surpassed in energy and spirit, in Attic purity and the most exquisite modulations of harmony, is holding up Socrates—the wisest of mankind—to the contempt and ridicule of the mob, if that Athenian Demus, that could only be successfully courted with such verses, does not disdain the appellation. . . .

It is impossible to contemplate the annals of Greek literature and art, without being struck by them as by far the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomenon in the history of the human mind. The very language—even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists who celebrated

the exploits of Hercules and Theseos, was as great a wonder as any it records. All the other tongues that civilized men have spoken, are poor and feeble, and barbarous, in comparison of it. Its compass and flexibility, its riches and its powers, are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses with precision all that is thought or known at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally, with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase, or a systematic nomenclature whenever one is called for. It is equally adapted to every variety of style and subject—to the most shadowy subtlety of distinction, and the utmost exactness of definition, as well as to the energy and the pathos of popular eloquence—to the majesty, the elevation, the variety of the epic, and the boldest license of the dithyrambic, no less than to the sweetness of the elegy, the simplicity of the pastoral, or the heedless gaiety and delicate characterization of comedy. Above all, what is an unspeakable charm —a sort of *naiveté* is peculiar to it, which appears in all those various styles, and is quite as becoming and agreeable in a historian or a philosopher—Xenophon, for instance—as in the light and jocund numbers of Anacreon. Indeed, were there no other object in learning Greek but to see to what perfection language is capable of being carried, not only as a medium of communication, but as an instrument of thought, we see not why the time of a young man would not be just as well bestowed in acquiring a knowledge of it—for all the purposes, at least, of a liberal or elementary education—as in learning algebra, another specimen of a language or arrangement of signs perfect in its kind. But this wonderful idiom happens to have been spoken, as was hinted in the preceding paragraph, by a race as wonderful. The very first monument of their genius—the most ancient relic of letters in the Western world—stands to this day altogether unrivalled in the exalted class to which it belongs. What was the history of this immortal poem and of its great fellow? Was it a single individual, and who was he, that composed them? Had he any master or model? What had been his education, and what was the state of society in which he lived? . . .

All we ask then, is that a boy should be thoroughly taught

in the ancient languages from his eighth to his sixteenth year, or thereabouts, in which time he will have his taste formed, his love of letters completely, perhaps enthusiastically awakened, his knowledge of the principles of universal grammar perfected, his memory stored with the history, the geography, and the chronology of all antiquity, and with a vast fund of miscellaneous literature besides, and his imagination kindled with the most beautiful and glowing passages of Greek and Roman poetry and eloquence; all the rules of criticism familiar to him, the sayings of sages, and the achievements of heroes, indelibly impressed upon his heart. He will have his curiosity fired for further acquisition, and find himself in possession of the golden keys, which open all the recesses where the stores of knowledge have ever been laid up by civilized man. The consciousness of strength will give him confidence, and he will go to the rich treasures themselves and take what he wants, instead of picking up eleemosynary scraps from those whom, in spite of himself, he will regard as his betters in literature. He will be let into that great communion of scholars throughout all ages and all nations—like that more awful communion of saints in the Holy Church Universal—and feel a sympathy with departed genius, and with the enlightened and the gifted minds of other countries, as they appear before him, in the transports of a sort of Vision Beatific, bowing down at the same shrines and glowing with the same holy love of whatever is most pure and fair, and exalted and divine in human nature. Above all, our American youth will learn, that liberty—which is sweet to all men, but which is the *passion* of proud minds that cannot stoop to less—has been the nurse of all that is sublime in character and genius. They will see her form and feel her influence in everything that antiquity has left for our admiration—that bards consecrated their harps to her—that she spoke from the lips of the mighty orators—that she fought and conquered, acted and suffered with the heroes whom she had formed and inspired; and, after ages of glory and virtue fell with *Him*—her all-accomplished hope—*Him, the Last of Romans*—the self-immolated martyr of Philippi. Our young student will find his devotion to his country—his free

country—become at once more fervid and more enlightened, and think scorn of the wretched creatures who have scoffed at the sublime simplicity of her institutions, and "esteem it," as one expresses it, who learned to be a republican in the schools of antiquity, much better to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece, than the barbaric pride of a Norwegian or Hunnish stateliness; and, let us add, will come much more to despise that slavish and nauseating subserviency to rank and title, with which all European literature is steeped through and through. If Americans are to study any foreign literature at all, it ought, undoubtedly, to be the Classical, and especially the Greek.

CHARACTER OF DEMOSTHENES.

(From the Essay on Demosthenes.)

The charge of effeminacy and want of courage in battle seems to be considered as better founded. Plutarch admits it fully. His foppery is matter of ridicule to Æschines, who, at the same time, in rather a remarkable passage in his speech on the Crown, gives us some clue to the popular report as to his deficiency in the military virtues of antiquity. "Who," says he "will be there to sympathize with him? Not they who have been trained with him in the same gymnasium? No, by Olympian Jove! for, in his youth, instead of hunting the wild boar and addicting himself to exercises which give strength and activity to the body, he was studying the arts that were one day to make him the scourge of the rich." Those exercises were, in the system of the Greeks, considered as absolutely indispensable to a liberal education. That of Demosthenes was certainly neglected by his guardians, and the probability is that the effeminacy with which he was reproached meant nothing more than that he had not frequented in youth the palestra and the gymnasium, and that his bodily training had been sacrificed to his intellectual.

That he possessed moral courage of the most sublime order is past all question; but his nerves were weak. If the

tradition that is come down to us in regard to his natural defects as an orator is not a gross exaggeration, he had enough to occupy him for years in the correction of them. But what an idea does it suggest to us of the mighty will, the indomitable spirit, the decided and unchangeable vocation, that, in spite of so many impediments, his genius fulfilled its destiny, and attained at last to the supremacy at which it aimed from the first! His was that deep love of ideal beauty, that passionate pursuit of eloquence in the abstract, that insatiable thirst after perfection in art for its own sake, without which no man ever produced a masterpiece of genius. Plutarch, in his usual graphic style, places him before us as if he were an acquaintance,—aloof from the world; immersed in the study of his high calling, with his brow never unbent from care and thought; severely abstemious in the midst of dissoluteness and debauchery; a water-drinker among Greeks; like that other Agonistes, elected and ordained to struggle, to suffer, and to perish for a people unworthy of him:—

"His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

Let any one who has considered the state of manners at Athens just at the moment of his appearance upon the stage of public life, imagine what an impression such a phenomenon must have made upon a people so lost in profligacy and sensuality of all sorts. What wonder that the unprincipled though gifted Demades, the very personification of the witty and reckless libertinism of the age, should deride and scoff at this strange man, living as nobody else lived, thinking as nobody else thought; a prophet, crying from his solitude of great troubles at hand; the apostle of the past; the preacher of an impossible restoration; the witness to his contemporaries that their degeneracy was incorrigible and their doom hopeless; and that another seal in the book was broken, and a new era of calamity and downfall opened in the history of nations.

We have said that the character of Demosthenes might be divined from his eloquence; and so the character of his eloquence was a mere emanation of his own. It was the life

and soul of the man, the patriot, the statesman. "Its highest attribute of all," says Dionysius, "is the spirit of life—το πνεύμα—that pervades it."

DINING WITH ROYALTY.

(From a Letter to the Author's Sisters, dated Brussels, March 24, 1833.)

At table, the fashion in Europe is not like yours, for the master of the house to sit at one *end,* and the mistress at the other. The place of honor is at the side and at the middle of the board. When I dined at Neuilly,[1] the queen sat on one side, and the king opposite to her on the other, but Leopold[2] and Louise are inseparable, at least at dinner—and, judging from their most amiable characters and affectionate dispositions, I should suppose every where else. The Grand Marshal of the palace, here, always takes his place opposite to their Majesties. And so it was on the occasion in question. On the right of the King sat the Queen of the French, on her right the Queen of the Belgians, next to her the Duke of Orleans, next the Duchess d'Arenberg, next Count de La Latour Maubourg, etc., etc. On the *left* of the King was the Princess Marie, next the English ambassador, etc. The Grand Marshal had on his right the Lady of Honor handed in by the Duke d'Arenberg, on whose right sat the Duke himself; on the left was Madame d'Hoogvorst, and next to her your humble servant,—so that I sat immediately opposite the Queen of the Belgians, whose sweet, modest face I am never tired of looking upon. The dinner was served with the highest magnificence of the court,—the crowd of servants in waiting being decked out in their most showy liveries, (scarlet and gold for some, while others wore a more modest uniform, with swords at their sides,)—and the table itself covered with gold and silver, and, at the dessert, with Sèvres china.—This last, which is the most beautiful painted china, manufactured near Paris, at a cost of 300 francs (sixty

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[1]This chateau near Paris was the favorite residence of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

[2]Leopold I, King of the Belgians (1831-1865), who married the Princess Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe.

dollars) a *plate,* was a bridal present to the queen from her father. A grand band of music played the most fashionable and admired pieces of the great German and Italian masters, at intervals during the dinner,—which, in all other respects, went off as Court dinners always do, with the gravest decorum,—a conversation confined to two,—with no variety except an occasional change from right to left, when one or the other of your neighbors, as it happens, is *run out* of small talk, and carried on, of course, in a sort of whisper. Certainly, however, it must be confessed that a vast table, covered with so much magnificence, and surrounded by ladies and gentlemen,—the former sparkling with diamonds, the latter all in Court embroidery,—presents a very brilliant *coup d'oeil.* I was never before so much struck with the effect of precious stones in a lady's toilette, as with the richly-coloured beams of light that glittered about the neck and head of the Duchess d'Arenberg,—a very fine woman, about thirty-five, who was arrayed in more than the glory of Solomon. The worst of a dinner at Court is that, after having got through the tedious formalities of the reception and the *execution,* (they endure a couple of hours or so,) the whole company is marched back into the *salle de reception,* where coffee is served with *liquers,* and *there* are sometimes kept *standing* (for none but the ladies who take their places at the queen's round table after dinner, in the middle of the room, are allowed to sit) sometimes for another hour, or hour and a half. For me, whose habit is and always has been, if possible, to stretch myself off at full length upon a sofa, or, at least, recline quite at my ease after dinner, this part of my diplomatic duties—aggravated, as it is, by being buttoned up close in a uniform coat made last summer, when I was by no means in such good case as I am now—is quite a serious task.

JAMES MATHEWES LEGARE

James Mathewes Legaré was born at Charleston, November 26, 1823, and died at Aiken, South Carolina, March 30, 1859. He was a relative of Hugh S. Legaré and descended from Scotch and Huguenot stock. He studied law and practised it with moderate success in Charleston. His heart was more given to literature, and he contributed poems and prose articles from time to time to several magazines. He patented several inventions which failing health prevented him from fully developing. He published in 1847 Orta-Undis and Other Poems, a volume of one hundred pages containing his best work. From it are taken all the poems in this collection, "The Reaper," "To a Lily," "Haw-Blossoms," "Tallulah," "On the Death of a Kinsman," "To Anne," and "Flowers in Ashes." The following additional poems deserve mention: "Ahab Mohammed," "A May Morning," "Love's Heraldry," "The Book of Nature," "A Wreck," "The Rising of the River," "Loquitur Diana," "The Welcome Rain," "Why She Loves Me," "The Two Givers." The title-piece, "Orta-Undis" (meaning sprung from water) is a short poem in Latin at the end of the volume.

THE REAPER.

(From Orta-Undis and Other Poems, 1847.[1])

How still Earth lies!—behind the pines
  The summer clouds sink slowly down,
The sunset gilds the higher hills
  And distant steeples of the town.

Refreshed and moist the meadow spreads,
  Birds sing from out the dripping leaves,
And standing in the breast-high corn
  I see the farmer bind his sheaves.

[1]For the loan of this rare volume the author is indebted to Miss Ellen M. Fitz-Simons, of the Charleston Library.

It was when on the fallow fields
  The heavy frosts of winter lay,
A rustic with unsparing hand
  Strewed seed along the furrowed way.

And I too, walking through the waste
  And wintry hours of the past,
Have in the furrows made by griefs
  The seeds of future harvests cast,

Rewarded well, if when the world
  Grows dimmer in the ebbing light,
And all the valley lies in shade,
  But sunset glimmers on the height.

Down in the meadows of the heart
  The birds sing out a last refrain,
And ready garnered for the mart
  I see the ripe and golden grain.

TO A LILY.

(From the same.)

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white.
For she, who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: Her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less;
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself:—So she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again,
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone:
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

HAW-BLOSSOMS.

(From the same.)

While yester-evening, through the vale
  Descending from my cottage door
I strayed, how cool and fresh a look
  All nature wore.

The calmias and golden-rods
  And tender blossoms of the haw,
Like maidens seated in the wood,
  Demure, I saw.

The recent drops upon their leaves
  Shone brighter than the bluest eyes;
And filled the little sheltered dell
  Their fragrant sighs.

Their pliant arms they interlaced,
  As pleasant canopies they were:
Their blossoms swung against my cheek
  Like braids of hair.

And when I put their boughs aside
  And stooped to pass, from overhead
The little agitated things
  A shower shed

Of tears. Then thoughtfully I spoke;
  Well represent ye maidenhood,
Sweet flowers. Life is to the young
  A shady wood.

And therein some like golden-rods,
For grosser purposes designed,
A gay existence lead, but leave
No germ behind.

And others like the calmias,
On cliff-sides inaccessible,
Bloom paramount, the vale with sweets
Yet never fill.

But underneath the glossy leaves,
When, working out the perfect law,
The blossoms white and fragrant still
Drop from the haw;

Like worthy deeds in silence wrought
And secret, through the lapse of years,
In clusters pale and delicate
The fruit appears.

In clusters pale and delicate
By waxing heavier each day,
Until the many-colored leaves
Drift from the spray.

Then pendulous, like amethysts
And rubies, purple ripe and red,
Wherewith God's feathered pensioners
In flocks are fed.

Therefore, sweet reader of this rhyme,
Be unto thee examples high
Not calmias and golden-rods
That scentless die:

But the meek blossoms of the haw,
That fragrant are wherever wind
The forest paths, and perishing
Leave fruits behind.

TALLULAH.

(From the same.)

Recollectest thou, in thunder
  How Tallulah spoke to thee,
When thy little face with wonder
Lifted upwards, rocks asunder
    Riven, shattered,
    Black and battered,
  Thou aloft didst see?

Downward stalking through TEMPESTA,
  Did a giant shape appear.
All the waters leaping after
Hound-like with their thunder-laughter
    Shook the valley
    Teocalli,
  Hill-top bleak and bare.

Vast and ponderous, of granite,
  Cloud enwrapt his features were.
In his great calm eyes emotion
Glimmered none; and like an ocean
    Billowy, tangled,
    Foam bespangled
  Backward streamed his hair.

On his brow like dandelions
  Nodded pines: the solid floor
Rocked and reeled beneath his treading,
Black on high a tempest spreading,
    Pregnant, passive,
    As with massive
  Portal, closed the corridor.

Frightened, sobbing, clinging to me
  In an agony of dread,
Sawest thou this form tremendous
Striding down the steep stupendous
    With the torrent:
    Night abhorrent
  Closing overhead.

Then my heart dissembling courage,
That thine own so loudly beat.
Comfort thee, I said, poor trembler:
Providence is no dissembler.
Higher power
Guards each flower
Blooming at thy feet.

Flushed and tearful from my bosom
Thereat thou didst lift thy face.
Blue and wide thy eyes resplendent,
Turned upon thy phantom pendent,
Whose huge shadow
Overshadowed
All the gloomy place.

Then sonorous from the chasm
Pealed a voice distinct and loud:
"Innocence and God-reliance
Set all evil at defiance.
Maiden, by these,
As by snow, trees,
Evil heads are bowed."

ON THE DEATH OF A KINSMAN.[1]

(From the same.)

I see an eagle winging to the sun—
Who sayeth him nay?
He glanceth down from where his wing hath won:
His heart is stout, his flight is scarce begun,—
Oh hopes of clay!

Saw he not how upon the cord was lain
A keen swift shaft;
How Death wrought out in every throbbing vein,
In every after agony of pain,
His bitter craft!

[1]Hugh Swinton Legaré.

Like old Demetrius, the sun had he
  Beheld so long,
Now things of earth no longer could he see,
And in his ear sang Immortality
  A pleasant song.

Icarus-like, he fell when warm and near
  The sunshine smiled:
He rose strong-pinioned in his high career—
Thy dust remains, thy glorious spirit where,
  Minerva's child?

Therefore him Fame had written fair and high
  Upon her scroll,
Who fell like sudden meteor from the sky,
Who strenuous to win at last did die
  E'en at the goal.

TO ANNE[1]

(From the same.)

Disconsolate and ill at ease
The heart that is, a future sees
Affording naught to cheer or please.

But she that owns a quiet mind
To good or evil fate resigned,
No great unhappiness can find

In any lot. A child in years,
Already have maturer cares
Oppressed thee, and thy eyes to tears

No strangers are. Fair, fresh, and young,
Thrice bitterly thy heart was wrung.

For what had they to do with thee,
In thy spring days, despondency,
Or any woful mysteries?

[1]The poet's wife.

Yet when thy eyes were no more blind
With weeping, self-possessed, resigned,
Preëminent arose thy mind.

And resolute in doing well,
Didst henceforth teach thy breast to swell
With nought that maiden will could quell.

Thou sawest how man breathes a day
Before re-mingling with his clay:

How feeble in Almighty ken
The most omnipotent of men

Appears: And how the longest life
Is one short struggle in the strife

That rocks the world from age to age.
What worthy hand may write the page
Whose Alexandrine words unbind
Thy upwardly directed mind?

One beat triumphant of the wings,
And dust no more about thee clings,
And all the galaxy of things

Intangible and vast, expand,
So that thou mayest safely stand
On hitherto a quaking sand.

Yet must this excellence be wrought
Not by companionship with thought

Alone: By tracing down the stream
Of life, the glitter of a dream:

By repetition vain of creeds:
No,—it is by thy deeds—THY DEEDS,
The flowers will o'ertop the weeds

In thy God's-garden. Cheerfully
Do that allotted is to thee,
And fashion out thy destiny;

So that the tomb-doors may not be
Dreaded and dark, but ope to thee
A heaven far as thou can'st see.

FLOWERS IN ASHES.

(From the same.)

Where, with unruffled surface wide,
The waters of the river glide
Between the arches dimly in the early dawn descried;

While musing, Sweet, of thee,—once more
I crossed the bridge as oft of yore,
I saw a shallop issue from the shadow of the shore.

With practised ease the boatman stood,
And dipped his paddle in the flood:
And so the open space was gained, and left behind the wood.

The dripping blade, with measured stroke,
In ripples soft the surface broke;
As once Apollo, kissing oft, the nymph Cyrene woke.

And fast pursuing in his wake,
I heard the dimpling eddies break
In murmurs faint, as if they said—Herefrom example take.

Unruffled as this river, lies
The stream of life to youthful eyes;
On either bank a wood and mart, and overhead God's skies.

Behind slopes the pleasant shore,
The tumult of the town before,
And thou, who standest in the stern, hast in thy hand an oar.

Oh son of toil, whose poet's heart
Grieves from thy quiet woods to part,
And yet whose birthright high it is, to labor in the mart,

To thee, a child, the bloom was sweet;
But manhood loves the crowded street, [beat.
And where in closes, loud and clear, the forging hammers

But even there may bloom for thee
The blossoms childhood loved to see;
And in the cinders of thy toil, God's fairest flowers be.

FRANCIS LIEBER

FRANCIS LIEBER was born at Berlin, March 28, 1800; died at New York, October 2, 1872. He fought in the Prussian army at Waterloo in 1815, was imprisoned for liberalism in Berlin, and was forbidden the Prussian universities, but graduated at Jena. He took refuge in England in 1825, and in 1827 emigrated to America, where he engaged in literary work and in lecturing. In 1832 he drew up the plan of education for Girard College. From 1835 until 1856 he was professor of history and political economy in South Carolina College, serving as chairman of the faculty from 1851 to 1856. In 1856 he accepted the same chair in Columbia College, New York. He superintended the collection and arranging of the Confederate government records in 1865. In 1870 he acted as final arbitrator of the dispute between the United States and Mexico.

He was the author of Manual of Political Ethics, 1838; Essays on Property and Labor, 1842; Legal and Political Hermeneutics, 1839; The West, and Other Poems, 1848; and Civil Liberty and Self-Government, 1853. "It was at Columbia," says Dr. Colyer Meriwether, "that his great works were produced. The germs of one of them were probably in his mind before going there, but the others were entirely the product of this scholastic leisure."

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

(From Civil Liberty and Self-Government, 1853.)

The maxim Vox Populi Vox Dei is so closely connected with the subjects which we have been examining, and it is so often quoted on grave political occasions, that it appears to me proper to conclude this work with an inquiry into the validity of this stately saying. Its poetic boldness and epigrammatic finish, its Latin and lapidary formulation, and its apparent connection of a patriotic love of the people

with religious fervor, give it an air of authority and almost of sacredness. Yet history, as well as our own times, shows us that everything depends upon the question of who are the "people," and that even if we have fairly ascertained the legitimate sense of this great yet absurd term, we frequently find that their voice is anything rather than the voice of God.

If the term people is used for a clamoring crowd, which is not even a constituted part of an organic whole, we would be still more fatally misled by taking the clamor for the voice of the deity. We shall arive, then, at this conclusion, that in no case can we use the maxim as a test, for, even if we call the people's voice the voice of God in those cases in which the people demand that which is right, we must first know that they do so before we could call it the voice of God. It is no guiding authority; it can sanction nothing.

"The chief priests, and the rulers, and the people," cried out all at once, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Were then "the rulers and the people" not the populace? But their voice was assuredly not the vox Dei in this case. If populus means the constituted people speaking through the organs and in the forms of law, the case of Socrates arises at once in our mind. It was the people of Athens, speaking by their constituted authorities, that bade him drink the hemlock; yet it would be blasphemy to say that it was the voice of God that spoke in this case through the mouth of the Athenians. Was it the voice of the people, and, through it, the voice of God, which demanded the sway of the guillotine in the first French revolution? . . .

How shall we ascertain, in modern times, whether anything be the voice of the people? And next, whether that voice be the voice of God, so that it may command respect? For, unless we can do this, the whole maxim amounts to no more than a poetic sentence expressing the opinion of an individual, but no rule, no canon.

Is it unanimity that indicates the voice of the people? Unanimity in this case can mean only a very large majority. But even unanimity is commanding only when it is the result of digested and organic public opinion, and even then, we know perfectly well that it may be erroneous and conse-

quently not the voice of God, but simply the best opinion at which erring and sinful men at the time are able to arrive. . . .

Unanimity of itself proves nothing worth being proved for our purpose. In considering unanimity, the first subject that presents itself to us is that remarkable phenomenon called Fashion. . . . Though the head may wear a crown, Fashion puts her shears to its hair, if she has a mind to do so. Far more powerful than international law, which only rules between nations, she brings innumerable nations into one fold, and that frequently the fold of acknowledged folly. How can we explain this stupendous phenomenon? It is not necessary to do so here. The fact, however, must be acknowledged. It is the most remarkable instance of unanimity, but will any one say that Fashion is a vox Dei? The very question would be irreverent were it not candidly made in a philosophical spirit. . . .

If we carefully view the subject of unanimity, we shall find that in the cases in which vast action takes place by impelled masses—and it is in these cases that the maxim is invoked—error is as frequently the basis as truth. It is panic, fanaticism, revenge, lust of gain, and hatred of races that produce most of the sudden and comprehensive impulses. Truth travels slowly. Indeed, all essential progress is typified in the twelve humble men that followed Christ. The voice of God was not then the voice of the people. What the ancients said of the avenging gods, that they are shod with wool, is true of great ideas in history. They approach softly. Great truths always dwell a long time with small minorities, and the real voice of God is often that which rises above the masses, and not that which follows them.

But the difficulty of fixing the meaning of this saying is not restricted to that of ascertaining what is the voice of God. It is equally difficult to find out what is the voice of the people. If by the voice of the people be meant, as was stated before, the organically evolved opinion of a people, we do not stand in need of the saying. We know we ought to obey the laws of the land. If by the voice of the people be meant the result of universal suffrage without institutions, and especially in a large country with a powerful executive, not

permitting even preparatory discussion, it is an empty phrase; it is deceptive, or it may be the effect of vehement yet transitory excitement, or of a political fashion. The same is true when the clamoring expression of many is taken for the voice of the whole people.

The doctrine Vox populi vox Dei is essentially unrepublican, as the doctrine that the people may do what they list under the constitution, above the constitution, and against the constitution, is an open avowal of disbelief in self-government.

The true friend of freedom does not wish to be insulted by the supposition that he believes each human individual an erring man, and that nevertheless the united clamor of erring men has a character of divinity about it; nor does he desire to be told that the voice of the people, though legitimately and institutionally proclaimed and justly commanding respect and obedience, is divine on that account. He knows that the majority may err, and that he has the right and often the duty to use his whole energy to convince them of their error, and lawfully to bring about a different set of laws. The true and stanch republican wants liberty, but no deification either of himself or others; he wants a firmly built self-government and noble institutions, but no absolutism of any sort—none to practise on others, and none to be practised on himself.

JOHN HENRY LOGAN

JOHN HENRY LOGAN was born in South Carolina in 1822, and died in 1885. He was a physician and at one time held a professorship in a medical college at Atlanta. He was the author of three volumes: a Students' Manual of Chemico-Physics, A Digest of the Negro Law, and a History of the Upper Country of South Carolina, 1859.

HABITS OF THE CAROLINA PANTHER.[1]

(From History of the Upper Country of South Carolina, 1859.)

After the Indians, the most troublesome enemies with which the early settlers had to contend were the panther, wolf, and wild cat. They prowled around their houses at night, and so frequent were their onslaughts on the folds and poultry yards, that it was difficult for them to keep any domestic animals at all.

The panther, although by nature cowardly, and always ready to flee at the sight of any human being, yet when wounded or pressed by hunger, became exceedingly bold and ferocious. While hunting its prey it was not unfrequently known to leap fearlessly into the very midst of the pioneer's households. We were shown near the Ennoree, on a part of the very scene, where in after years the gallant Williams and Clark charged with fearful energy upon far different prey, the site of a ruined cabin through the door of which a panther, one night, leaped over the shoulders of one Mrs. Ford.

This animal, when thoroughly aroused, was undoubtedly more formidable than any other in all this portion of the American continent. The Indians called it the *cat of God,* and selected it as one of their great religious emblems. Their male children were made to sleep upon its skin, from infancy to manhood, that they might imbibe from it some portion of the cunning, strength, and prodigious spring of the animal

[1]For this selection the author is indebted to Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales.

to which it belonged. On the same principle their female offspring were reared on the soft skins of fawns and buffalo calves, that they might become gentle and obedient.

The panther has borne different names among the white settlers who took possession of his solitudes. He has been called the American lion, the tiger, and cougar; and his claims to be ranked with the king of beasts, or the great tiger of India, will hardly be disputed on the score of deficiency of size and strength, when it is related that individuals have been killed, in the woods of Carolina, measuring three feet in height, and eight feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. Audubon fixes his average weight at one hundred and fifty pounds. His body was larger than the common sheep, and when seen in the forest appeared precisely of the same color with the Virginia deer.

The usual cry of the panther when prowling in the woods, was exceedingly melancholy, and so nearly resembling the distressed wail of an infant, as to be sometimes mistaken for that of a child lost in the forest, even by those accustomed to his habits.

It is related of a Miss Sally Whitaker, of whose heroism and romantic wanderings on the singular mountain, in York District, that still bears her name, we found some traditions, that on one occasion when strolling along the mountain, she caught, as she imagined, the sound of a child's cry in the distance; all her sympathies were instantly aroused, and quickening her pace in the direction whence it came, she found it grew rapidly more and more distinct, till, at last, it seemed to proceed from a covert near at hand; she pressed forward with increased eagerness, and drawing aside the intervening grass and bushes, discovered—not a child—but face to face with her, a large American lion. It is not related how she extricated herself from the dilemma, but the assertion may be ventured that the panther scampered off as fast as his legs could carry him, while Sally Whitaker neither fainted on the spot nor ran off in the opposite direction.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET was born of Dutch stock, according to his own statement, in Edgefield District, South Carolina, but according to Appleton's Cyclopedia at Augusta, Georgia, September 22, 1790, and died at Oxford, Mississippi, July 19, 1870. His father, William Longstreet, a native of New Jersey, invented the steamboat simultaneously with Fulton and made a successful trial on the Savannah River, but never reaped any profit from his invention. His son, after graduating at Yale in 1813, studied law in Connecticut and was admitted to the bar in 1815. In 1817 he went to Greensboro, Georgia, for the practice of his profession, became an ardent politician, and in a few years was elected to the legislature and received a commission as a circuit judge. Removing to Augusta, he established *The Sentinel,* and collected into a volume his humorous newspaper sketches under the title of Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic. This famous book attained an immense popularity, and several editions were brought out by the Harpers between 1840 and 1867. It is an amusing and valuable description of life among the poorer classes of the population and was a prototype of the broadly humorous sketches and stories of Baldwin, Thompson, Hooper, Lamar, and Jones in antebellum times and of Harris and Johnston at a later period. In 1838, Judge Longstreet became a Methodist minister. Having devoted himself to educational work, for which he was peculiarly fitted, he held the presidency successively of Emory College, Georgia; Centenary College, Louisiana; the University of Mississippi, and of South Carolina College, where he was at the outbreak of the war. In 1849 he began a novel called Master William Mitten, which was not published until 1864. As a writer he had command of a fluent and idiomatic, though distinctly impromptu style.

DR. MOSES WADDEL.[1]

(From Master William Mitten, 1864.)

Dr. Waddel was about five feet nine inches high; of stout muscular frame, and a little inclined to corpulency. In limb, nearly perfect. His head was uncommonly large, and covered with a thick coat of dark hair. His forehead was projecting, and in nothing else more remarkable. His eyes were grey, and overshadowed by thick, heavy eye-brows, always closely knit in his calmest hours, and almost over-lapping in his angry moods. His nose was bluntly acquiline. His lips were rather thick, and generally closely compressed. His complexion was slightly adust. His *tout ensemble* was, as we have said, extremely austere; but it was false to his heart; for he was benevolent, affectionate, charitable, hospitable, and kind. He was cheerful, and even playful, in his disposition. Good boys felt at perfect ease in his presence, and even bad ones could, and did, approach him with the utmost freedom. He never whipt in a passion—indeed, he seemed to be in his most pleasant moods when he administered correction, and hence, a stranger to him would naturally suppose that he took pleasure in flogging. It was not so, however. He hardly ever whipt, but upon the report of a monitor; and after a year or two from Master Mitten's introduction to him, very rarely, but upon a verdict of a jury of students. His government was one of *touching* "moral suasion"; but he administered it in a new way. Instead of infusing it gently into the head and heart, and letting it percolate through the system, and slowly neutralize the ill humors with which it came in contact, he applied it to the extremities, and drove it right up into the head and heart by percussion. He seemed to regard vices as consuming fires, and

[1]Dr. Moses Waddel (1770-1840), the great teacher and Presbyterian clergyman, was a native of Rowan County, North Carolina, and a graduate of Hampden-Sidney College. His famous school at Willington, in Abbeville County, South Carolina, was established in 1804, and continued till 1819, when its master became president of the University of Georgia. He has been called by Grayson "the Carolina Dr. Arnold," and among the distinguished men prepared by him for college may be mentioned John C. Calhoun, W. H. Crawford, Hugh S. Legaré, Judge Longstreet, George McDuffie, James L. Petigru, and Chancellor Wardlaw. Calhoun says, "He may be justly considered as the father of classical education in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia."

he adopted the engine process of extinguishing them. One would suppose that moral reforms so hastily produced could not last; but we have living cases to prove that they have lasted for fifty-three years, and are still fresh and vigorous. It is a very remarkable fact that Doctor Waddel never flogged a boy for a deficient lesson. To be "turned off," as it was called—that is, to have to get a lesson over a second time, was considered such a disgrace by the students, that if this did not cure the fault, whipping, he well knew, would not. He would often mount his horse at eight o'clock at night, and visit the students at their boarding houses. Sometimes he would visit them *incognito,* and recount his observations the next day to the whole school, commending such youths as he found well employed, and censuring such as he found ill employed. And what were the fruits of this rigid but equitable discipline? From under the teachings of this man have gone forth one vice-president, and many foreign and cabinet ministers; and senators, congressmen, governors, judges, presidents and professors of colleges, eminent divines, barristers, jurists, legislators, physicians, scholars, military and naval officers innumerable.

THE WILLINGTON ACADEMY.

(From the same.)

They set forward, and at the distance of about two hundred and fifty yards from Mr. Newby's premises they entered a street, shaded by majestic oaks, and composed entirely of log huts, varying in size from six to sixteen feet square. The truth of history demands that we should say that there was but one of the smallest size just indicated, and that was the whimsical structure of a very whimsical fellow by the name of Dredzel Pace. It was endangered by fire once, and *four* stout students took it up by the corners and removed it to a place of safety.

The street was about forty yards wide, and its length was perhaps double its width; and yet the houses on either side did not number more than ten or twelve; of course, there-

fore, they stood generally in very open order. They were all built by the students or by architects of their hiring. They served for studyhouses in cold or rainy weather, though the students were allowed to study where they pleased within convenient reach of the monitors. The common price of a building, on *front row,* water proof, and easily chinked, was five dollars. The chinking was generally removed in summer for ventilation. In the suburbs, were several other buildings of the same kind, erected by literary recluses, we suppose, who could not endure the din of the city at play-time—*at play-time,* we say, for there was no din in it in study hours. At the head of the street, eastward, stood the Academy, differing in nothing from the other buildings but in size and the number of its rooms. It had two; the smaller devoted to a primary school of a few boys and girls, over which Moses Waddel Dobbins, a nephew of the Rector, presided. These soon left, and Mr. Dobbins became assistant-general to his uncle. The larger was the recitation room of Mr. Waddel himself, the prayer room, court room, and general convocation room for all matters concerning the school. It was without seats, and just large enough to contain one hundred and fifty boys standing erect, close pressed, and leave a circle of six feet diameter at the door, for jigs and cotillions at the teacher's regular *soirées,* every Monday morning.

A delightful spring gushed from the foot of the hill on which the school-house stood, and, at the distance of but a few paces, poured its waters into a lovely brook which wound through a narrow plain covered with stately beeches. Venerable old chroniclers of revered names and happy days, where are ye! It was under the canopy of these beautiful ornaments of the forest, by the side of that whispering brook, that we felt the first gleam of pleasure that we ever derived from anything in Latin. And here are the words which awakened it:

"Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."

LOUISA SUSANNAH McCORD

LOUISA SUSANNAH MCCORD was born at Columbia, South Carolina, December 3, 1810, and died at Charleston, November 27, 1880. She was a daughter of the distinguished jurist and statesman, Langdon Cheves. She received her education in her native city and in Philadelphia. In 1840 she was married to Colonel David James McCord, at one time law-partner of William C. Preston and widely known by his Reports in Law and in Equity, and his Statutes at Large of South Carolina. They resided a portion of each year on their plantation "Langsyne," near Fort Motte on the Congaree. A friend quoted by Miss Louise Manly in her Southern Literature, said of her, "Mrs. McCord herself illustrates her views of female life by her own daily example. She conducts the hospital on her own large plantation, attends to the personal wants of the negroes, and on one occasion perfectly set a fracture of a broken arm. Thoroughly accomplished in the modern languages of Europe, she employs her leisure in the education of her children." Her husband died in 1855. During the war she devoted herself with heroic energy and unselfish devotion to the cause of Southern independence.

Mrs. McCord was the author of two volumes: My Dreams, a collection of lyrical and other poems, 1848; and Caius Gracchus, a tragedy, 1851. In 1848 she published a translation of Bastiat's Sophisms of the Protective Policy. She contributed many articles on social and economic questions to *The Southern Quarterly Review*, *DeBow's Review*, and *The Southern Literary Messenger*, all of which were characterized by vigor of style and independence of thought.

THE VOICE OF YEARS.

(From My Dreams, 1848.)

It floated by, on the passing breeze,
The voice of years:
It breathed o'er ocean, it wandered through earth,
It spoke of the time when words had birth,
When the spirit of God moved over the sea;
When earth was only a thing—to be,
And it sighed, as it passed on that passing breeze,
The voice of years.

From ocean it came on a murmuring wave,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of the time ere the birth of light;
When earth was hushed 'neath the ocean's might,
And the waters rolled, and the dashing roar
Of the angered surge owned not yet the power,
Which whispers in that murmuring wave,
The voice of years.

From earth it came, from her inmost deep,
The voice of years:
It murmured forth with the bubbling stream,
It came like the sound of a long-past dream—
And it spoke of the hour ere Time had birth,
When living thing moved not yet on earth,
And, solemnly sad, it rose from the deep;
The voice of years.

From heaven it came, on a beam of light,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of a God who reigned alone,
Who waked the stars, who lit the sun.
As it glanced o'er mountain, and river, and wood,
It spoke of the good and the wonderful God;
And it whispered to praise that God of Light,
The voice of years.

It howled in the storm as it threatening passed,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of ruin, and fiercest might;
Of angry fiends, and of things of night;
But raging, as o'er the Earth it strode,
I knelt and I prayed to the merciful God,
And methought it less angrily howled as it passed,
The voice of years.

And it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of myself, and the years that were gone,
Of hopes that were blighted, and joys which were flown,
Of the wreck of so much that was bright and was fair;
And it made me sad, and I wept to hear,
As it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,
The voice of years.

And it rose from the grave with the song of death,
The voice of years:
And I shuddered to hear the tale it told,
Of blighted youth, and hearts grown cold;
And anguish and sorrow which crept to the grave
To take from the spoiler the wound that he gave,
And sadly it rose from that home of death,
The voice of years.

But again it passed on the passing breeze,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of a God, who watched us here,
Who heard the sigh, and who saw the tear;
And it spoke of mercy, and not of woe;
There was love and hope in its whispering low;
And I listened to catch, on that passing breeze,
The voice of years.

And it spoke of a pain that might not last,
That voice of years:
And it taught me to think that the God who gave
The breath of life, could wake from the grave;
And it taught me to see that this beautiful earth
Was not only made to give sorrow birth;
And it whispered, that mercy must reign at last,
That voice of years.

And strangely methought, as it floated by,
That voice of years
Seemed fraught with a tone from some higher sphere,
It whispered around me, that God was near;
He spoke from the sunbeam, He spoke from the wave,
He spoke from the ruin, He spoke from the grave,
'Twas the voice of God, as it floated by,
That voice of years.

EDWARD McCRADY

EDWARD MCCRADY was born at Charleston in 1833, and died there in 1904. He received his preparatory training in the private schools of his native city, and graduated at the College of Charleston in 1853. He then studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1855. He married Mary Fraser Davie in 1863. During the war of secession he was commissioned as captain of State troops, took part in the operations around Charleston, and was promoted to the rank of major. Having been wounded, he was placed in command of the camp of instruction at Madison, Florida. After the war he served as major-general of the State national guard. He was a member of the legislature from 1880 to 1890. He served for many years with distinction as professor of history in the State Military Academy in Charleston. He was also president of the Historical Society of South Carolina.

General McCrady was the author of the History of South Carolina Under the Proprietary Government, 1897; History of South Carolina Under the Royal Government, 1899; History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 2 vols., 1900-1902; Slavery in the Province of South Carolina; Historical Sketch of St. Phillip's Church, 1896; Education in South Carolina Prior to and During the Revolution, 1883, etc.

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.[1]

(From The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1901.)

When the Whig patriots came near the mountain they halted, dismounted, fastened their loose baggage to their saddles, tied their horses and left them under charge of a few men detailed for the purpose, and then prepared for an immediate attack. . . . The army was divided into two wings. The right center and right flank columns, numbering together 440, were under the direction of Colonel Cleveland.

[1]This selection is published by the kind permission of the Macmillan Company, New York.

The two wings were thus very nearly equal in strength. The plan of battle was that the two wings should approach upon opposite sides of the mountain and thus encompass the enemy. Cleveland's and Sevier's columns united at the northeast end of the ridge, Campbell's and Shelby's closing together at the southwest.

Before taking up the line of march, Campbell and the leading officers appealed to their soldiers, to the highest instincts of their natures, by all that was patriotic and noble among men, to fight like heroes, and give not an inch of ground save only from the sheerest necessity, and then only to retrace and recover their lost ground at the earliest possible moment; Campbell personally visited all the corps and said to Cleveland's men, as he did to all, that if any of them, men or officers, were afraid, he advised them to quit the ranks and go home; that he wished no man to engage in the action who could not fight; that as for himself, he was determined to fight the enemy a week, if need be, to gain the victory. Colonel Campbell also gave the necessary orders to all the principal officers, and repeated them so as to be heard by a large portion of the line, and then placed himself at the head of his own regiment, as the other officers did at the head of their respective commands. Many of the men threw aside their hats, tying handkerchiefs around their heads so as to be less likely to be retarded by limbs and bushes when dashing up the mountain. . . . From the nature of the ground and thick intervening foliage of the trees, the Whigs were not discovered by Ferguson till within a quarter of a mile, when his drums beat to arms, and his shrill whistle, with which he was wont to summon his men to battle and inspire them with his own courage, was heard everywhere over the mountain.

The right and left wings had been cautioned that the action was not to be commenced until the centre columns were ready for the attack. These were to give the signal by raising a frontier warwhoop, after the manner of the Indians, and then to rush forward to the attack. Upon hearing the battle shout and the reports of the rifles, the right and left wings were to join in the affray. The first firing was made by the enemy upon Shelby's column before they were in position to

engage in the action. It was galling in its effect, and not a little annoying to the mountaineers, some of whom in their impatience complained that it would never do to be shot down without returning the fire; but Shelby restrained them. "Press on to your places," he said, "and then your fire will not be lost."

Before Shelby's men could gain their position, Colonel Campbell had thrown off his coat; and, while leading his men to the attack, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Here they are, my brave boys; *Shout like h—l, and fight like devils!*" The woods immediately resounded with the shouts of the line, in which they were heartily joined, first by Shelby's corps, and then the cry was caught up and ran along the two wings. Draper relates that when Captain de Peyster heard these almost deafening yells,—the same he too well remembered hearing from Shelby at Musgrove's Mills,—he remarked to Ferguson, "These things are ominous; these are the d—d yelling boys!" Ferguson was himself dismayed when he heard them. . . .

The part of the mountain where Campbell's men ascended to attack was rough and craggy, the most difficult of ascent of any part of the ridge; but these resolute mountaineers permitted no obstacle to prevent their advance, creeping up the acclivity little by little, from tree to tree, till they were nearly at the top. The Virginians thus securing the summit of the hill, the battle became general. None of the Whigs were longer under the restraint of military discipline; some were on horseback, some were on foot; some behind trees, others exposed; but all were animated with enthusiasm. The Virginians were the first against whom Ferguson ordered a charge of the bayonets by his Rangers and a part of his Loyalists. Some of them obstinately stood their ground till a few were thrust through the body; but without bayonets themselves, with only their rifles to withstand such a charge, the Virginians broke and fled down the mountain. They were soon rallied, however, by their gallant commander and some of his more active officers, and by a constant and well-directed fire of their rifles they in turn drove back Ferguson's men, and again reached the summit of the mountain. The mountain was covered with flame and smoke, and seemed

to thunder. The shouts of the mountaineers, the noise of hundreds of rifles and muskets, the loud commands and encouraging words of the officers, with every now and then the shrill screech of Ferguson's silver whistle high above the din and confusion of the battle, intermingled with the groans of the wounded in every part of the line, is described as combining to convey the idea of another pandemonium. . . .

But at length the two wings of the mountaineers so pressed the enemy on both sides that Ferguson's men had ample employment all around the eminence without being able to repair to each other's relief. The Provincial Rangers and the Loyalists, though led by the brave De Peyster, began to grow weary and discouraged, steadily decreasing in numbers and making no permanent impression upon their tireless opponents. From the southwestern portion of the ridge the Rangers and Tories began to give way, and were doggedly driven by Campbell's, Shelby's and Sevier's men, and perhaps others intermingled with them.

Ferguson, by this time, had been wounded in the hand, but he was still in the heat of the battle, and with characteristic coolness and daring he ordered De Peyster to reënforce a position about one hundred yards distant; but before they reached it they were thinned too much by the Whig rifles to render any effectual support. He then ordered his cavalry to mount, with the intention of making a desperate onset at their head. But these only presented a better mark for the rifle, and fell as fast as they could mount their horses. He rode from end to end of his line, encouraging his men to prolong the conflict, and with his silver whistle in his wounded hand, with desperate courage he passed from one exposed point to another of equal danger. But the Whigs were gradually compressing his men, and the Tories began to show signs of yielding. They raised a flag in token of surrender. Ferguson rode up and cut it down. A second flag was raised at the other end of the line. He rode there, too, and cut it down with his sword. Captain De Peyster, his second in command, convinced from the first of the utter futility of resistance upon the position at King's Mountain selected by Ferguson, as soon as he became satisfied that Ferguson would not abandon it and attempt to make his way to the relief for

which he had sent to Cornwallis, had the courage to advise a surrender; but Ferguson's proud spirit could not deign to give up to raw and undisciplined militia. When the second flag was cut down De Peyster renewed his advice, but Ferguson declared that he would never surrender to such a d—d set of banditti as the mountain men. At length, satisfied that all was lost, and firmly resolving not to fall into the hands of the despised Backwater men, Ferguson with a few chosen friends made a desperate attempt to break through the Whig lines on the southeastern side of the mountain and escape. With his sword in his left hand, he made a bold dash for freedom, cutting and slashing until he broke it. Colonel Vesey Husbands, a North Carolina Loyalist, and Major Plummer of South Carolina joined Ferguson and charged on a part of the line they thought was vulnerable. They all fell and perished in the effort.

Captain De Peyster, who had succeeded Ferguson in command, perceiving that further struggle was in vain, raised the white flag and asked for quarter. A general cessation of the American fire followed; but this cessation was not complete.

GEORGE McDUFFIE

GEORGE MCDUFFIE was born in Columbia County, Georgia, in 1790, and died in 1851. His parents were natives of Scotland, who emigrated to America soon after the Revolution. He was a student at Willington, the famous academy of Dr. Moses Waddel in Abbeville County, S. C. He graduated at South Carolina College with the first honor in 1813. His graduating speech on the Permanence of the Union was printed by request of the students. He then threw himself into politics and advanced with great vigor and burning eloquence the liberal principles of Calhoun, but later fought with equal zeal for the doctrine of nullification. He served as a representative in Congress from 1821 to 1834, and was then elected Governor of South Carolina. In 1836 he retired to the quiet of his home, but was elected to the United States Senate in 1842 after a fierce canvass with Colonel William C. Preston on the relative merits of the United States Bank and the independent treasury. His health gradually gave way as the result of a wound which he received in a duel with Colonel Cumming of Augusta, and he resigned from the Senate in 1846. His Eulogy upon the Life and Character of the Late Robert Y. Hayne, delivered on February 13, 1840, in the Circular Church at Charleston, is a specimen of his more studied and elaborate style, though a speech delivered in Congress in 1832 better represents the vehement debater with a genius for attack and a master of invective who sounded a blast of defiance at an acute parliamentary crisis and whose fiery impetuosity swept away the most determined opposition.[1]

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[1]For the material for this sketch and for the selection the author is indebted to Dr. Edwin L. Green, who has recently edited two speeches of McDuffie.

CHARACTER OF ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

(From the Eulogy of General Robert Y. Hayne, 1840.)

I have now brought to a close this very imperfect outline of his early life and public services. Imperfect as it is, it so fully illustrates his character that very little remains but to group together that rare combination of high endowments and shining virtues disclosed by every page of the narrative which make up the portrait of a virtuous man, an incorruptible patriot, an eloquent orator, and a profound statesman. The intellectual endowment that gave to his mind its distinctive character was a sound and discriminating judgment, that great master faculty of the human intellect without which all the others, even in the most dazzling combinations of genius, are but wandering exhalations of the night, which serve only to bewilder and mislead those who commit themselves to their guidance. And when we consider that it is very little more than the power of applying the principles of common sense to the affairs of human life, great and small, in their various changes and combinations, it is wonderful to reflect how rarely it is found in those who are the rulers of mankind. In our illustrious and lamented fellow citizen this cardinal faculty was united with those high moral qualities, justice, conscientiousness, firmness, and perseverance, which gave a wise direction to its decision and energy to their execution. A very long and intimate acquaintance justifies me in saying that I never have known any public man who more habitually acted under the influence of a deep and conscientious sense of the obligations of duty. It was, indeed, the governing motive and animating principle of his whole conduct. All other considerations were absorbed in it. But it was not so much by any one faculty, standing out in prominent relief, as by the admirable adjustment of all his moral and intellectual qualities, that he was distinguished from other men. So harmonious, indeed, were these endowments, so perfect was their symmetry, and so entirely free from the contrast of opposing qualities, that we almost lost sight of each particular trait in our admiration of the beautiful and consistent whole. It was this happy concord of high moral and intellectual qualities, all acting

in concert, and mutually sustaining each other, that rendered him, in every emergency of his eventful career, in all respects equal to the occasion. In a word, they constituted wisdom in council and unfaltering wisdom and self-possession in action—qualities for which few men have been so eminently distinguished. Permit me to introduce a testimonial on these points, which every one present will receive with respect and confidence. During those fearful scenes in this city which followed the proclamation of the President of the United States against South Carolina, frequent consultations were held by the Governor with some of the most distinguished of his political friends, to decide upon the course proper to be pursued in the probable emergency of an attempt to arrest the Governor, or an invasion of South Carolina. At these consultations the venerable Judge Colcock, whose loss we so justly deplore, was usually present; and speaking to a friend of those trying times some years afterwards, he emphatically said: "Hayne is the wisest man I ever met in council; and with all his characteristic prudence he never falters where even the bravest might hesitate." High as his intellectual endowments undoubtedly were, his moral qualities were still more strikingly developed. He was a wise man in the highest sense of the expression. He not only possessed the mere intellectual power of adapting his means to his ends, but he possessed the still higher quality of so directing that power that "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and truth's." It resulted from all this that his public career was singularly and uniformly fortunate, and that his character was never exposed, even during the most angry and embittered strife of contending parties, to a momentary imputation which could cast the slightest blemish on his fame. He was always a popular favorite, uniformly retaining the confidence of his fellow citizens, though few public men were more perfectly free from those vulgar arts and degrading compliances by which popularity is but too frequently sought and too frequently acquired. And it is a fact every way worthy of being recorded to his own honor, and as an example to all youthful aspirants after distinction and fame in the service of their country, that during his whole career as a public man, com-

mencing at a very early age, and embracing almost every grade of office, civil and military, he never, in a single instance, solicited, even in the most indirect manner, the suffrage of a fellow citizen. How august would be the assemblages of the people to exercise the high prerogative of self-government, if all the candidates for their favor would follow this noble example! In commending it to the rising generation of public men I can confidently assure them that it indicates the only certain means of placing their popularity on the solid foundation of public confidence, which is always extended as a voluntary offering to worth and talents, the more freely for being unsolicited.

I have known very few public men who were so entirely exempt as he was from the hateful passions of envy towards those who might be regarded as his rivals, or malignity towards his enemies. To the former he was always generous, and to the latter always just and forgiving. Indeed, he felt scarcely less interest in the reputation and success of the friends with whom he was associated than in his own. In the mournful and pleasant recollections of the trying scenes through which we had passed together many instances of this are revived in my memory.

CARLYLE McKINLEY

CARLYLE MCKINLEY was born at Newnan, Coweta County, Georgia, November 22, 1847, and died at Mt. Pleasant, in Charleston Harbor, August 24, 1904. At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Georgia, but soon went to the front with the student company, and saw service in the battles around Atlanta. After the war he engaged in cotton brokerage in Augusta and for a short time held a position in the United States Marshal's office in Savannah. He then completed his course at the University, and subsequently attended the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, where he graduated in 1874. On account of some change in his religious views he conscientiously refrained from entering the ministry, and became a teacher in Colonel (afterwards Governor) Hugh S. Thompson's famous school in Columbia, and it was there that he began to do serious literary work. He first formed his connection with *The News and Courier* as its Columbia correspondent during the Reconstruction times, and was promoted through various grades until he became associate editor. Failing health compelled his retirement shortly before his death. He was known not only as a brilliant and able writer, but a man of remarkably varied attainments. His distinguishing traits were his unselfishness, his friendliness, a spirit of absolute fairness and a delicate sense of humor.

McKinley was the author of several prose monographs, the principal being An Appeal to Pharaoh, 1889 (a study of the negro problem), The Charleston Cyclone of 1885, and the Great Earthquake of 1886, also many beautiful poems of high technical merit which were published in a small volume in 1904. From it the poems which follow are taken by kind permission of the editors and The State Company.

SAPELO.[1]

(From Poems of Carlyle McKinley, 1904.)

Far from thy shores, enchanted isle,
  Tonight I claim a brief surcease
From toil and pain, to dream awhile
    Of thy still peace—

To wander on thy shining strand,
  And lose awhile life's troubled flow;
Its tumults die upon thy sand,
    Blest Sapelo.

The sun is setting in the west;
  The last light fades on land and sea;
The silence woos all things to rest—
    And wooeth me.

So here I lie, with half-closed eye,
  Careless, without one vexing thought,
While cool uncounted hours drift by
    In dreamy sort.

And, ever, sweet thoughts without words,
  The shadows of old memories,
Rise up and float away, as birds
    Float down the skies.

In dreams I see the live-oak groves;
  In dreams I hear the curlews cry,
Or watch the little mourning doves
    Speed softly by.

I hear the surf beat on the sands,
  And murmurous voices from the sea;
The wanton waves toss their white hands,
    And beckon me.

. . . . . .

[1] "Sapelo Island is on the ocean front of McIntosh County, near Darien, Georgia" (Mr. William A. Courtenay's Memorial Pamphlet.)

Once more adrift 'neath sunny skies,
  Where sunny seas have in their keep
The lotus-lands, I see arise
    From out the deep

Thy purple woods, uplift in air
  Above the misty horizon,
As the king's gardens towered fair
    O'er Babylon.

We win into that silent sea;
  Our keel glides noiseless to the shore;
Sweet eyes and true hearts welcome me
    To rest once more.

The peaceful ocean hints not here
  The sorrows its deep caves conceal;
A loving Spirit broodeth o'er
    Its waters still.

And well, as words are set to song,
  My thoughts are set unto its sounds;
Their echoes rise and fall along
    Life's weary rounds.

The waves are murmuring on the beach,
  A soft wind whispers in the palm;
There is no sound of ruder speech
    To mar the calm.

The happy sun comes up once more
  Above the woods I know so well;
The rosy heaven, from shore to shore,
    Glows like a shell.

I see the great old trees and tall,
  Sheeted with tangled vines that sweep
From limb to limb—a leafy pall,
    Where shadows sleep.

The long moss waves in every breeze,
  Like tattered banners, old and gray;
And sigh and sigh the old, old trees
    All night, all day.

With flower and fruit at once arrayed,
  The orange groves are passing fair,
As though all seasons loved such shade,
    And lingered there.

A mocking-bird on quivering wings
  Floats up and down the woodland ways,
And, glad with me, he soars and sings
    Our song of praise.

Slow, solemn cranes, with drowsy eyes,
  Nod in the shallow surf, breast-high;
And snow-white gulls, with hollow cries,
    Flit softly by.

The turning tide runs slowly out;
  I hear the marsh-birds calling shrill;
The toiling oarsmen's song and shout
    Come to me still.

I hear their boat-songs through the night;
  I think it is my heart that hears
The old songs sounding yet, despite
    These long, long years.

White clouds are drifting out to sea;
  Like clouds the great ships come and go,
As strange, and white, and silently,
    As soft and slow.

From far-off lands, like tired things,
  They wander hither o'er the deep.
Here all things rest; they fold their wings
    And fall asleep.

Far off I see the dim coast wall,
A long, low reach of palm and pine,
The marsh between, and over all
The wide sunshine.

And far beyond, and farther yet,
Thank God, so far the loud world seems—
That seem its memories and regrets
As wrecks of dreams,

When one awakens; all its rout,
And rivalry, and pain, and care,
So faint and far there comes a doubt
If it be there.

Here, care ebbs out with every tide,
And peace comes in upon the flood;
The heart looks out on life, clear-eyed,
And finds it good.

On that fair land, on that still sea,
A spell of mystery lies;
And all the thoughts they wake in me
Are mysteries.

Once more I stand upon thy shore—
How peaceful yon far world doth seem!
A willing exile, evermore,
Here let me dream.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1876.

(From the same.)

Naked and desolate she stands,
Her name a byword in all lands,
Her scepter wrested from her hands.
—She smiles, a queen despite their bands!

Her crown is lying at her feet,
And mockers fill her rulers' seat;
The spoiler's work is near complete.
—Her broad, fair bosom still is sweet!

They've wasted all her royal dower;
They've wrought her wrong with evil power;
And is she faint, or doth she cower?
—She scorns them in her weakest hour!

Her daughters cling about her form,
Their faith and love still high and warm;
They trust in her protecting arm.
—Her dark eyes brood a wrathful storm!

She bides her time—a patient Fate!
Her sons are gathering in the gate!
She knows to counsel and to wait,
And vengeance knoweth no too late!

AT TIMROD'S GRAVE.

(From the same.)

Harp of the South! no more, no more
Thy silvery strings shall quiver,
The one strong hand might win thy strains
Is chilled and stilled forever.

Our one sweet singer breaks no more
The silence sad and long,
The land is hushed from shore to shore,
It brooks no feebler song!

No other voice can charm our ears,
None other soothe our pain;
Better these echoes lingering yet
Than any ruder strain.

For singing, Fate hath given sighs,
For music we make moan;
Ah! who may touch the harp strings since
That whisper—*"He is gone!"*

See where he lies—his last sad home
Of all memorial bare,
Save for a little heap of leaves
The winds have gathered there!

One fair, frail shell from some far sea
Lies lone above his breast,
Sad emblem and sole epitaph
To mark his place of rest.

The sweet winds murmur in its heart
A music soft and low,
As they would bring their secrets still
To him who sleeps below.

And lo! one tender pearly bloom,
Through weeds and leaves upcast;
As some sweet thought he left unsung
Were blossoming at last.

Wild weeds grow rank about the place,
A dark, cold spot, and drear;
The dull neglect that marked his life
Hath followed even here.

Around shine many a marble shaft
And polished pillar fair,
And strangers stand at Timrod's grave
To praise them unaware!

"Hold up the glories of thy dead!"
To thine own self be true,
Land that he loved! Come, honor now
This grave that honors you!

THE TOILERS.

(From the same.)

All day the toilers sigh for rest,
  Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
  And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast:
  The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
  Nor find it anywhere.
Then comes the Night, with balmy breast,
  And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—"And is it Death,
  Or but an answered prayer?"

IN SPRING.

(From the same.)

Now all our days are poems,
  And all our nights are song;
The woods are full of singers
  That babble loud and long.

I hear sweet sounds of sinless mirth
  In garden and in grove;
And sea and shore, and heaven and earth,
  Are lapped in light and love.

In tree, in bush and briar
  There is no silent thing:
Ah, who may hope to rival them,
  These poets on the wing!

The winter's past; all things lift up
  A hymn of joy and praise:
The hours are set to music,
  And days rhyme unto days.

The flowers put on a conscious look,
My lilies, where they grow,
Smile at me from their sunny nook,
And nod: "We know! we know!"

"We know the winter's gone," they say;
"And summer comes.—We know!
A soft wind came to us last night,
Kissed us, and told us so."

Ah, life is sweeter than we thought,
And sorrows soften, even,
As if our world had strayed, somehow,
A little nearer heaven.

And so, content, I close my eyes,
And folding thought away,
Listen the breeze, the birds and bees,
Sing what I cannot say.

In all the trees—amid the flowers—
They hide and sing, and sing,
The world seems full of birds and blooms—
Wake up, my heart, 'tis spring!

ELIAS MARKS

ELIAS MARKS was born at Charleston, December 2, 1790, and died in New York about 1868. He received his early training in the Charleston schools, then entered the New York Medical College, from which he graduated in 1815. He conducted a drug store in New York for several years, when he returned to South Carolina and made his home at Columbia. In 1817 he married Jane Barham of New York. After practicing medicine a few years, he established his famous school for girls called Barhamville in compliment to his wife, who assisted in the management. She died in 1828, and in 1833 Dr. Marks married Julia Pierpont Warne, a Northern lady. In 1824 his school was moved from the city to a healthful and beautiful situation on the high hills north of Columbia, where it acquired a wide reputation as one of the best seminaries for young ladies in the South. In 1867 Dr. Marks went North to reside with his family.[1]

He was the author of Elfreide of Guldal: a Scandinavian Legend and Other Poems, 1850. This volume includes "Semael," "Maia: a Mask," "The Chrysalis," "The Maniac Mother," "To J. M. P.," "The Inner-World," "Thoughts," "The Peasant Wife," "The Tablet," "The Globe-Amaranth," "To the Evening Star," "Mary," "Nacoochee," "The Artist," "LaFayette," etc. He published in 1818 a translation of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates.

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[1]The above data were kindly obtained for the author by Miss Ethel D. English, of Columbia.

PAGEANT USHERING IN THE QUEEN OF MAY.

(From Maia: A Mask, 1850.)

MUSIC

FLORA, POMONA, THE QUEEN, CERES, ZEPHYRUS.

While these advance in the foreground, the Fairies are arranged on each side of the throne.
Fiction is seen at some distance in the rear, in a green alcove, having on one side March, and on the other April.
Oberon and Titania descend from their throne, and conduct Maia to it, placing themselves beside her. The seat of Maia is a little more elevated than theirs.

FLORA

[*Approaches Maia, and bends in fealty.*]

Hail beauteous Queen! Sweet Maia, we here bring
Our vernal tribute! Lo, the frolic Spring,
Pranked in her iris-vest, hath sportive flung
O'er upland hill and dale, her robe;—and hung
Upon the beech, her tasselled honors high!
This coronal, which ere the garish eye
Of laughing morn peeped o'er the eastern hill,
  Or that the plaining Whippoorwill
Had stilled her vesper-notes of yester-eve,
  Or that the woodpecker, with curious bill,
  Had made the wilderness reëcho, shrill,—
For thee, sweet Maia, we weave!
  Here are sweet violets, gathered
Ere that the vaulting sun had stolen their dew;
  And here are weldlings, severed
From off the sloping greensward, where they grew.
  But flowers wither while they bloom,
  Gracing the bridal and the tomb. . . .
  Haste, then, gather flowerets, where
  Spring forever crowns the year;
  And the spirit, soaring high,
  Drinks of immortality!

ZEPHYRUS.

Hail, lovely Maia! from yon star-crowned west,
On gossamer wing, we speed at thy behest!
  Swiftly we have wandered o'er
  Coral strand and cliff-crowned shore,
  Where the huge Pacific rides
  Heaving with his countless tides!
We have frolicked with the curl
  Of the crispéd Ocean-wave;
We have gambolled, where the pearl
  Lies deep in Neptune's cave;
And have fanned the sea-boy's sleep,
  Whispering in the shroud;
And on the stilly moonlight-deep,
  Mocked the curlew loud!
We have backward chased the year,
Wheeling on his destined sphere,
From the vale of bright Cashmere,
  Either Ind and Araby;
All the sweets which each supplies,
All that greet the charmed eyes,
  Hither we convey to thee,
  In token of our fealty!

POMONA.

All hail sweet Maia!—not in vassal-guise,
  Hither we haste to plight allegiance due;
Pomona's treasures come, where summer-skies
  Beam brightest in their deep, cerulean hue;
Or when mild autumn, gorgeously bedecks
  The west with pageantry of crimson dye,
And evening, clad in purple scarf, reflects
  Upon the soul her thought-alluring sky.
    Yet these pledges here we bring,
    Of our orchard's blossoming;
    Redolent of every sweet,
    Which the vernal year can greet;
    And ere three summer moons shall wane,
    Pomona shall her joys proclaim;
    Her golden fruit and purple store,
    From her teeming horn shall pour;
    Crowning the board with viands which vie
    With immortals' luxury!—

CERES.

Yonder, where the forester
Affrights with echoing axe the deer,
Bounding thro' the copse-wood home,—
Thence, sweet Maia, we have come
With nodding sheaf and tasselled ear;
And ere three summer-moons appear,
With their modest crescent fair,
We shall crown the grange e'ermore,
And bless the board with Ceres' store.
Even now the mower spies
The golden-crested harvest rise!—— . . .

TITANIA.

[*Advances with the crown and gem.*]

This gem, sweet Maia, all thy own,
Shall deck this day thy lovely zone;
Our Iris marked thee, yester-eve,
Ere the western sky could weave
Her many-colored braid of light,
To deck the raven-brow of night,—
She marked thee, when, at yester-eve,
Thou from thy lodge didst take thy leave;
Wending thro' copse, and dell, and mead,
To minister to sufferer's need:
And saw thee, from the matron's brow
Wipe the cold death-dew—whispering low
Blessed words of hope and peace,
Bidding the sigh of anguish cease.
Just then, from forth thy eyelids' sphere,
This tear-drop coursed,—she caught it, ere
It fell to earth—and brought it where
Our Oberon his audience kept,
While the race of mortals slept.
'Twas even then, my royal fay
From Jove's silvery star a ray
Straight caught, and quick, with elfin-spear,
Transfixed it in this vestal tear,—
And fain would place it in my zone:
"Not so," said I, "my Oberon,

For only she this gem shall don,
Who gave it being—and display
Its honors, as our Queen of May."
[*Titania places the crystal tear in the zone of Maia.*]

THE CORONAL.

And now that with the vernal year,
Awakening nature's smiles appear;
While genial harmony and gladness,
Lift e'en the stoic-brow of sadness;—
While groves are vocal, flowerets brightest,
Skies blue, hearts true, and bosoms lightest,—
To usher in this blissful day,
We crown thee, maiden, Queen of May! . . .
We bring thee garlands, gathered ere
The sun's first orient rays could sere
Their bloom and freshness;—eglantine,
Violet and rose and lily, twine
To grace this festive day of thine!
But lilies fade, and roses wither,
And spring departs, and clouds oft gather,
And summer flies, and autumn, near,
Resigns to winter's arms the year.
——O, may we, lovely Maia, see
The season's blessings meet in thee;
Spring's earliest promise, summer's skies,
And autumn's stores, and winter's joys;—
Revolving thus, e'er bless'd and blessing,
And virtue's fadeless meed possessing.

CHORAL RESPONSE.

And now, that with the vernal year,
Awakening nature's smiles appear,
While genial harmony and gladness
Lift e'en the stoic brow of sadness;
While groves are vocal, flowerets brightest,
Skies blue, hearts true, and blossoms lightest,—
To usher in this blissful day,
We crown thee, maiden, Queen of May.

[*After a slight pause, Oberon and Titania conduct Maia from her throne.*]

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

[*All pass out except the three Fairies and Fiction.*]

WILLIAM MAXWELL MARTIN

WILLIAM MAXWELL MARTIN, *"Ruby,"* was born at Columbia, South Carolina, June 4, 1837, and died there February 21, 1861. In 1852 he entered South Carolina College, but two years later he was removed to Wofford College, from which he graduated in 1857. His commencement speech on "The Calico Flag" produced a sensation in its way beyond anything in the annals of the college. In 1858 he was principal of the Palmetto School in Columbia, and in 1860 he taught at St. George's. He then took up the study of law. At the beginning of hostilities he went with the Columbia Artillery to Charleston and was stationed at Fort Moultrie. He had part in the firing upon the *Star of the West,* and was promoted for soldierly conduct. On the night of January 31 he stood to his gun during the whole of a damp and disagreeable night, an exposure which brought on a chill attended with typhoid fever and resulting in his death. From these circumstances he has been called "the first martyr to Southern independence."

A volume of Martin's writings consisting of poems, essays, and speeches, was published in 1861 with a sketch by Dr. James Wood Davidson, an elegy by Professor Wm. J. Rivers, and contemporary notices. Among his best poems are: "A Man Dies Not Till His work is Done," "The Sunset Prayer," "Madeline," "A Wail for the Gifted" (an elegy on Howard H. Caldwell), "My Cross," "Baby is at Rest," "To Lily," "Flowers," "How Beauteous is Moonlight," "Mary," *"Dum Vivimus Vivamus,"* "The Beautiful Can Never Die," and *"Carpe Diem."*

A MAN DIES NOT TILL HIS WORK IS DONE.

(From Lyrics and Sketches, 1861.)

Let Azrael come at early morn,
When the day is just begun,
Or come at the evening's close—a man
Dies not till his work is done.

Let his name be sung in marble halls
  By Fame, in her loudest tone,
Or let him dwell in the pauper's hut,
  Uncared for, and all unknown.

Or let him fight for truth and the right,
  And die as a hero dies,
And live again in the hearts of men,
  As saints to their heaven arise.

Or let him strive in the wrong to hide,
  With error's dark cloud, truth's sun,
The avenging sword suspends its blow:
  He lives till his work is done.

Then sorrow not for the budding rose
  Death's frost has withered soon,
And grieve ye not for the ripened stalk
  Which the reaper cut at noon.

And tremble not at the cannon's roar,
  Though thousands around you fall;
Nor fear the breath of the venomed plague
  When you go at duty's call;

And fearlessly go mid the Arctic cold,
  And heat of the Southern sun;
For the might of death can ne'er prevail
  O'er man, till his work is done.

And the man lives long who does his best
  For those whom he dwells among;
But he who lives for an hundred years,
  If he does no good, dies young.

THE SUNSET PRAYER.

The gold-crusted gates of the purple-hung West
Have oped to receive the Day-God to his rest;
While the handmaids of Thetis, who blushingly wait
To welcome the monarch with songs at the gate,
Robed in soft silken cymars of roseate hue,
Are preparing to scatter the diamond-like dew.

'Tis a calm Sabbath eve, and a breeze softly blows,
Perfumed with the breath of a newly-born rose,
And the envoy of night, in her mantle of gray,
Comes on, while a bird chants a dirge o'er the day.

From their homes in the heavens, the stars, as they rise,
Look down to the earth with their bright loving eyes,
And bright loving eyes too look up *from* the earth,
And woo the sweet stars till they twinkle with mirth.

The Queen of the night-time—the silver-crowned Queen—
Sends her heralding raylets to lighten the scene,
And the spectre-like forms of the Oak-tree and Pine
Glide silently forth, and their weird arms entwine.

There's a fairy-like music which comes through the trees,
And the murmur of waters is borne on the breeze,
And sings to my soul the sweet anthems of streams,
Like the mystical music heard only in dreams;
And to mortals a soul-filling draught is once given
Of love and of beauty—a foretaste of heaven.

And now, all regardless, forgetful, of earth—
Of its pleasures or woes, of its sorrows or mirth,
Of its triumphs of Science, its glories of Art,
A *prayer* would well up from the depths of my heart;
I'd pray the great Father of Goodness and Truth
To pardon the wild wayward errors of youth,
To bring back the Hope of the blest days of yore,
And give me the Faith of my boyhood once more.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK was born at Columbia, South Carolina, July 17, 1814, and died at Columbus, Mississippi, November 30, 1865. He was taken by his parents at an early age to Alabama. He graduated at the University of Alabama in 1833, then studied law at the University of Georgia, and in 1835 began to practice his profession at Tuscaloosa, at the same time editing a newspaper. In 1836 he saw some military service against the Seminole Indians. In the same year he became attorney-general of Alabama, and in 1841 probate judge. In 1845 he was made assistant secretary of the treasury, and went to Washington to reside, but returned in two years to accept the appointment of district attorney. He resided for about twenty years in Mobile, where he was one of the editors of *The Register,* and held various public positions, at one time being speaker of the lower house of the legislature. His contribution to the cause of the Confederacy consisted of a number of stirring patriotic songs and other poems. At the close of the war he removed to Columbus, Mississippi, and there died within a few months.

Judge Meek published Red Eagle, 1855, a romantic narrative poem; Songs and Poems of the South, 1857, which includes "Land of the South," "Girl of the Sunny South," "Balaklava," "The Mocking Bird," etc. He was the author also of Romantic Passages in Southwestern History (orations and sketches), and an unpublished History of Alabama.[1]

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[1]The author begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Professor Trent's Southern Writers (1905) for the data for the above sketch.

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

(A lyric from The Day of Freedom, in Songs and Poems of the South, 1857.)

Land of the South!—imperial land!
  How proud thy mountains rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
  How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this,—oh, not for these,
  I love thy fields to roam,—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—
  Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
  Unequalled to the sea,—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
  And green with verdue be!
But, not for thy proud ocean streams,
  Not for thine azure dome,—
Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee,—
  Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
  Beloved of tale and song,—
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
  Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
  Where gods, of old, did roam,—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
  As thou—my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories, too,
  Than nature ever gave,—
Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,
  And Freedom's pinions wave,—
Fair science flings her pearls around,
  Religion lifts her dome,—
These, these endear thee to my heart,—
  My own, loved native home!

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls!—
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,—
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam,—
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home!

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
Then here's a health to thee,—
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blessed and free!—
May dark dissention's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—
But should it come, there's one will die,
To save his native home!

THE MOCKING BIRD.

(From the same.)

From the vale, what music ringing,
Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entrancéd, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!
Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

See him, swinging in his glory,
On yon topmost bending limb!
Carolling his amorous story,
Like some wild crusader's hymn!

Now it faints in tones delicious
As the first low vow of love!
Now it bursts in swells capricious,
All the moonlit vale above!
Listen! dearest, etc.

Why is't thus, this sylvan Petrarch
Pours all night his serenade?
'Tis for some proud woodland Laura,
His sad sonnets are all made!
But he changes now his measure—
Gladness bubbling from his mouth—
Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure—
Winged Anacreon of the South!
Listen! dearest, etc.

Bird of mimic, wit, and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness,—
Would thine art were in my rhymes.
O'er the heart that's beating by me,
I would weave a spell divine;
Is there aught she could deny me,
Drinking in such strains as thine?
Listen! dearest, etc.

HENRY JUNIUS NOTT

HENRY JUNIUS NOTT was born in Union District, South Carolina, November 4, 1797, and died October 13, 1837. He was the son of the distinguished jurist, Abram Nott. He graduated at South Carolina College with the brilliant Hugh S. Legaré in 1814. He selected law as his profession, and in 1818 was admitted to the bar, and began practicing in Columbia. He attained a good practice and a high standing at a bar which included such men as Senator William C. Preston, Chancellor William Harper, Colonel McCord, and Hon. W. F. DeSaussure. In collaboration with Colonel McCord, he published the law volume known as Nott and McCord's Reports. In spite of his promising prospects in the legal profession, he decided to abandon it and devote his time to literature. In 1821 he travelled in Europe, spending most of his time in France and Holland storing his mind with profound and varied learning. On his return in 1824, he was elected professor of the elements of criticism, logic, and the philosophy of languages in South Carolina College. He was chairman of the faculty from 1835 to 1836 and discharged his duties with great fidelity and ability. His career ended tragically when he was in the prime of life. He and his wife both lost their lives in the wreck of the ill-fated steamer *Home* off the coast of North Carolina, October 13, 1837.

As a writer Professor Nott contributed much to the *Southern Review*. His Novelettes of a Traveller, or Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity, 2 vols., 1834, was a popular book in its day. In collaboration with Colonel McCord he published a series of legal reports known as Nott and McCord's Reports. He wrote also biographies of Parr and Wyttenbach.

THE DWARF'S DUEL.

(From Novelettes of a Traveller, 1834.)

There was a club that met twice a week at the inn, and I joined it as a means of passing off the time. Perhaps I had not one among them that I could call friend; but there were many who viewed me with kindness, and treated me with forbearance. By degrees I learned to stand the occasional jokes on my littleness, when not too broad. If I became angry, there was merely a laugh at my waspishness. It was in vain for me to get in a passion. . . . No one was insulted by the dwarf. . . .

On one occasion, Murdock, a custom-house officer of a neighboring seaport, who now and then visited our club, was with us, and the talk fell on smuggling. As the conversation was going on merrily, I said to him: "I think of going to France; and if I should bring back a spare suit or two, and a few dozen gloves and silk stockings, would you be hard upon me?"

"Oh," replied he, jocularly, "I never trouble my head about toys and baby-clothes."

This was said in such a dry, odd manner, that it drew forth a general peal of laughter. My feelings got the better of me, and I threw my glass of wine plump in his face. He wiped it off, and replied with great composure,—

"Now, Robin, were I ill-natured, and to return the compliment, you would run the risk of being drowned"; holding up at the same time a foaming pint pot of porter.

At this second cut the club laughed louder than before, evidently tickled also at the preparation for boxing that I exhibited. Seeing that I was much enraged, several persons interfered, and I immediately left the room overboiling with passion. . . . [Cock Robin then consulted a friend named Townsend, through whom he sent Murdoch a challenge to fight a duel, which was accepted.]

The place where we were to fight was a remote situation on the sands near the sea-shore. We pursued a retired path that led from the back part of the town, and arrived near the spot without meeting a soul. For some time we had not exchanged a word.

"Now, Robert," said Townsend, "we are almost at our journey's end. Here, take your weapons," at the same time giving me a large horseman's pistol, and a broadsword that would have rivalled in ponderousness the famous six feet blade of Sir William Wallace. I would have perhaps had my suspicions awakened had Townsend presented me these arms at first; but he had concealed them under his cloak, and my mind was too much absorbed on approaching the battle-ground to think of minor matters. What was my confusion when, turning round a projecting knoll, I found myself in presence of several hundred people of my own and the neighbouring villages, gentlefolks, ploughmen, sailors, beggars, and children. As soon as I appeared in sight, accompanied by my second, there was a general peal of laughter. Townsend was fully six feet high, and stout in proportion. Beside my huge attendant I marched attired in a full suit of black, as he had advised me that I would offer a less prominent mark for a ball than in more glaring habiliments, bearing in either hand my huge instruments of death. The crowd got round me with peals of laughter and sardonic grins that both mortified and vexed me. A number of little ragged boys in the crowd shouted loudly and merrily,—

"Hurrah for little Robert! Hurrah for Cock Robin!"

Looking about through the press, I discovered near me my antagonist standing with his second. He had in one hand a very small pocket-pistol, and a large darning-needle in the other; under one arm was a little three-legged stool, and under the other a long spy-glass. Near by stood two surgeons, with an immense array of instruments.

The terms of the duel were then explained to me. As my antagonist had been challenged, he had the choice of weapons, and had selected the broadsword as Townsend told me; but after much management it had been settled that there should be one fire with pistols, and in case that did not terminate fatally, broadswords were to be used.

The mirth of the crowd, that had been stunning, moderated a little as we assumed our ground. When we were placed at our distances, Murdoch, putting his hand over his brow, looked round the field two or three times as if hunting for me in vain. He then raised the spy-glass to aid his search,

till at last he seemed to discover me. My very soul burned with rage, and I had no other thoughts but to revenge this additional insult. The word was to be given, and then we were allowed our time to fire, while one of the seconds could count five. The word was given. Before *one* was counted, Murdoch, who had kept his glass fixed on me, raised his pistol, and suddenly seated himself on the stool he had placed on the ground just by him. The mob shouted and huzzaed. Amazed at his conduct, I cried to his second, who was counting, "Stop; what is the meaning of Mr. Murdoch's uncommon behaviour?"

"Robin," said he, "all I want is a fair fight. Now, as I am six feet high and you four feet, I have brought a stool just one foot high to put us on a level; as for the thickness, I give you that in the bargain, besides leaving you the best part of my person to shoot at."

"Sir, I came here to fight, and not to be jested with, and I shall post you as a coward if you do not act as gentlemen usually do on similar occasions."

"Post and be damned to you. A pretty joke, truly, that a man of my size should fight on such unequal terms with one of yours. Why I would as quick try to wing a bumblebee as to hit you at all at such distance. As I only desire fair play, I propose another plan: you shall stand on a barrel to raise you to my height, or I will stand in it to shelter half my body. Come, I give you the choice."

I could restrain myself no longer.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed to the seconds, "pray proceed once more, and let's have done with this."

We were again placed, and the word regularly given. At the word *fire,* though the pistol was so heavy I could scarcely hold it, I took steady aim, and pulled trigger. It was so highly charged, that with the report and violent recoil I was stunned, my arm benumbed, and my whole system affected as with a shock of electricity. I could nevertheless see that Murdoch had not fallen, and stood with his pistol pointed; but before I had recovered from the effects of the explosion, my adversary fired, and the ball, as I thought, had entered my head. An acute pain shot through my right eye, and I fell to the ground. I was instantly lifted up by several per-

sons, and the crowd pressed around. Before I opened my eyes, obstreperous laughter rang in my ears. The next moment I gazed around, and perceived Murdoch, his second, the surgeons, and even Townsend, almost suffocated with laughter. I put my hand to my eye, and took from it a wad of paper that was still sticking, and which, striking rather hard on the upper lid, had caused a severe momentary pain in the ball. In an instant I comprehended the whole matter. The pistol had been loaded with paper, and I had been brought there as a spectacle for a parcel of young hoaxers. I sprang quick as lightning, and seizing the broadsword, would have done some injury, had I not stumbled over a stone in my haste, and fell flat on my face, which gave time to even the children to get out of my way. I pursued Murdoch, his second, the surgeon, and Townsend alternately, who merely ran fast enough to keep out of my reach; while the crowd screamed, shouted, and hallooed with delight at the sight. I ran hither and thither until I was exhausted, and eventually burst into tears. Several voices immediately exclaimed, "Shame, shame, that is enough; let the little fellow alone."

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER was born at Charleston, South Carolina, January 25, 1818, and died at New Orleans, May 28, 1902. He was a student at the University of Georgia, and studied theology at the Columbia Theological Seminary. After serving as pastor of Presbyterian churches at Savannah (1841-1843) and at Columbia (1843-1846), he filled the chair of Church History and Polity in the Columbia Seminary from 1853 until 1856. From then until his death he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. In 1847 he established *The Southern Presbyterian Review* and edited it for several years. In 1861 he took a prominent part in organizing the first general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church at Augusta, Georgia, and was chosen its first moderator. Dr. Palmer was recognized as one of the greatest pulpit and platform orators of the country. In a letter to the author, Professor Thomas Cary Johnson, Dr. Palmer's biographer, says, "'The Present Crisis' may be taken as a type of his elaborately wroughtout commencement address. The 'Address to the Confederate Veterans' at Louisville is a more composite affair, and stands well for his work in his old age. The 'Anti-Lottery Address' is a spontaneous speech, *extempore* in the best sense of the term, and shows what he was competent to do in sudden great emergencies." The following three books by Dr. Palmer have been published: Life and Letters of James Henley Thornwell, Threefold Fellowship, and Theology of Prayer.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.[1]

(From The Present Crisis and Its Issues, a pamphlet published by Washington and Lee University, 1869.)

The navigation is always dangerous through the narrow straits which connect two open seas. And the grave question

[1]The author would express his thanks to Dr. Palmer's biographer, Professor Thomas Cary Johnson, of Richmond, Virginia, for the loan of the rare pamphlet from which the selection is made.

arises, how a people, brought to the end of a given cycle, may safely tide over the bar, and find the deeper sea-room lying beyond. The question is a most practical one to us upon this continent today; for it involves the possibility of a great people "slouching down upon the wrong side of its crisis"; which a moderate share of virtue should enable it to turn with safety and honor.

There are at least two canons which experience has furnished, bearing upon this issue. The first is, *that no people has long kept its place in history after traversing the fundamental principles upon which the national character has been formed;* and which are, therefore, imbedded in the institutions of the country, and woven into the texture of a nation's civilization and thought. It would be a prodigal waste of these precious moments to argue the point, that every truly historic race must be the representative of some distinct idea. It is just this want of identification with any great principle to be wrought out in their public fortunes, that has rendered so many nations on the globe completely unhistoric. They simply drift upon the tide, tossed to and fro upon the mere chances of life, vexed by wars that terminate in no moral result, and sink at last into dark oblivion. When the history of the world is written, these are discounted just as though they had never been; simply because they have contributed no page to the record which is not an utter blank. The principles, then, which a nation undertakes to represent, become the key to its career. Whatever changes may be brought in the external forms of its life, through the various crises it is called to pass, must lie in one general direction, and upon the plane of those original and fundamental convictions through which it was brought into being. Foreign war and civil discord, the stress of revolution and the intrigues of diplomacy, may strain these principles to the utmost, or even threaten their extinction. Yet can they never be surrendered. With the tenacity that belongs to the instinct of life itself they must be cherished, enshrined as a deeper faith in the nation's heart, and receiving a fuller expansion from the severity of the probation to which they are exposed. . . .

The second canon is not less important, to wit: *that in*

passing successfully through any crisis, a people must possess elasticity enough to adapt themselves to new conditions, and thus to meet the issues of another Cycle. This is but the vigor of the national life seeking a new channel when the old has fallen through, just as a healthy plant throws off a new shoot and marks by a new joint where interference has given another direction to its growth. Nothing seals the fate of a nation sooner than the stubborn adherence to absolute usages and forms which the progress of society is determinately throwing off. These are either simply outgrown, as a country passes through the different stages of its own development, or they are displaced by the new combinations which policy or force may compel from without. . . .

In this connection, a caveat must be entered against that coarse and selfish Utilitarianism which measures all things only by a material standard. This is the peril which I most dread in the impending crisis; that in the friction of these competitive industries, the fine sense of honor which formed the beautiful enamel of Southern character, may be rubbed away, to be followed by the swift decay of virtue, of which it was once the protection and the ornament. Materialism, sitting in the Schools and speaking through the forms of Philosophy, is not perhaps much to be dreaded. It is too monstrous to be believed. It shocks our moral convictions, and startles the pride of self-love, to be told that thought is only a secretion of the brain—that the rapture of joy and the pathos of grief are only currents of electricity along the tissues of the body. We can safely leave this to the instinct of human scorn, which resents as an insult such a libel upon our nature. But the Spirit of materialism, infused into all the transactions of business and common life, is the Angel of Pestilence dropping the seeds of death from its black wing wherever it sweeps. It is this subtle and dangerous spirit which is at the bottom of that fearful demoralization that has spread like a leprosy over the land. It is rapidly displacing ligitimate commerce by the silent invasion of its fixed laws; rendering the individual trader helpless in the grasp of a powerful combination controlling the market by irregular and unnatural methods, and making it depend upon the interest and caprice of large capitalists. It is corrupting

public justice through venal juries, no longer impartially selected, but chosen from the hangers-on of courts, whose sole subsistence is the bribe of the wealthy litigant. It is filling the noble profession of the law with mendicant attorneys, prostituting the solemn priesthood of their office by opening the subterfuges of legal chicanery to villainy and fraud. It invades even the sancity of the bench, and overwhelms judicial integrity by the pressure of political and commercial combinations. It is converting public office from a ministry of responsibility and trust into a place of emolument, where the perquisites to be enjoyed outweigh the duties to be performed. And worse than all, it is sapping the truthfulness, the honesty and honor of private life, and silently destroying the moral bonds by which society is held together. Through all its grades, from the highest to the lowest, every man is striving to outstrip his neighbor in the possession and exhibition of wealth; and the most sacred claims of love, and all the sweet charities and refinements of social life, are sacrificed upon the altar of universal greed. . . .

Coupled with this, *we must retain from the past that individuality of character which makes a man a solid unit in society.* This attribute has with us been largely the product of circumstances. An agricultural people, living apart from one another, every man in the center of a given circle of dependents for whom he was called to think and plan, there was nourished a personal independence which we cannot afford to lose. On the contrary, in a crowded population, men are cheapened in value, like the leaves in a forest. The individual comes to be little more than a single brick in a blank wall, answering only to so many square inches of a common surface. Through a perpetual commingling, thought ceases to be a fresh product of the mind, and there is substituted for it a public opinion which is caught and given back, just as one breathes in and breathes out a common atmosphere. . . .

Finally, *we must carry over to the future a patriotism that is born of adversity and trial, more intense and purer than in the prosperous and joyful past.* Love of country is inextinguishable, because it is filial. It ranks with that we owe to the parents who begot us, and have given to us their image

and their name. But I plead for it not upon the cold footing of duty, but as a precious sentiment of the heart. As a principle, it strikes its root far down into the conscience; but its bloom must expand into a holy passion, and its fruit ripens into acts of enduring service for the public weal. The best affections of the soul are those which strengthen under trial. The alloy of selfishness burns away in the crucible, and the pure love comes forth with a power of endurance which nothing can exhaust. It is thus we bear up each other under the discipline of life; not through the compulsion of necessity, nor the cold obligation of duty, but with a warm devotion which finds its joy in those ministries of love. A genuine patriotism is not that which shouts itself hoarse amid holiday celebrations; but when the country groans in the anguish of a great crisis, waits upon its destiny, though it be that of the tomb. And this land of ours, furrowed by so many graves and overshadowed with such solemn memories, calls for a consecration of the heart which shall be equal to its grief. The patriotism which these days demand, must refine itself into martyrdom. It must suffer as well as act. Strong in the consciousness of rectitude, it must nerve itself to endure contradiction and scorn. If need be, it must weep at the burial of civil liberty; and wait with the heroism of hope for its certain resurrection. Such a spirit will wear out the longest tyranny, and assist at the coronation of a brighter destiny.

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU was born in Abbeville District, in 1789, and died in 1863 at Charleston, where he lies buried in St. Michael's Churchyard. His father was of Irish ancestry, his mother a Huguenot. He was a pupil of the great Dr. Moses Waddel, who prepared him for South Carolina College, where he graduated with first honor in the class of 1809. He then taught for a while in the lower country, a part of the time being employed as a tutor in Beaufort College. He chose the law as his profession, however, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. After ten years' practice at Coosawhatchee, he removed to Charleston, where he soon rose to the head of the legal profession, his arguments being found on almost all the leading cases that came at that time before the bench of South Carolina. His genial character and sterling integrity caused him to be a favorite in a refined and exclusive society, and his reputation as an eloquent orator and wit became national. In politics a unionist of the most outspoken type, he bitterly opposed nullification and grieved deeply over secession. His biography was written by William J. Grayson. Among his most notable addresses are The True Glory of America, Oration at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of South Carolina College, 1854, and Oration on South Carolina History, May 27, 1858.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

(From The Centennial Celebration of the Granting of the Charter of the South Carolina College, 1902.[1])

It is our grateful task to commemorate the virtues of our founders—to celebrate the triumph of liberal principles over a narrow, egotistic policy and to mingle our congratulations

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[1]This very interesting pamphlet, for which we are largely indebted to the intelligent zeal of Mr. August Kohn, is a reprint from a special edition of *The News and Courier.*

over the fiftieth anniversary of the day when the South Carolina College welcomed the first student to its hospitable halls. If any doubts were entertained of the expediency of establishing this seat of learning at the public expense they have long since disappeared. No one now doubts that it is the duty of the State to make liberal provision for the higher branches of education. Such provision must be made by the State, because such establishments are too costly for individual enterprise. The enterprise of individuals, sustained by the prospect of commercial profit, may scale the mountain barriers that vainly interpose their height to the invasion of the engineer and the progress of the railroad. But the hills of Parnassus are proverbially barren and literature tempts no capitalist with the hope of dividends. Without the patronage of the State it would be impossible to erect the costly buildings, to collect the learned men and supply all the materials requisite for a seat of learning adapted to a high and comprehensive seat of study. And if it be asked for what use such a college is wanted the answer is that such an establishment is necessary to the progress of improvement. Curiosity is the spring of literary and scientific research. It is excited by the knowledge of what has been discovered—by acquaintance with the methods of investigation—by emulation and the intercourse of kindred minds. It is in colleges that these causes are in full operation. They stimulate activity, keep pace with the improvement of the age and furnish inquiring minds with the means of further progress. It is a law of our nature that, if society be not progressive, it will decline. Colleges, therefore, are institutions of necessity, and where they answer the purposes for which they are founded amply repay the generous patronage of the public, although they add nothing to the stock of material wealth.

Fifty years have passed and we have crossed, for the first time, the threshold of the new hall, where the future anniversaries of this College are to be celebrated. The old chapel and the early days of this institution will henceforth be invested with a sort of historical interest. When we survey the flowing river we are prompted by a natural curiosity to know from what distant springs it takes its source, and I revert from this splendid dome to the Incunabula of our Col-

lege with more pleasure, because it affords the opportunity of rendering the poor tribute of posthumous applause to the memory of its first president, my revered master.

Jonathan Maxcy exerted no little influence on the character of the youth of his day, and his name is never to be mentioned by his disciples without reverence. He had many eminent qualifications for his office. His genius was æsthetic; persuasion flowed from his lips and his eloquence diffused over every subject the bright hues of a warm imagination. He was deeply imbued with classic learning and the human mind divided his heart with the love of polite literature. With profound piety, he was free from the slightest taint of bigotry or narrowness. Early in life he had entered into the ministry, under sectarian banners, but though he never resiled from the creed which he had adopted—so catholic was his spirit—so genial his soul to the inspirations of faith, hope and charity—that, whether in the chair or the pulpit, he never seemed to us less than an apostolic teacher. Never will the charm of his eloquence be erased from the memory on which its impression has once been made. His elocution was equally winning and peculiar. He spoke in the most deliberate manner; his voice was clear and gentle; his action composed and quiet; yet no man had such command over the noisy sallies of youth. His presence quelled every disorder. The most riotous offender shrunk from the reproof of that pale brow and intellectual eye. The reverence that attended him stilled the progress of disaffection, and to him belonged the rare power—exercised in the face of wondering Europe by Lamartine—of quelling by persuasion the spirit of revolt. . . .

And could I forget thee, the soul of honor and the joy of friendship, George Butler—the most gallant of men, the most genial of spirits! The profession of arms well accorded with his martial character, and though his plume was not destined to wave in the battle's storm and the fortune of war confined his service to a barren field, yet no more devoted son rallied to the flag, under which he would have been proud to die for his country. Nor does the trump of Fame bear to the winds the echoes of a name where the soldier's zeal was more gracefully blended with the tenderness of a gentle heart.

But the youth instinct with great ideas, the scholar, the bard, the genius of the school, remains. How shall I describe thee, William Harper? Carelss, simple and negligent, he lived apart in the world of his own genius—his imagination brought all things human and divine within the scope of his intellectual vision. For him it was equally easy to learn or to produce. It was not to be expected that such a mind could find occupation in any enforced routine. He was no candidate for the honors in College, though he received a distinguished appointment, in fulfilling which he delivered a poem, almost an improvisation on the death of Montgomery.

It is very common to underrate the imagination as an element of power. It is imparted in a high degree to but few, and the opinion of the majority proceeds from imperfect and superficial knowledge of the subject. Works of the imagination are measured by the standard of utility and condemned by common minds as frivolous. The character of genius suffers in the same way when tried by the estimate of prudence. Nor can it be denied that, for common affairs, originality and invention are of little value, nor that the finest parts must yield the palm to the intrinsic value of good sense. Fancy, imagination, memory,—nay, reason itself —are of little avail without the presence and moderation of that sober guardian. But the great mistake of the common judgment is to suppose that between genius and good sense there is some principle of opposition. The very reverse is true; good sense is essential to genius, and the example of William Harper is a striking corroboration of the truth. He was a true poet; of imagination all compact, and if he had given the reins to his genius would certainly have devoted himself to the Lyric Muse. But *"dura res et—novitas"*—the exigencies of common life and the exigencies bestowed on literature determined otherwise, and he embraced the legal profession. How completely he refuted the idea that an imaginative or æsthetic mind is ill adapted to the severest legal studies is known to all South Carolina. His judgments, contained in Bailey, Hill and the later reporters, from 1830 to 1847, are an eduring monument of his judicial fame, and his defence of the South on the relations existing between two races is so profound a conception, so masterly in execu-

tion, as to cause a widespread regret that his pen was not more frequently employed in philosophical investigation.

The distinguished men that have proceeded from this place furnish the best evidence of the successful cultivation of learning in this College. If we were to follow the stream of time we should meet with many a name to prompt the eulogy of departed worth, but I forbear. Though the ornaments of succeeding years might claim the tribute of friendship or challenge the praise of a more eloquent tongue, those contemporary portraits are reflected in the glass of memory, and later years come not within the field of its vision. Rather is it within the purpose of this celebration to inquire how far the results have corresponded with the expectations of the friends of the College and what hopes may be reasonably entertained of the future.

As to the past, there is much ground for gratulation in the effect which this College has had in harmonizing and uniting the State. In 1804 sectional jealousies were sharpened to bitterness and there was as little unity of feeling between the upper and low-country as between any rival States of the Union. Although the suppression of such jealousies, in part, attributable to the removal of some anomalies in the Constitution, much the largest share in the same good work is due to the attractive force of a common education. To the insensible operations of the same influence must also be referred the liberal provision that has been made for general education by the establishment of free schools. And if the benefits of such schools have not equalled the full measure of usefulness expected from the system the failure arises from peculiar circumstances, and affords no just cause for discouragement. Wherever there is a resident proprietary equal to the duty of their position these schools have not failed to answer the purpose of diffusing the elements of learning. Nor let the limited education of the poor be contemned. It is much more the spirit of instruction than the amount which is imparted that interests the State. By the instruction received in the most backward school the learner is put in communication with a higher degree of learning. It is the natural order of things to proceed by steps, and if this gradation do not exist in the social fabric it is a serious

defect. The influence of the college, like the ambient star, should extend on all sides—upwards to the regions of discovery and downwards to the smallest tenement of rudimental instruction. In this way the blessings of civilization are extended by a sound and healthy state of public opinion, and if we compare the progress which the State has made since 1804 we shall have no reason to withhold our assent from the conclusion that the hopes with which the College was inaugurated have not been disappointed.

As to the future, we trust that the College will be true to its mission as the nurse of an enlightened public opinion. From this source should issue not only the rays of knowledge, but the light which disperses the mists of prejudice. Knowledge is a step in the improvement of society, but it is not the only desideratum. Very pernicious errors may prevail in the midst of much intellectual activity and opinions long discarded by cultivated minds may still exert a widespread and pernicious influence. In eradicating such weeds from the minds of the young the public instructor has an arduous duty, in which every encouragement is to be given to his efforts. It is in the college that the reformation of popular errors should begin.

JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW

JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW was born in Tyree County, North Carolina, July 4, 1828, was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Winchester, Virginia, during the retreat after the battle of Gettysburg, and died July 17, 1863. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1843. So brilliant was his scholarship that his career became a college tradition. For a short while he held the position of assistant professor in the National Observatory at Washington, but resigned to study law. After reading law in the office of James L. Petigru, he went to Berlin, where he studied for two years. On his return he practiced his profession in Charleston, and was sent to the legislature in 1856, where his ability gave him a commanding influence. In 1860 he again went to Europe and visited Spain. At the outbreak of war in 1861 he entered the service of the Confederacy and so distinguished himself as an able and devoted officer that by 1862 he had reached the grade of brigadier-general. He commanded Heth's division during the third day's fight at Gettysburg, taking part in Pickett's famous charge. An eloquent Memorial of his Life and Services was written by William H. Trescot.

General Pettigrew had his Spain and the Spaniards privately published in 1861, and circulated it among his friends.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

(From Notes on Spain and the Spaniards,[1] 1861.)

The Cathedral, on my first visit, being closed, as the siesta was not quite over, I took a seat here to await the opening of the doors. The sun's rays poured fiercely down, but within

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[1]This volume was kindly loaned the author by Hon. William A. Courtenay from his fine collection of Carolina writers.

all was delightfully fresh and cool. The altar-boys were engaged in the elevating occupation of standing on their heads for a wager, while in the next apartment, separated by a screen, some functionary snored away with the reverberating snort of a Mississippi high-pressure. The example was catching. I took one of the sweetest naps that ever fell to my lot. Soon the grating of the doors awakened me, and I entered the glorious edifice. Without all had been full of glare, almost blinding; here a faint, mellow twilight floated among the lofty columns, scarcely disturbing the solemn gloom which hushed one into an involuntary silence. The sound of footsteps was lost in its immensity, though its size could only be appreciated by comparison with some of the human species. Since leaving Seville, I have had an opportunity of revisiting most of the mediæval cathedrals, and I can truly say that none of them compare with this in inspiring the feeling of grandeur in the object and humility in the subject, which is the peculiar merit of the Gothic architecture. I have twice been to the Minster of Strasbourg for the express purpose of comparing them, but it has appeared cold and impressionless—sterile, so to speak, whereas the soul must be hard indeed that can enter here and not feel inspired with an overwhelming sense of awe and reverence. Its founders were truly impressed with the divine conception of religion. Nowhere else is the Christian thought so appropriately expressed in stone; and if I were to select the two edifices of Christendom that had most successfully attained the end for which they were erected, it would be the Cathedrals of Milan and Seville, the exterior of the former and the interior of the latter being respectively all that could reasonably be demanded of architecture. . . .

The whole circuit of the Cathedral is a series of chapels and altars, with endless treasures of every description—a veritable museum. Its paintings would, of themselves, form a gallery as distinguished for excellence as for numbers. During a considerable part of the War of Independence, Marshal Soult reigned supreme in Andalusia, and, to speak in plain terms, robbed and stole whatever fell within his grasp. Nowhere in Europe did the Revolutionary Generals hesitate to melt down any ornament of the precious metals,

however beautiful and sacred. Such conduct, though strange in those who came ostensibly as benefactors, might have been forgiven, but Soult, not content with this, by a refined species of robbery, plundered works of art. Some, in anticipation of this invasion of vandals, had been removed to Cadiz, others hidden away in the vaults beneath, but such precautions did not always suffice, for the Chapter was occasionally compelled to produce its secret treasures by the threat of a military execution. . . . A number of magnificent Murillos were, however, preserved. The first chapel on the left, entering from the Sagrario, contains a large altar-piece representing San Antonio de Padua kneeling before the infant Saviour, which is considered by many the masterwork of the artist. Whether it be entitled to this preeminence may admit of a question, but it is a grand painting, one which improves with every visit. The picture is of large size, yet it would puzzle the critic to point out a fault. The somewhat unnatural subject, that is, unnatural when viewed from the experience of life, is clothed with dignity by the consummate hand of the master, and the devotion of the saint to a mere infant, produces none but the noblest impression. The "Guardian Angel" leading a little child by the hand, which is an altar-piece near the western entrance, is entitled to all the admiration it has received. Nothing can surpass the benevolence of the Angel, who, with cherishing love and hope, points to Heaven, or the confiding trust expressed in the countenance of the child, as it clings to the hand of its protector. It is one of those pictures which remain in the memory, and seems a vision of some previous stage of existence, ere man had fallen from his purity.

CATHARINE GENDRON POYAS

Catharine Gendron Poyas[1] was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in April, 1813, and died there in February, 1882. Her grandfather was Dr. John Ernest Poyas, of Huguenot descent, and her grandmother, Catharine Smith, a great-granddaughter of the first Landgrave, Thomas Smith. It was in their home that she spent her early youth, but after her grandmother's death she resided with her daughter, Mrs. Isaac Ball, until her home was broken up at the close of the war between the sections. From 1865 till her death, which came after a long and painful illness, she lived with her sister, Mrs. Charles Foster, and was buried at the old family mansion, "Yeaman's Hall," on Goose Creek, near Charleston.

As early as 1849 Miss Poyas published in Charleston for private circulation a volume entitled The Huguenot Daughters, and Other Poems, which, on account of her ignorance of poetics, she considered rather crude. For the twenty succeeding years, under the guidance of her pastor, Rev. Cranmore Wallace, she devoted herself to the technical study of the art, and in 1869 brought out The Year of Grief and Other Poems, the title piece being a sequence of forty sonnets in memory of Bishop Gadsden and others who died in 1852. In this volume she not only attained a remarkable perfection of form and intensity of expression, but a far wider and richer range of imagination than in her earlier production.[2]

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[1]Her mother, Elizabeth Ann Poyas (1792-1877), was also an author of note. Under the pseudonym of "The Ancient Lady" she published The Olden Time of Carolina, 1855; Our Forefathers, Their Homes and Their Churches, 1860, and Days of Yore, or Shadows of the Past, 1870.

[2]For the above information the author is under obligation to the poet's sister, Mrs. Anna Ball Dunham, of New Dorchester, Massachusetts.

THE YEAR OF GRIEF—1852.

(Selected Sonnets.)

II

How strange that I unknowing and unknown,
  Filling my little nook so far away,
  Where summer suns with burning radiance play
O'er fields of golden rice—where winter's throne
Is garlanded with flowers—and his zone
  Studded with sparkling gems—whose robes display
  The emerald tint of nature; that I may
For friend of mine a noble poet own!
  One whose deep thoughts have moved the world I ween,
  (From where of royal blood, the British Queen
Holdeth her loving state to where the sea
Laves with green flood the Nation of the Free)—
Causing all faithful souls to bow the knee
  To Jesus, in His Church and gospel seen.

IX

Hark to the voice of wailing! Deep the woe
  Of our belovéd Sion. On the ground
  In her sad widowhood, her locks unbound,
She sits forlorn in sorrow. For her flow
Her children's bitter tears—and bending low,
  Her Priests her sacred Altars now surround
  Wrapped in deep grief and agony profound.
What bodes this solemn, dim, funereal show?—
The Angel of God's Temple ta'en away;[1]
  Vicegerent here below of Jesus dead—
  Her spouse, her master. Therefore is her head
Bowed as a bulrush, and her tresses grey
Loose in the wintry winds disordered play:—
  Our Mother must the bitter wine-press tread.

XI

On whom shall thy descending mantle rest?
  Who is there strong enough to bear the weight
  And care of all the churches?—brave the hate
Of Hydra-headed schisms?—on his breast
Wear manfully the Spirit's shield imprest?—
  And clad in the Heavenly armor never bate
  In holy zeal, though foes assail the gate

[1]Bishop C. E. Gadsden, who died on June 24, 1852.

And ancient walls of Sion? When distressed
To bear her most in heart—and never quail
  Though ghostly foes against her bend their ire?—
O sainted Bishop![1] May *thy* prayers prevail,
  Floating as incense from thy heart of fire—
  Far, far above the bright angelic choir
To the Eternal One—beyond the veil!

XXV

Another and another—thus I tell
  My rosary of sorrow; every bead
  A ruby drop from wounded hearts that bleed.
Nun-like retiréd in thy spirit's cell,
Thou commun'st with the loud, convulsive swell
  Of thy great grief—Sister in heart and deed
  To our belovéd kinsman. But thy creed
Instructs thee where to turn when sorrows dwell
Deep in the soul. Building thy bower of Hope
Beneath the cross, the gale of peace shall ope
  Love's roses in thy breast, and glowing there
Within thy ardent bosom's pious scope
  Shall lend their perfume to the morning air,
  Their rosy petals moist with Memory's tear.

XL

For he alone is worthy found to break
  The sevenfold signet of the Book of Doom,
  On that dread morning when from yawning tomb
And hoary deep the startled dead shall wake,
And 'round the pure white Throne of Judgment take
  In silent awe their stand. With hopeful plume,
  Or wing despondent shall each soul resume
Its dwelling in the flesh. When Thou shalt make
Thine angels from the just the bad divide
  May we be found rejoicing—we who weep,
  And those who have already fallen asleep
In Jesus; and with palms triumphant glide
  In glad procession up the mountain steep
Into the pearly portals with Thy Bride!

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[1]Bishop Gadsden.

GOOD NIGHT.

(From the same.)

Good night, beloved ones! It is time for me
To launch my bark upon the unfathomed sea
That laves the headland of Eternity,
Good night!

My skiff heaves the billow—and the air
Seems full of strange, sad whispers. Do I hear
The spirit voices of the unknown sphere?
Good night!

Methinks a storm is brooding in the sky—
The stars have bid good night—the moon is shy
To show her face in Heaven—come, draw ye nigh,
Good night!

Draw nigh—nor while I linger let me miss
The warm, soft pressure of each loving kiss—
They take me back to days of childish bliss,
Good night!

To days when by my Mother's knee I prayed;
Or with ye, sisters, on the white sand strayed—
This is another sea—I'm half afraid—
Good night!

Good night! Good night! O it is hard to go—
But all those airy voices call me so—
I must depart—Beloved! *That voice* I know,
Good night.

It is my Mother's! and it chides delay,
And bids me trust in ONE has led the way
Over Death's gloomy tide—I fain obey,
Good night.

Good night! The gloom is almost gone—a ray
Strikes on yon headland from approaching day—
Sweet sisters one last kiss—and now away
To Light!

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

(From the same.)

The year is dying out—the Autumnal breeze
Sweeps o'er the forest trees,
Awaking solemn music in the heart
Attuned to bear her part
In Nature's diapason, and to hear
God's voice forever near;
Speaking in whispers low
When Zephyrs blow
O'er rosy bowers;
And when the rude winds bow
The pines as now,
And tempest lowers.

Now on the margin of the river
The red and golden leaflets quiver,
Ready to drop on flood or clay;
To float as fairy barks away,
Or spread a carpet meet
For stern December's icy feet:
Red the Sun,
His day's work done,
Seeks his crimson couch of rest
O'er Mount Kathrine's modest crest,
Without a sigh
Like him may I
Through golden portals pass, to rise
After death's tranquil sleep, in worlds beyond the skies. . . .

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON was born in 1794 at Philadelphia, where his parents, who were Virginians, were residing during the sessions of Congress, of which his father was a member. He died at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1860. At the age of fourteen he entered Washington College, but the next year, on account of threatened pulmonary trouble, his father sent him with a trusty servant on a horseback journey to Florida. On reaching Columbia, S. C., he entered South Carolina College, from which he graduated in 1812. He then spent some time traveling in the West and in Europe, and took a law course in Edinburgh, where he roomed with Hugh S. Legaré and enjoyed the acquaintance of Washington Irving, Thomas Campbell, and Sir Walter Scott. He began the practice of law in Virginia in 1820, but soon made his home in South Carolina. He quickly won fame by his eloquence and legal ability and was elected to the legislature in 1828, and served till 1834. He was then sent to the United States Senate, in which he was the colleague of John C. Calhoun. He was president of South Carolina College from 1845 to 1851, when ill health due to a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered caused his resignation. His Eulogy of Hugh S. Legaré, delivered at Charleston in 1843, is perhaps the best specimen of his oratory.

THE ELOQUENCE OF LEGARÉ.[1]

(From the Eulogy on Hugh S. Legaré, 1843.)

The glory of eloquence was, for many years of his life, the chief object of his ambition. Our popular institutions demand a talent for speaking, and create a taste for it. Liberty and eloquence are united in all ages. Where the

[1]This selection is taken from a bound volume of pamphlets kindly loaned the author by Mr. August Kohn, of Columbia.

sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honor, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit, "to make our mind the mind of other men," and wield the sceptre in the realms of passion. Smitten with the love, he devoted himself to the culture, of eloquence, from his boyhood. He was by nature endowed with an active imagination, warm sensibilities, a vigorous mind, and an easy flow of speech. To these he added, as we have seen, all that labor could achieve; nor was he inattentive to the minuter accomplishments of the voice and gesture, which contribute, in their degree, to successful speaking, and, by the authority of the most illustrious examples, are shewn to be worthy of attention. In his gesture it was a great triumph of art and perseverance to overcome defects, in which he eminently succeeded. To improve his voice, it was his practice for many years to task it with long and varied declamations, trying it upon his ear with frequent repetition, to attain the exact intonation, for he properly conceived that there is "full many a tone" of thought and feeling beyond the reach of words or action, which are vibrated to the heart by the voice only. Besides these exercises, he subjected it to the more invigorating discipline of speaking in the open harbour, to a remote part of which he was occasionally rowed by his servant, where he declaimed upon the vacant air and sea, passages from the ancients or moderns, and sometimes whole speeches of Cicero. The result was, that he brought his voice to great perfection, especially in its loftier tones, to which, when it was tasked to the utmost, may be applied the words of Quintillian, *quicquid immensum infinitumque.*

The general characteristics of his style of speaking were similar to those of his writing; developed, of course, with greater elevation and intenseness, as speaking admits of a wider range and bolder contrasts, from the highest ascent into the regions of passion, to the most familiar and colloquial narrative. His method of constructing a speech was systematic and exact—the argument always forcibly conceived and skilfully concatenated, the occasional remarks acute and pregnant—and the learning and thought on the

immediate subject or collateral to it, most rich and abundant. The affluence of his knowledge and the quickness of his sensibility, gave him a tendency to amplitude and vehemence, which exposed his oratory to the charge of declamation, as his literary accomplishments had created a suspicion of his law knowledge—the same error arising from the same sources. In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed, is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter—the other may exhaust attention or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on, is that of abundance—as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape, than by the weariness of the desert. It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic; but the subtleties of dialectics and the forms of logic, may play as fantastic tricks with truth, as the most potent magic of Fancy. . . .

His idea of the office and mission of the orator, was an exalted one. He concurred with the Archbishop of Cambray that "eloquence was not to be reckoned a frivolous art, that a declaimer uses to impose upon the weak imagination of the multitude, and to serve his own ends, but is a very serious art, designed to instruct people, to regulate their passions, and reform their manners—to direct public councils, and to make men good and happy."

Indeed, he approached all the offices of life with this lofty sentiment, and brought to all its duties a natural conscientiousness and earnestness. He was ambitious, but it was a right and generous ambition, the ambition to excel, untarnished by sinister purposes or malignant passions. This conscientiousness and earnestness exercised an influence on his whole character and conduct. They induced ingenuousness of temper and singleness of purpose, and communicated an intenseness to the performance of whatever he undertook.

Their influence may be perceived in all he accomplished,

and was felt in all that he proposed, and purified and elevated his character in whatever point of view we may consider it—either as a scholar, as a writer, as a statesman, as a lawyer, or as an orator; so that when our country proudly points to the catalogue of her sons in either of these departments, there will be conspicuous upon it the name of Hugh S. Legaré.

DAVID RAMSAY

DAVID RAMSAY was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, April 2, 1749, and died at Charleston, South Carolina, May 8, 1815. After graduating at Princeton, he taught for several years. He then studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and removed to Charleston, where he practised his profession with great success. He was a member of the legislature, 1776-1783, and did much to aid the Revolutionary cause, but after the capture of Charleston in 1780 he was confined for eleven months at St. Augustine by the British. After the Revolution he was a delegate to the Continental Congress, 1782-1783 and 1785-1786, and was president of the Senate of his native State for several years. He died from injuries which he received from a maniac whom he had examined professionally. His first wife was a daughter of the Revolutionary patriot, John Witherspoon, and his second a daughter of the famous Henry Laurens.

Dr. Ramsay's published works include A Sermon on Tea (from the text, "Touch not, taste not, handle not"); History of the Revolution in South Carolina, 1785; History of the American Revolution, 2 vols., 1789; Life of George Washington, 1807; History of South Carolina from its Settlement in 1670 to the Year 1808, 2 vols., 1809; Memoir of Martha Laurens Ramsay; and History of the United States, afterwards continued and incorporated in a universal history. Besides these historical writings, he published numerous medical works.

THE DEFENCE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

(From The History of South Carolina, 1809.)

In the close of the year 1775, and the beginning of the year 1776, great preparations had been made in Great Britain to invade the American colonies with a force sufficient to compel submission. With this view, early in 1776 upwards of fifty

thousand men were employed in active operations against America. Part of this force was ordered to the southward, to carry into effect in that quarter the designs of the British ministry. In South Carolina every exertion had been made to put the province, especially its capital, in a respectable posture of defence. As one means conducing thereto, the popular leaders had erected works on Sullivan's Island. This is a very convenient port for annoying ships approaching the town. At the time the British fleet appeared off the coast, about twenty-six heavy cannon, twenty-six eighteen and nine pounders were mounted at Sullivan's Island, on a fort constructed with palmetto. This is a tree peculiar to the Southern States, which grows from twenty to forty feet high, without branches, and then terminates in something resembling the head of a cabbage. The wood of it is remarkably spongy. A bullet entering it makes no splinters nor extended fracture, but buries itself without injuring the parts adjacent.

On the first of June, 1776, advices were received in Charleston that a fleet of forty or fifty sail were at anchor about six leagues to the northward of Sullivan's Island. The next day the alarm was fired, and expresses sent to the officers commanding the militia in the country to repair to Charleston. . . .

On the 25th, the Experiment, a fifty-gun ship, arrived near the bar; and on the 26th, her guns being previously taken out, she got safely over.

On the 28th, the fort on the Island was briskly attacked by the two fifty-gun ships, Bristol and Experiment, four frigates, the Active, Acteon, Solebay, Syren, each of twenty-eight guns, the Sphynx, of twenty guns, the Friendship, an armed vessel of twenty-two guns, Ranger sloop, and Thunder-Bomb, each of eight guns. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Thunder-Bomb began to throw shells. The Active, Bristol, Experiment, and Solebay, came boldly on to the attack. A little before eleven o'clock the garrison fired four or five shot at the Active while under sail. When she came near the fort she dropped anchor, and poured in a broad-side. Her example was followed by the three other vessels, and a most tremendous cannonade ensued. The Thunder-Bomb,

after having thrown about sixty shells, was so damaged as to be incapacitated from firing. Colonel Moultrie, with three hundred and forty-five regulars, and a few volunteer militia, made a defence that would have done honor to experienced veterans. During the engagement the inhabitants stood with arms in their hands at their respective posts, prepared to receive the British wherever they might land. Impressed with high ideas of British bravery, and diffident of the maiden courage of their own new troops, they were apprehensive that the forts would either be silenced or passed, and that they should be called to immediate action. The various passions of the mind assumed alternate sway, and marked their countenances with anxious fears or cheerful hopes. Their resolution was fixed to meet the invaders at the water's edge, and dispute every inch of ground, trusting the event to Heaven and preferring death to slavery. . . .

The Sphynx, Acteon, and Syren, were sent round to attack the western extremity of the fort. This was so unfinished as to afford very imperfect cover to the men at the guns in that part, and also so situated as to expose the men in the other parts of the fort to a very dangerous cross-fire. Providence, on this occasion, remarkably interposed in behalf of the garrison and saved them from a fate, which, in all probability, would otherwise have been inevitable. About twelve o'clock, as the three last mentioned ships were advancing to attack the western wing of the fort, they all got entangled with a shoal called the Middle Ground; two of them ran foul of each other. The Acteon stuck fast. The Sphynx, before she cleared herself, lost her bowsprit; but the Syren got off without much injury. The ships in front of the fort kept up their fire till near seven o'clock in the evening without intermission; after that time it slackened. At half-past nine the firing on both sides ceased; and at eleven the ships slipped their cables. Next morning all the men-of-war, except the Acteon, had retired about two miles from the Island. The garrison fired several shots at the Acteon; she at first returned them, but soon after the crew set her on fire and abandoned her; leaving her colors flying, guns loaded, and all her ammunition and stores. She was in a short time boarded by a party of Americans, commanded by Captain Jacob Mil-

ligan. While flames were bursting out on all sides they fired three of her guns at the Commodore, and then quitted her. In less than half an hour after their departure she blew up. The Bristol had forty men killed and seventy-one wounded. Every man, who was stationed in the beginning of the action on her quarter deck, was either killed or wounded. The Experiment had twenty-three killed and seventy-six wounded. Lord William Campbell, the late Governor of the province, who, as a volunteer, had exposed himself in a post of danger, received a wound which ultimately proved mortal. The fire of the fort was principally directed against the Bristol and Experiment; and they suffered very much in their hulls, masts, and rigging. Not less than seventy balls went through the former. The Acteon had Lieutenant Pike killed and six men wounded. After some days the troops were all reëmbarked, and the whole sailed for New York.

The loss of the garrison was ten men killed and twenty-two wounded. Lieutenants Hall and Gray were among the latter. Though there were many thousand shot fired from the shipping, yet the works were little damaged: those which struck the fort were ineffectually buried in its soft wood. Hardly a hut or tree on the Island escaped.

When the British appeared off the coast there was so scanty a stock of lead, that to supply the musketry with bullets, it became necessary to strip the windows of the dwelling houses in Charleston of their weights. Powder was also very scarce. The proportion allotted for the defence of the fort was but barely sufficient for slow firing. This was expended with great deliberation. The officers in their turn pointed the guns with such exactness that most of their shot took effect. In the beginning of the action the flag-staff was shot away. Sergeant Jasper of the grenadiers immediately jumped on the beach, took up the flag, and fastened it on a sponge-staff. With it in his hand he mounted the merlon; and, though the ships were directing their incessant broadsides at the spot, he deliberately fixed it. The day after the action President Rutledge presented him with a sword, as a mark of respect for his distinguished valor. Sergeant McDonald, of Captain Huger's company, was mortally wounded by a cannon ball. He employed the short interval

between his wound and his death in exhorting his comrades to continue steady in the cause of liberty and their country.

This ill-conducted expedition contributed greatly to establish the popular government which it was intended to overset. The friends of America triumphed. Unacquainted with the vicissitudes of war, some of them began to flatter themselves their work was done and their liberties established. In opposition to the bold assertions of some, and the desponding fears of others, experience proved that Americans might effectually resist a British fleet and army. The diffident grew bold in their country's cause, and looked forward to the completion of their wishes for its liberty and independence.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER

Augustus Julian Requier was born at Charleston in 1825, and died in 1887. He was decended from French stock, was educated in the schools of his native city, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. In 1842 he published a play in blank verse entitled The Spanish Exile, which was acted with success, and gave him popularity as an author. Two years later appeared The Old Sanctuary, a pre-revolutionary romance. After practising his profession for a short time, he removed to Marion, where he resided for four or five years. From 1850 to 1865 he resided in Mobile, where in 1853 he was appointed United States attorney for the Southern District of Alabama. During the war he held the office of Confederate States attorney for Alabama. He afterwards made his home in New York City, where he practised law until his death.

Judge Requier was the author of The Spanish Exile, 1842; The Old Sanctuary, A Romance of South Carolina, 1844; Marco Bozzaris, A Tragedy; Crystalline, and Other Poems, 1859. Among his best poems are "Ashes of Glory," "Only a Dream," "Clouds in the West," "Who Was It?" "The Legend of Tremaine," 1862, "Ode to Shakespeare," and "Ode to Victory," 1862. He also wrote a number of essays which were published in various periodicals.

ASHES OF GLORY.

(From Simms's War Poetry of the South, 1867.)

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
  By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
  Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blare—
  No drum funereal roll—
Nor trailing sables drape the bier
  That frees a dauntless soul!

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal Palm:
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded Ensign! not the breeze
That smote the victor tar,
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar;

Nor Arthur's knights, amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard;

Not all that antique fables feign,
And Orient dreams disgorge;
Nor yet, the Silver Cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep! in thine own historic night,—
And be thy blazoned scroll,
A warrior's Banner takes its flight,
To greet the warrior's soul!

ONLY A DREAM.

(From the Same.)

By the lake beyond the meadow,
  Where the lilies blow—
As the young moon dipt and lifted
  Her reflected bow!—
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
  Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
  Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
  An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of rapture,
  Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail, and Passion fleeting—
  It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets
  With the sunsets go;
To have loved is to have suffered
  Martyrdom below!

By the lake beyond the meadow,
  Where the lilies blow—
Oh! the glory there that perished,
  None shall ever know—
When a human heart was broken,
  Many years ago!

ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT

ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1800, and died September 14, 1876. He was elected attorney-general of the State in 1833, and acted with the nullification party. In 1850 he became a United States Senator. On the election of Lincoln in 1860, he was a member of the State Convention which passed the ordinance of secession, and drew up the address giving reasons for this measure.

Among his most important writings are three Letters on the Right of Debate, and Speeches on the Annexation of Texas, 1845, the Western Harbor and River Bill of 1844, the Right of Petition, 1844, the Oregon Territory Bill of 1847, the Tariff Bill of 1844, An Appeal to the Democratic Party, and on the President's Message in 1848.

EULOGY OF CALHOUN.

(From an Oration on the Life, Services, and Character of John C. Calhoun.[1])

. . . Aristotle, Locke, Sydney, Russell, Hume, were theoretical statesmen. Pericles, Walpole, Chatham, Fox, Peel, were practical statesmen. Burke was both a theoretical and a practical statesman—and the greatest in the combination of all the qualifications of statesmanship England has ever produced. But, unfortunately, he lived at a time, and amidst circumstances, which induced him to lean on the side of order, privilege and government, rather than that of liberty. Mr. Calhoun, although his inferior in cultivation and in the gorgeous splendor of his imagination—was not his inferior in naked reasoning, deep analysis, and a profound knowledge of the principles of free government. The one had the British Constitution, with all its anomalies and abuses, to defend—the other, the Constitution of the United

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[1]Delivered November 28, 1850.

States, in its federative and free principles, (the most wonderful political production of the world) to elucidate and enforce. Burke exhibited a more beautiful afflorescence—but Calhoun the soundest fruit. In theoretic statesmanship, Aristotle, from amongst the ancients, will, probably, alone stand beside him; but as a practical statesman, many, both in ancient and modern times, may rank above him; because he failed in enforcing his policy. But he did not look to his personal success, nor to the practical enforcement of his policy, as the measure of his fame. He looked to future ages; and trusting to the improvement of men in civilization, and the extension of free government, he anticipated the happy period, when the liberties of the world, in a thousand Republics, would rest on the mighty foundations his genius had wrought out and laid down for their erection and eternal duration. . . . Mr. Calhoun, doubtless, believed the great principles of free government he originated and advocated, to be as eternal as truth itself, and as lasting as man; and was he not animated, too, with the inspiring hope, that his name would live with them in all after ages? Thousands of generous spirits, since the entrance of civilized man on this continent, have lived and died with the hope of a prolonged fame amongst future generations; but I can discover but two men who will probably obtain this fame—Washington and Calhoun—the former, as the founder of a great Republic—the latter, as the discoverer of the true principles of free government. . . .

Mr. Calhoun's mind, in its characteristics, was as striking as it was great. It stood forth like the Egyptian Pyramids—vast, simple, and grand. It was essentially Southern, with none of that affectation, pretension and glitter about it, which deforms the literature and oratory of the Northern people. Meretricious ornament was as unsuitable to it as verdure on the top of the highest Andes. No flowers grew on the banks of the mighty river of his thoughts, as it broke its way through mountains, and left rocks and gigantic cliffs beetling over it. Yet there is an earnestness and elevation in his language, which bears the mind on, as if on a swift, deep current. His close, compact and impregnable logic, moved with the precision and measured tread of a Spartan phalanx.

Stone upon stone, he reared the pile of his fair argument, until at length it stood a lofty temple, with its steeples and domes looking up to heaven, and bathed in the light of eternal truth. . . .

We mourn our loss;—but, standing over his remains, we cannot but hate the tyranny that hurried him to his grave,—and love the liberty for which he lived, and wasted, and died. Cherishing his memory, we dare not be slaves. Looking to his example and precepts, we must and will be free. If his home, whilst living, was sacred to purity and honour, his last resting place shall not be *polluted* by the foul footsteps of traitors to liberty. And, when over the long track of ages to come, the star of his genius shall still shine on, to lead the nations to freedom,—it shall not be forgotten that South Carolina, the land of his nativity, reared him—sustained him—and honored him to the last.

GEORGE HERBERT SASS

GEORGE HERBERT SASS, "Barton Grey," was born at Charleston, December 24, 1845, and died there February 10, 1908. His entire life was spent in his native city. He graduated at the College of Charleston, in 1867, with the highest honors, as valedictorian of his class. After studying law for two years in the office of Charles Richardson Miles, he was admitted to the bar. From the beginning of his practice he was much sought after in cases in which a referee of clear judgment was required. In February, 1883, he was appointed a Master in Equity, an office which he retained throughout life by successive reappointments and, in the last two terms, by popular election. A man of the highest integrity of character, well versed in the law, and of a marked judicial temperament, Sass was peculiarly well equipped for the office which he not only ably filled but adorned. Only in rare instances was an appeal taken to a higher court. In 1902 he was awarded the degree of LL. D. by his alma mater, an honor which he wore most gracefully.

Sass is best known, as a man of letters, under the pen-name of "Barton Grey." He began to write verses during the civil war, and received a prize with one of his patriotic poems in a competition. Not long after his graduation he became attached to the literary staff of *The News and Courier*, and his rarely excellent reports of lectures, dramatic criticisms, and book reviews were regarded among the most interesting features of its Sunday edition. His poems were collected in 1904 under the title of "The Heart's Quest: A Book of Verses." Among his occasional poems should be mentioned an "Ode for the Opening of the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition" (1900), and an "Ode to the

Confederate Dead," lines from which are found on the memorial tablet in St. Michael's Church.

The following beautiful and discerning appreciation is from the pen of Dr. Stanhope Sams, literary editor of the Columbia *State:*

"With whatever qualifications we feel should be taken, it must be recognized that George Herbert Sass left for us and for later generations a very liberal and substantive contribution to our poetry. We have already said that, as a poet he stands first, since Timrod. If we make one other exception—Hayne—he may be, without challenge, accorded the third rank among the poets of his State, and a very high station among the poets of the South and of the country. Two or three of his poems will probably remain as permanent acquisitions to our small stock of noble poetry. This is a large achievement, for many a poet has won his fame by a single felicitous song or a few haunting lines. One of the most pleasing qualities of Mr. Sass's verse is its positive though not obtrusive literary flavor. In this respect much of his writing suggests Arnold, and it was, we believe, confessed by him, that Arnold, if any one, was his literary guide. There is ever present the note of culture and refinement. This fine quality is as marked in the classic form and phrase of his verse as it is in the manner of treatment and the point of view. This of course adds dignity to his thought, melodiousness to his lines, and distinction to his style. These qualities and this grace will be found in every line of the exquisite poem, 'In a King-Cambyses Vein.' That poem and his beautiful verses on 'Joan Mellish" are, perhaps, the best fruits of his pen. There are other poems that are rare and fine, many that are elevated and worthy; but these seem to us to ring truer and to sing themselves into the heart with a more exquisite and a more memorable music than any of his other songs."

IN A KING-CAMBYSES VEIN.[1]

(From The Heart's Quest, 1904.)

Cambyses, King of the Persians,
  Sat with his lords at play
Where the shades of the broad plane-branches
  Slanted athwart the way.

And he listened and heard Prexaspes
  Tell to his fellows there
Of a Bactrian bowman's prowess,
  And skill beyond compare.

And the heart of the King was bitter,
  And he turned and said to him:
"Dost see on the greensward yonder
  That plane-tree's slender limb?

"It stands far off in the gloaming—
  Dost think that Bactrian could
With a single shaft unerring
  Smite through that slender wood?"

"But nay," then said Prexaspes,
  "Nor ever a mortal man
Since the days when Nimrod hunted
  Where great Euphrates ran."

Then Cambyses, son of Cyrus,
  Looked and before him there
Meres, the King's cup-bearer,
  Stood where the wine flowed clear.

Meres, the King's cup-bearer,
  Prexaspes' only son,
And the heart of the King was hardened,
  And the will of the King was done.

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[1]This and the succeeding poems of Sass are here given by courtesy of his publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

And he said: "Bind Meres yonder
To the plane-tree's slender stem,
And give me yon sheaf of arrows
And the bow that lies by them."

And so, when the guards had bound him,
He drew the shaft to the head;
"Give heed! give heed, Prexaspes,
I aim for the heart!" he said.

Sharp through the twilight stillness
Echoed the steel-bow's twang,
Loud through the twilight stillness
The courtiers' plaudits rang.

And the head of the boy drooped downward,
And the quivering shaft stood still;
And the King said, "O Prexaspes,
Match I thy Bactrian's skill?"

Then low before Cambyses
The Satrap bowed his head—
"O great King, live forever!
Thou hast cleft the heart!" he said.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their Wars behind them—God's great Peace before.
They fought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast our woe:
And now the Land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave!

JOAN MELLISH.

Where art thou now, Joan Mellish?
  Spring with its smiles slips past;
The great red rose in the convent close
  Crimsons and glows at last;
And with the time of roses
  Old hopes new life assume,
Where art thou then, Joan Mellish?
  Shall naught thine eyes relume?

Thy step was free and stately
  As the step of the mountain fawn;
Thy cheek's first flush like the rosy blush
  In the first sweet hush of dawn;
And, oh, thy heart, Joan Mellish,
  Was just the truest heart
That ever the dear God sent below
  To bear an earthly part.

I seek for thee, Joan Mellish,
  At morn, at noon, at eve;
I turn and turn, I pant and burn,
  I strive and yearn and grieve;
But not for sigh or whisper,
  For passionate sob or cry,
Dost thou come back, my love, my life,
  And still the years go by.

Thou wilt not come, Joan Mellish,
  Thy feet the earth-dust holds;
Where strangers pass the long grave-grass
  Thy couch, alas, enfolds.
And I, thine earthly lover—
  Ah me, how far am I
From that dark home of thine below,
  From thy bright home on high!

But, as the twilight deepens,
  Where'er my footsteps stray,
I seek thee still by vale and hill,
  By lake and rill and bay;
But still the earth is empty,
  And still my heart is sore,
Because thy face, Joan Mellish,
  Shines on me nevermore.

Ah me, the bitter parting
  Of love that is not hope!
Farewell for aye, Dear Heart! astray
  In doubt's dark way I grope;
My eyes are dim with seeking
  The face they cannot see.
Farewell, farewell, Joan Mellish,
  A long farewell to thee!

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Only a gray head bowed upon its pillow;
  Only a stout heart stilled forevermore;
Only the ebbing of one transient billow
  Back to its far fount on the other shore.

Surely a prophet is not without honor
  Save in his own land, where his own folk dwell.
And what is Fame? What eye can look upon her?
  What magic bind her with what subtle spell?

Not ours only, but the wide world's glory,
  That old man in that calm Virginia home,
Writing the last words of his life's grand story
  With patient hand, until the Voice said "Come"!

There were who from behind war's bloody curtain
  Caught gracious glimpses of the Eternal Peace;
Passed in the battle's smoke and din uncertain
  Up to the Home where pain and danger cease.

But this man, when the bitter strife was over,
  Turned back again his quiet life to live;
Clave to his country an all-faithful lover;
  Taught her to bear whom erst he taught to strive.

When the sheaf ripens puts He in the sickle,
  Gathers the full ear from the unkindly sod,
Where skies are dark and summer winds are fickle,
  Into the ample Granary of God.

And we—we weep him not whose task is ended,
  Whose glorious failure outshines all success;
Though on his grave a whole world's tears descended,
  We could not love him more—nor mourn him less.

MARY PALMER SHINDLER

MARY PALMER SHINDLER was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1810, and died at Shelbyville, Kentucky, about 1880. She was a daughter of the celebrated pulpit orator, Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, of New Orleans. In 1814 she was taken by her parents to Charleston, where she became a pupil in the school conducted by the daughter of Dr. Ramsay, the historian. Her education was afterwards continued at various seminaries for young ladies in Connecticut and in New Jersey. She was twice married in 1835 and in 1848, her first husband being Charles E. Dana, of New York, and her second Rev. Robert D. Shindler, an Episcopal clergyman. In 1850 they removed to Maryland, and afterwards to Shelbyville, Kentucky, where her husband held a professorship in Shelby College.

Mrs. Shindler was the author of The Southern Harp, 1841; The Northern Harp; The Parted Family, and Other Poems; Charles Morton, or The Young Patriot, 1843, a story of the Revolution; The Young Sailor, Forecastle Tom, and Letters to Relatives and Friends, 1845.

THE FADED FLOWER.

(From The Parted Family, and Other Poems.)

I have seen a fragrant flower
  All impearled with morning dew;
I have plucked it from the bower,
  Where in loveliness it grew.
Oh, 'twas sweet, when gayly vying
  With the garden's richest bloom;
But when faded, withered, dying,
  Sweeter far its choice perfume.

So the heart, when crushed by sorrow,
  Sends its richest streams abroad,
While it learns sweet balm to borrow
  From the uplifted hand of God.
Not in its sunny days of gladness
  Will the heart be fixed on Heaven;
When 'tis wounded, clothed in sadness,
  Oft its richest love is given.

WILLIAM HAYNE SIMMONS

WILLIAM HAYNE SIMMONS was born at Charleston in 1784, and died there on June 14, 1870. He was buried in Magnolia Cemetery. He was descended from Doctor Henry Woodward, the first settler in South Carolina. In 1806 he graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, but never practiced. For some time he resided in Charleston, whence he removed to East Florida, where he divided his interests between writing poetry and managing an orange plantation. He was one of the commissioners with General Gadsden who drew up the treaty providing for the removal of the Seminole Indians to the West. His brother, James Wright Simmons, was also a well-known author.[1]

Doctor Simmons frequently contributed to *The Southern Quarterly,* and some of his essays were published in London under the title of American Sketches. He wrote a History of the Seminoles, and published a volume of poems, which contains, among other verse, Onea (afterwards revised and renamed Alasco), and two poems called The Wilderness, in which the descriptive and the contemplative are beautifully blended.[2]

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[1]James Wright Simmons was born at Charleston about 1790 and died at Memphis in his sixty-eighth year. About 1817 he published The Exile's Return, and a little later Memnon. He was at different times connected with *The Mirror, The Courier and Examiner, The Evening Star,* and the Galveston *Banner,* and was a frequent contributor to other newspapers and magazines. His much admired Recollections of the Campaign in East Florida were first published in *The Star.* At one time he was comptroller-general and at another treasurer of the Texan Republic. His Greek Girl, a tale in two cantos, was published in Boston in 1852. He was also the author of an elaborate treatise on The Moral Character of Lord Byron.

[2]For much of the material for the above sketch the author is indebted to Joseph W. Barnwell, Esq., of Charleston. The data in regard to James W. Simmons were taken from King's *Newspaper Press of Charleston.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

(From Simms's Charleston Book, 1845.)

Beguiled by vision vain,
  Full long the adventurer stretched his sail,
    O'er seas unknown;
    Bound on a voyage wild and lone,
The wondrous fount to gain,
By Indian fable placed
  In secret vale,
And land sequestered far in ocean's trackless waste;
    The draught miraculous to fill,
    That chased of age the wintry chill,
And spite of time,
  Made bright the brow once more,
    New vigor to life's weary springs could give,
And youth's new blooming prime,
  With all its joys restore.

There sun-bows fresh the flowery purlieus crowned,
And bowers of laughing bliss rose radiant round;
Here youth immortal, from the enchanted wave,
Bright as the morn, victorious o'er the grave,
His graceful limbs in careless beauty thrown,
  On surge-like shell,
    Whose foamy prow,
  The winged loves and blisses gay impel,
    With smiling brow,
    Holds high the Amreeta cup,
Filled with the elixir bright, the ambrosial dew,
    Of life to the pilgrim pale,
By age down grown,
    And bids him drink it up,
And with the draught forget his sorrows flown;
    Bids him retrace the vale
Of years, and to the bowers of youth return;
Bloom with its bloom, and with its fires re-burn,
  And crop its joys anew.

Such was the vision fair of western skies
That played before the fond sea-wanderer's eyes,
Like mirage o'er the watery syrt receding,
And onward still its follower, treacherous leading. . . .

Oh, vain the thought! Oh, wild the dream!
  Again, on earth, to find
    The flowers, death-trodden on life's weary way,
That glittered in its morning beam
    A space, fair smiling with the hues of hope,
Those blooms that will not last,
  E'en then when soft the dallying wind,
    And laughing, vernal season woo their stay,
    But flee, a fragile race, the pageants of a day,
    That do but ope,
  To fade and leave behind
  The tears that swelled within their infant eyes,
As if prophetic of the coming blast
  And changing skies
    That shed no twilight gleam,
  And see no star arise
    After their sun has set.
  Oh! rather sure, in Lethe's stream,
    'Twere happier to forget
  The past, and all the pangs remembrance brings,
    The promises bright
  Of hope's false rainbow, that delusive springs;
    Whether midst sorrow's tears,
    Or in life's morning sky its smile appears;
  Than the sad mockery to prove
    Of youth, without its joys renewed;
  O'er buried love
And friendship lost, to weep; affection's flight
      To feel; the weary cares
    Of age, and all its solitude,
  Without its promised rest;
    Like cold Aurora over region dead,
  Wandering unblest,
    Where the pale hours nor dew nor blossoms shed,
  Hoping, in vain, the day that rises never;
  Beauteous and sad, forlorn and restless, ever,
Environed still by wastes of death and ever-during night.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, April 17, 1806, and died there, June 11, 1870. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his family was poor. While in his boyhood he was apprenticed to a druggist, and thus gained but little education at school. In 1824 he studied law, then visited his father who was residing in the Southwest, returned and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In his twenty-first year he married and published a volume of juvenile verse. He now discovered that literature was his first love, gave up the law, helped to found a short-lived magazine, and became, in 1829, editor and owner of the *City Gazette and Daily Advertiser* of Charleston. He made himself extremely unpopular by his opposition to nullification, and his newspaper office came near being mobbed. On the death of his young wife he went for a prolonged residence to Hingham, Massachusetts, where he wrote his long poem, Atalantis, a Tale of the Sea, in 1832. By 1833 he discovered his real vocation in fiction, and published Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal. This was followed by Guy Rivers, the first of the exciting series of Border Romances and Revolutionary Romances, which made a literary sensation. In 1836 he married again, and settled down, with the exception of a few terms in the legislature, to a busy literary life at his plantation "Woodlands," near Barnwell, South Carolina. During the cooler months he wrote and dispensed the hospitality of a country gentleman, and in the summer he went North to be near his publishers. His literary activity was extraordinary, no fewer than thirty romances, thirty-four long magazine articles, numerous reviews, three dramas, eighteen volumes of poems, and a number of histories and biographies coming from his versatile and prolific pen. He was editorially connected with nine magazines and newspapers including the *Southern Quarterly Review, Southern and Western Monthly Magazine and*

Review (usually known as *Simm's Magazine*), *Russell's Magazine*, etc. He was besides an unwearied letter writer and occasional lecturer, and was the soul and center of the famous coterie of literary men in Charleston, which included Hayne, Timrod, Bruns, and Dickson. The war brought disaster: his house was burned, his wife, some of his children, and old friends died, he lost his publishers, and the public taste had changed. He bore up with admirable fortitude, but in five years his busy pen rested from its labors. A selection from his works was issued in nineteen volumes in 1859. His biography was written by Professor William P. Trent for the American Men of Letters series in 1892.

Simms's bibliography comprises no less than eighty separate publications. The editor is indebted to Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., for the following classified list compiled from his article in the Publications of the Southern History Association for October, 1897:

Poetry and Drama: Monody on Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, 1825; Lyrical and Other Poems, 1827; Early Lays, 1827; The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and Other Poems, 1829; The Tri-Color, or the Three Days of Blood in Paris, 1830; Atalantis, a Tale of the Sea, 1832; Southern Passages and Pictures, 1839; Donna Florida, a Tale, 1843; Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies, 1845; Areytos, or Songs of the South, 1846; Charleston, and Satirists, a Scribblement, 1848; Lays of the Palmetto, 1848; The Cassique of Accabee, a Tale of Ashley River, with Other Pieces, 1849; Sabbath Lyrics, or Songs from Scripture: a Christmas Gift of Love, 1849; The City of the Silent, 1850; Norman Maurice, or The Man of the People: an American Drama, 1850; Michael Bonham, or the Fall of Bexar: a Tale of Texas (drama), 1852; Poems, Descriptive, Dramatic, Legendary, and Contemplative, 1853; Simms' Poems, Areytos, or Songs and Ballads of the South, with Other Poems, 1860; Benedict Arnold, a Dramatic Essay, 1863; A Supplement to the Plays of William Shakespeare, 1848; War Poetry of the South (edited), 1867.

Fiction: Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal, 1833; The Book of the Lady: a Melange, 1833; Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia, 1834; The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina, 1835; The Partisan, a Tale of the Revolution, 1835; Mellichampe, a Legend of the Santee, 1836; Richard Hurdis, or the Avenger of Blood: a Tale of Alabama, 1838; Carl Werner, an Imaginative Story, with Other Tales of Imagination, 1838; Pelayo, a Story of the Goths, 1838; The Damsel of Darien, 1839; Border Beagles, a Tale of Mississippi, 1840; The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of Congaree: a Tale, 1841 (revised and renamed The Scout, etc., 1854); Confession, or the Blind Heart: a Domestic Story, 1841; Beauchampe, or the Kentucky Tragedy: a Tale of Passion, 1842; The Prima Donna, a Passage from City Life, 1844; Castle Dismal, or the Bachelor's Christmas, 1845; Helen Halsey, or the Swamp State of Conelachita: a Tale of the Borders, 1845; Count Julian, or the Last Days of the Goth: an Historical Romance, 1845; The Wigwam and Cabin, 1845-1846; Flirtation at the Moultrie House, 1850; Katharine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester: an Historical Romance of the Revolution in South Carolina, 1851; The Golden Christmas: a Chronicle of St. Johns, Berkeley, 1852; As Good as a Comedy, or the Tennesseean's Story, 1852; The Sword and Distaff, or "Fair, Fat, and Forty," 1852 (title afterwards changed to Woodcraft, or Hawks about the Dovecote); Marie de Berniere, a Tale of the Crescent City, 1853; Vasconselos, a Romance of the New World, 1854; The Maroon: a Legend of the Caribbees, and Other Tales, 1855; Southward Ho! A Spell of Sunshine; The Foragers, or the Raid of the Dogdays, 1855; Charlemont, or the Pride of the Village: a Tale of Kentucky, 1856; Eutaw: a Sequel to the Foragers, or the Raid of the Dogdays: A Tale of the Revolution, 1856; The Casique of Kiawah: a Colonial Romance, 1859; Paddy McGann, or the Demon of the Stump, 1863; Jocelyn: A Tale of the Revolution, 1867; The Cubs of the Panthers: A Mountain Legend, 1869; Valtmeier, or the Mountain Men, 1869.

History and Biography: The History of South Carolina,

from Its First European Discovery to Its Erection into a Republic, with a Supplementary Chronicle of Events to the Present Time, 1840; The Geography of South Carolina: Being a Companion to the History of That State, 1843; The Life and Times of Francis Marion, 1845; The Life of Captain John Smith, the Founder of Virginia, 1846; The Life of the Chevalier Bayard, "the Good Knight," "sans peur et sans reproche," 1847; The Life of Nathaniel Green, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution, 1849; The Lily and the Totem, or the Huguenots in Florida, 1850; South Carolina in the Revolutionary War, etc., 1853; The Army Correspondence of Colonel John Laurens, etc., with Memoirs by Simms, 1867; The Sack and Destruction of the City of Columbia, South Carolina, etc., 1865.

Miscellaneous: Slavery in the South, 1831; Slavery in America: Being a Brief Review of Miss Martineau on That Subject, 1838; The Social Principle, the True Source of National Permanence (oration), 1843; The Sources of American Independence (oration), 1844; The Charleston Book: A Miscellany in Prose and Verse (edited), 1845; Views and Reviews in American Literature, History, and Fiction, 1845; Self-Development (oration), 1857; Father Abbott, or the Home Tourist: A Medley, 1849; Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel, for the Woods and Wayside, 1853; Address at the Inauguration of the Spartanburg Female Academy, 1855; The Power of Cotton, 1856; The Sense of the Beautiful: An Address Delivered Before the Charleston County Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 1870.

DEFENCE OF A BLOCK HOUSE.

(From The Yemassee, 1835, revised 1853.)

The Indians lay in waiting for the favorable moment—silent as the grave, and sleepless—ready, when the garrison should determine upon a sally, to fall upon their rear; and in the meanwhile quietly preparing dry fuel in quantity, gathering it from time to time, and piling it against the logs

of the fortress, they prepared thus to fire the defences that shut them out from their prey.

There was yet another mode of finding entrance, which has been partially glimpsed at already. The scouts had done their office diligently in more than the required respects. Finding a slender pine twisted by a late storm, and scarcely sustained by a fragment of its shaft, they applied fire to the rich turpentine oozing from the wounded part of the tree, and carefully directing its fall, as it yielded to the fire, they lodged its extremest branches, as we have already seen, against the wall of the Block House and just beneath the window, the only one looking from that quarter of the fortress. Three of the bravest of their warriors were assigned for scaling this point and securing their entrance, and the attack was forborne by the rest of the band, while their present design, upon which they built greatly, was in progress.

Let us then turn to this quarter. We have already seen that the dangers of this position were duly estimated by Grayson, under the suggestion of Granger's wife. Unhappily for its defence, the fate of the ladder prevented that due attention to the subject, at once, which had been imperatively called for; and the subsequent excitement following the discovery of the immediate proximity of the Indians had turned the consideration of the defenders to the opposite end of the building, from whence the partial attack of the enemy, as described, had come. It is true that the workmen were yet busy with the ladder; but the assault had suspended their operations, in the impatient curiosity which such an event would necessarily induce, even in the bosom of fear.

The wife of Grayson, fully conscious of the danger, was alone sleepless in that apartment. The rest of the women, scarcely apprehensive of attack at all, and perfectly ignorant of the present condition of affairs, with all that heedlessness which marks the unreflecting character, had sunk to the repose (without an effort at watchfulness) which previous fatigues had, perhaps, made absolutely unavoidable. She, alone, sat thoughtful and silent—musing over present prospects—perhaps of the past—but still unforgetful of the difficulties and the dangers before her. With a calm temper she

awaited the relief which, with the repair of the ladder, she looked for from below.

In the meantime hearing something of the alarm, together with the distant war-whoop, she had looked around her for some means of defence, in the event of any attempt being made upon the window before the aid promised could reach her. But a solitary weapon met her eye, in a long heavy hatchet, a clumsy instrument, rather more like the cleaver of a butcher than the light and slender tomahawk so familiar to the Indians. Having secured this, with the composure of that courage which had been in great part taught her by the necessities of fortune, she prepared to do without other assistance, and to forego the sentiment of dependence, which is perhaps one of the most marked characteristics of her sex. Calmly looking around upon the sleeping and defenceless crowd about her, she resumed her seat upon a low bench in a corner of the apartment from which she had risen to secure the hatchet, and, extinguishing the only light in the room, fixed her eye upon the accessible window, while every thought of her mind prepared her for the danger which was at hand.

She had not long been seated when she fancied that she heard a slight rustling of the branches of the fallen tree just beneath the window. She could not doubt her senses, and her heart swelled and throbbed with the consciousness of approaching danger. But still she was firm—her spirit grew more confirmed with the coming trial, and, coolly throwing the slippers from her feet, grasping firmly her hatchet at the same time, she softly arose, and keeping close in the shadow of the wall, she made her way to a recess, a foot or so from the entrance, to which it was evident some one was cautiously approaching along the attenuated body of the yielding pine. In a few moments a shadow darkened the opening. She edged more closely to the point, and prepared for the intruder. She now beheld the head of the enemy—a fierce and foully painted savage—the war-tuft rising up into a ridge, something like a comb, and his face smeared with colors in a style the most ferociously grotesque. Still she could not strike, for, as he had not penetrated the window, and as its entrance was quite too small to enable her to strike with any hope of success at any distance through it, she felt that the

effort would be wholly without certainty; and failure might be of the worst consequence. Though greatly excited, and struggling between doubt and determination, she readily saw what would be the error of any precipitation. But even as she mused thus apprehensively, the cunning savage laid his hand upon the sill of the window, the better to raise himself to its level. That sight tempted her in spite of her better sense to the very precipitation she had desired to avoid. In the moment that she saw the hand of the red man upon the sill, the hatchet descended, under an impulse scarcely her own. She struck too quickly. The blow was given with all her force, and would certainly have separated the hand from the arm had it taken effect. But the quick eye of the Indian caught a glimpse of her movement at the very moment in which it was made, and the hand was withdrawn before the hatchet descended. The steel sank deep into the soft wood—so deeply that she could not disengage it. To try at this object would have exposed her at once to his weapon, and leaving it where it stuck, she sunk back again into shadow.

What now was she to do? To stay where she was would be of little avail; but to cry out to those below, and seek to fly, was equally unproductive of good, besides warning the enemy of the defencelessness of their condition, and thus inviting a renewal of the attack. The thought came to her with the danger; and without a word she maintained her position, in waiting for the progress of events. As the Indian had also sunk from sight, and some moments had now elapsed without his reappearance, she determined to make another effort for the recovery of the hatchet. She grasped it by the handle, and in the next moment the hand of the savage was upon her own. He felt that his grasp was on the fingers of a woman, and in his brief word and something of a chuckle, while he still maintained his hold upon it, he conveyed intelligence of the fact to those below. But it was a woman with a man's spirit with whom he contended, and her endeavor was successful to disengage herself. The same success did not attend her effort to recover the weapon. In the brief struggle with her enemy it had become disengaged from the wood, and while both strove to seize it, it slipped from their mutual hands, and sliding over the sill, in another instant

was heard rattling through the intervening bushes. Descending upon the ground below, it became the spoil of those without, whose murmurs of gratulation she distinctly heard. But now came the tug of difficulty. The Indian, striving at the entrance, was necessarily encouraged by the discovery that his opponent was not a man; and assured, at the same time, by the forbearance on the part of those within to strike him effectually down from the tree, he now resolutely endeavored to effect his entrance. His head was again fully in sight of the anxious woman—then his shoulders; and at length, taking a firm grasp upon the sill, he strove to elevate himself by muscular strength, so as to secure him sufficient purchase for the entrance at which he aimed.

What could she do—weaponless, hopeless? The prospect was startling and terrible enough; but she was a strong-minded woman, and impulse served her when reflection would most probably have taught her to fly. She had but one resource; and as the Indian had gradually thrust one hand forward for the hold upon the sill, and raised the other up to the side of the window, she grasped the one nighest to her own. She grasped it firmly with all her might, and to advantage, as, having lifted himself on tiptoe for the purpose of ascent, he had necessarily lost much of the control which a secure hold for his feet must have given him. Her grasp sufficiently assisted him forward to lessen still more greatly the security of his feet, while at the same time though bringing him still farther into the apartment, placing him in such a position—half in air—as to defeat much of the muscular exercise which his limbs would have possessed in any other situation. Her weapon now would have been all-important; and the brave woman mentally deplored the precipitancy with which she had acted in the first instance, and which had so unhappily deprived her of its use. But self-reproach was unavailing now, and she was satisfied if she could be able to retain her foe in his present position; by which, keeping him out, or in and out, as she did, she necessarily excluded all other foes from the aperture which he so completely filled up. The intruder, though desirous enough of entrance before, was rather reluctant to obtain it now, under existing circumstances. He strove desperately to effect a retreat, but had

advanced too far, however, to be easily successful; and, in his confusion and disquiet, he spoke to those below in his own language, explaining his difficulty and directing their movement to his assistance. A sudden rush along the tree indicated to the conscious sense of the woman the new danger, in the approach of additional enemies, who must not only sustain, but push forward, the one with whom she contended. This warned her at once of the necessity of some sudden procedure, if she hoped to do anything for her own and the safety of those around her—the women and the children, whom, amid all the contest, she had never once alarmed. Putting forth all her strength, therefore, though nothing in comparison with that of him whom she opposed, had he been in a condition to exert it, she strove to draw him still farther across the entrance, so as to exclude, if possible, the approach of those coming behind him. She hoped to gain time—sufficient time for those preparing the ladder to come to her relief; and with this hope for the first time she called aloud to Grayson and her husband.

The Indian, in the meanwhile, derived the support for his person as well from the grasp of the woman as from his own hold upon the sill of the window. Her effort necessarily drawing him still farther forward, placed him so completely in the way of his allies that they could do him little service while things remained in this situation; and, to complete the difficulties of his predicament, while they busied themselves in several efforts at his extrication, the branches of the little tree, resting against the dwelling, yielding suddenly to the unusual weight upon it—trembling and sinking away at last—cracked beneath the burden, and snapping off from its several holds, fell from under them, dragging against the building in the progress down; thus breaking their fall, but cutting off all their hope from this mode of entrance, and leaving their comrade awkwardly poised aloft, able neither to enter nor to depart from the window. The tree finally settled heavily upon the ground; and with it went the three savages who had so readily ascended to the assistance of their comrade—bruised and very much hurt; while he, now without any support but that which he derived from the sill, and what little his feet could secure from the irreg-

ular crevices between the logs of which the house had been built, was hung in air, unable to advance except at the will of his woman opponent, and dreading a far worse fall from his eminence than that which had already happened to his allies. Desperate with his situation, he thrust his arm, as it was still held by the woman, still farther into the window, and this enabled her with both hands to secure and strengthen the grasp which she had originally taken upon it. This she did with a new courage and strength, derived from the voices below, by which she understood a promise of assistance. Excited and nerved, she drew the extended arm of the Indian, in spite of all his struggles, directly over the sill, so as to turn the elbow completely down upon it. With her whole weight thus employed, bending down to the floor to strengthen herself to the task, she pressed the arm across the window until her ears heard the distinct, clear crack of the bone—until she heard the groan, and felt the awful struggles of the suffering wretch, twisting himself round with all his effort to attain for the shattered arm a natural and relaxed position, and with this object leaving his hold upon everything, only sustained, indeed, by the grasp of his enemy. But the movement of the woman had been quite too sudden, her nerves too firm, and her strength too great, to suffer him to succeed. The jagged splinters of the broken limb were thrust up, lacerating and tearing through flesh and skin, while a howl of the acutest agony attested the severity of that suffering which could extort such an acknowledgment from the American savage. He fainted in his pain, and as the weight increased upon the arm of the woman, the nature of her sex began to resume its sway. With a shudder of every fibre, she released her hold upon him. The effort of her soul was over—a strange sickness came upon her; and she was just conscious of a crashing fall of the heavy body among the branches of the tree at the foot of the window, when she staggered back fainting in the arms of her husband, who just at that moment ascended to her relief.

A CAROLINA CYPRESS SWAMP.

(From The Partisan: A Romance of the Revolution.)

The party followed as their guide directed, and after some twenty minutes' plunging, they were deep in the shadow and the shelter of the swamp. The gloom was thicker around them, and was only relieved by the pale and skeleton forms of the cypresses, clustering in groups along the plashy sides of the still lake, and giving meet dwelling-place to the screech-owls, that hooted at intervals from their rugged branches. Sometimes a phosphorescent gleam played over the stagnant pond, into which the terrapin plunged heavily at their approach; while on the neighboring banks the frogs of all degrees croaked forth their inharmonious chant, making the scene more hideous, and certainly adding greatly to the sense of gloom which it inspired in those who penetrated it. A thousand other sounds filled up the pauses between the conclusion of one and the commencement of another discordant chorus from those admitted croakers—sounds of alarm, of invitation, of exulting tyranny—the cry of the little bird, when the black-snake, hugging the high tree, climbs up to the nest of her young, while, with shrieks of rage, flapping his roused wings, the male flies furiously at his head, and gallantly enough, though vainly, endeavors to drive him back from his unholy purpose—the hum of the drowsy beetle, the faint chirp of the cricket, and the buzz of the innumerable thousands of bee, bird, and insect, which make the swamps of the South, in midsummer and its commencement, the vast storehouse, in all its forms, of the most various and animated life—all these were around the adventurers, with their gloomy and distracting noises, until they became utterly unheeded at last, and the party boldly kept its onward course into their yet deeper recesses.

THE LOST PLEIAD.[1]

(From Poetical Works, 1853.)

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen
So long in eminence of light serene,—
Nor on the white tops of the glistering wave,
Nor down, in mansions of the hidden deep,
Though beautiful in green
And crystal, its great caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
Her place, and, as of old, high station keep![1]

Gone! gone!
Oh! never more, to cheer
The mariner, who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it again appear,
With the sweet-loving certainty of light,
Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep!

The upward-looking shepherd of the hills
Of Chaldea, night-returning, with his flocks,
He wonders why his beauty doth not blaze,
Gladding his gaze,—
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him homeward o'er the perilous ways!
How stands he waiting still, in a sad maze,
Much wondering, while the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful vault!—how lingers, in the hope that night
May yet renew the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!

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[1]In classical mythology seven sisters, the daughters of Atlas, were metamorphosed into the constellation of the Pleiades at their deaths. Merope's brightness was eclipsed because she alone of the sisters had loved a mortal, Sisyphus, King of Corinth.

And lone,
Where, at first, in smiling love she shone,
Brood the once happy circle of bright stars:
How should they dream, until her fate was known,
That they were ever confiscate to death?
That dark oblivion the pure beauty mars,
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
That they should fall from high;
Their lights grow blasted by a touch, and die,—
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone!

Ah! still the strain
Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening sky;
The sister stars, lamenting in their pain
That one of the selectest ones must die,—
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis ever thus the destiny.
Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.
Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
Look not they ever brightest, as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest!

SONG IN MARCH.

(From the same. This song first appeared in the *Southern Literary Journal* for March, 1837.)

How are the winds about us in their glee,
Tossing the slender tree;
Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar;
Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's dreams,
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
Their fetters from the lakes,
And, with a power by queenly Spring supplied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms
And clasps her to his arms;
Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old Winter from his prey;—
The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves,
Goes howling to his caves;
And, to his northern realm compelled to fly,
Yields up the victory;
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his towers,
And March comes bringing flowers.

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT.[1]

(From the same.)

The burden of the Desert,
  The Desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirlwinds
  Comes rushing up the steep;—
I see the spoiler spoiling,
  I hear the strife of blows;
Up, watchman, to thy heights and say
  How the dread conflict goes!

What hear'st thou from the desert?—
  "A sound, as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
  And to an ocean hurled;
The roaring as of waters,
  The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
  That all the desert fills."

What see'st thou on the desert?—
  "A chariot comes," he cried,
"With camels and with horsemen,
  That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
  From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
  As fearing still to see!"

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[1] A paraphrase of Isaiah xxi.

What, watchman, of the horsemen?—
"They come, and as they ride,
Their horses crouch and tremble,
Nor toss their manes in pride;
The camels wander scattered,
The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed, as if they dreaded still
The foe with whom they fought."

What foe is this, thou watchman?—
"Hark! Hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
As if they feared a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
Their very shouts a groan;
Babylon, they cry, has fallen,
And all her gods are gone!"

THE SWAMP FOX.[1]

(From The Partisan, 1835.)

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red-deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day, and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount, and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies. . . .

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[1]A soubriquet of General Francis Marion (1732-1795.)

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go. . . .

What—'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us, half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out tonight;
So clear your swords, and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we—
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den—
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1811, and died at Washington, September 30, 1866. Educated in Baltimore, Maryland, where he studied law, he was admitted to the bar in 1828. In 1830 he removed to Cincinnati to assist his father in editing *The Advertiser,* in which, in the same year, appeared "'Tis Said That Absence Conquers Love." From 1841 till 1850 he was clerk in the Treasury Department in Washington. In 1850 he returned to Cincinnati, entered the ministry and preached in that city. In 1858 he resumed the practice of law in Cambridge, Maryland. In 1860 he became editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* and was afterward connected with *The South Carolinian,* of Columbia.

He published The Emigrant, a poem, 1833; Clinton Bradshaw, a Tale, 1835; East and West, a novel, 1836; The Beechen Tree, and Other Poems, 1844; John Randolph of Roanoke, and Other Sketches of Character, 1853. The following verses were set to music by E. Thomas:

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
  But, oh, believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its pow'r to prove,
  But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
  Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart
  As when I clasped thee here.

And when some other name I learn
  And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return
  Like the returning dove.

In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But, oh, believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its pow'r to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL was born in Marlborough District, near Society Hill, South Carolina, December 9, 1812; died at Charlotte, North Carolina, August 1, 1862. He received his early instruction principally at the Cheraw Academy, conducted by Dr. Graham and Mr. Bowman, and graduated with highest honors at South Carolina College in 1831. He then studied theology, was licensed to preach in 1834, and served as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lancaster Court House, of Waxhaws and Six Mile Creek churches. He held the chair of Logic and Criticism in the South Carolina College, 1837-1840, and was Professor of Sacred Literature and Evidences of Christianity, 1840-1851. On account of poor health he visited Europe in 1841. He became pastor of the Glebe Street Church in Charleston in 1851. He was President of the South Carolina College, 1852-1855. He was elected Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary in Columbia in 1855, and also served as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He was editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review*, 1856-7.

Dr. Thornwell's writings consist mainly of sermons, lectures and articles in various reviews and magazines. They were collected and published in two volumes in 1871. His most important works are: Discourses on Truth, Arguments of Romanists Discussed and Refuted, Miracles, The Free School System of South Carolina, Memoir of Dr. Henry, Barnard on American Colleges, Plato's Phaedon, The State of the Country, Letter on Public Instruction to Governor Manning, The Rights and Duties of Masters, The Elder Question, Thoughts on the Priesthood of Christ, Paul's Preaching at Athens, The Philosophy of Religion, The Christian Pastor, Sermon on the Death of Calhoun.[1]

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[1]See the article on Thornwell by Dr. Samuel M. Smith in the Library of Southern Literature.

THE COLLEGE AND THE STATE.

(From the Letter to Governor Manning, 1853.)

The first in the order of establishment, as well as the first in the order of importance, is the college. Devoted to the interests of general, in contradistinction from professional education, its design is to cultivate the mind without reference to any ulterior pursuits. "The student is considered as an end to himself; his perfection, as a man simply, being the aim of his education." The culture of the mind, however, for itself, contributes to its perfection as an instrument, so that general education, while it directly prepares and qualifies for no special destination, indirectly trains for every vocation in which success is dependent upon intellectual exertion. It has taught the mind the use of its powers, and imparted those habits without which its powers would be useless; it makes men, and consequently promotes every enterprise in which men are to act. General education being the design of the College, the fundamental principles of its organization are easily deduced. The selection of studies must be made, not with reference to the comparative importance of their matter, or the practical value of the knowledge, but with reference to their influence in unfolding and strengthening the powers of the mind; as the end is to improve mind, the fitness for the end is the prime consideration. "As knowledge," says Sir William Hamilton (man being now considered as an end to himself), "is only valuable as it exercises, and by this exercise develops and invigorates the mind, so a University, in its liberal faculty, should especially prefer these objects of study which call forth the strongest and most unexclusive energy of thought, and so teach them too that this energy shall be most fully elicited in the student." For speculative knowledge, of whatever kind, is only profitable to the student in his liberal cultivation, inasmuch as it supplies him with the object and occasion of exerting his faculties; since powers are only developed in proportion as they are exercised, that is, put forth into energy. The mere possession of scientific truths is, for its own sake, valueless; and education is only education, inasmuch as it at once determines and enables the student to

educate himself. Hence, the introduction of studies upon the ground of their practical utility is, *pro tanto,* subversive of the College. It is not its office to make planters, lawyers, physicians, or divines. It has nothing directly to do with the uses of knowledge. Its business is with minds, and it employs science only as an instrument for the improvement and perfection of the mind. With it the habit of sound thinking is more than a thousand thoughts. When, therefore, the question is asked, as it often is asked by ignorance and empiricism, what is the use of certain departments of the College curriculum, the answer should turn, not upon the benefits which in after life may be reaped from these pursuits, but upon their immediate subjective influence upon the cultivation of the human faculties. They are selected in preference to others, because they better train the mind. . . .

But then the important point is, and it is a point which ought never to be forgotten, though it is systematically overlooked by those who are accustomed to decry the College, that these benefits are imparted, not for the sake of the few, but for the interest of many—the good of the State at large. Those who are educated not for themselves, but for the advantage of the Commonwealth as a whole. Every scholar is regarded as a blessing—a great public benefit—and for the sake of the general influence that he is qualified to exert, the State makes provision for his training. It is because the "proper education of youth contributes greatly to the prosperity of society," that it "ought to be an object of legislative attention." The many, therefore, are not taxed for the few, but the few are trained for exalted usefulness and extensive good to the many. If the legislature had in view only the interest of those who are educated, and expended its funds in reference to their good, considered simply as individuals, there would be just ground of complaint; but when it is really aiming at the prosperity of the whole community, and uses these individuals as means to that end, there is nothing limited or partial in its measures.

It is great weakness to suppose that nothing can contribute to the general good, the immediate ends of which are not realized in the case of every individual. Are lighthouses constructed only for the safety of the benighted mariner who

may be actually guided by their lamps, or are they raised for the security of navigation, the interest of commerce, and, through these, the interest of society at large? There is no way of evading the force of this argument but by flatly denying that an educated class is a public good. If there are any among us who are prepared to take this ground, and to become open advocates of barbarism, I have nothing to say to them; but for the sake of those who may be seduced by sophistry which they cannot disentangle, I offer a few reflections. . . .

There ought surely to be some common ground on which the members of the same State may meet together and feel that they are brothers—some common ground on which their children may mingle without confusion or discord, and bury every narrow and selfish interest in the sublime sentiment that they belong to the same family. Nothing is so powerful as a common education, and the thousand sweet associations which spring from it and cluster around it, to cherish the holy brotherhood of men. Those who have walked together in the same paths of science, and taken sweet counsel in the same halls of learning; who went arm in arm in that hallowed season of life when the foundations of all excellence are laid; who have wept with the same sorrows or laughed at the same joys; who have been fired with the same ambition; lured with the same hopes, and grieved at the same disappointments—these are not the men, in after years, to stir up animosities or foment intestine feuds. Their college life is a bond of union which nothing can break—a divine poetry of existence which nothing is allowed to profane. Who can forget his college dreams? Would you make any Commonwealth a unit, educate its sons together. This is the secret of the harmony which has so remarkably characterized our State. It was not the influence of a single mind, great as that mind was—it was no tame submission to authoritative dictation. It was the community of thought, feeling and character, achieved by a common education within these walls. Here it was that heart was knit to heart, mind to mind, and that a common character was formed. All these advantages must be lost if the sectarian scheme prevails. South Carolina will no longer be a unit, nor her citizens

brothers. We shall have sect against sect, school against school, and college against college; and he knows but little of the past who has not observed that the most formidable dangers to any State are those which spring from divisions in its own bosom, and that these divisions are terrible in proportion to the degree in which the religious element enters into them. . . .

I shall trespass upon the patience of your Excellency no longer. In all that I have said I have an eye to the prosperity and glory of my native State. Small in territory and feeble in numbers, the only means by which she can maintain her dignity and importance is by the patronage of letters. A mere speck compared with several other States in the Union, her reliance for the protection of her rights and her full and equal influence in Federal legislation must be upon the genius of her statesmen and the character of her people. Let her give herself to the rearing of a noble race of men, and she will make up in moral power what she wants in votes. Public education is the cheap expedient for uniting us among ourselves, and rendering us terrible abroad. Mind after all must be felt, and I am anxious to see my beloved Carolina pre-eminently distinguished for the learning, eloquence and patriotism of her sons. Let us endeavor to make her in general intelligence what she is in dignity and indepence of character—the brightest star in the American constellation. God grant that the time may soon come when not an individual born within our borders shall be permitted to reach maturity without having mastered the elements of knowledge.

HENRY TIMROD

HENRY TIMROD was born at Charleston, December 8, 1829, and died at Columbia, October 6, 1867. His father, William H. Timrod, was of German, his mother of English descent. He received his early training in the schools of his native city, where his fondness for English poetry and the classics was developed. His deep love of nature and poetic disposition was already marked, but he took part with zest in the sports of his schoolmates, one of whom, Paul H. Hayne, was his deskmate and intimate friend. He then studied two years at the University of Georgia, but was forced to leave without graduating because of poor health and want of means. He began the study of law in the office of James L. Petigru, but finding it uncongenial, he abandoned it to become a teacher. Having failed to secure a professorship, he became a private tutor in the families of various planters until 1861. Meanwhile he cultivated his poetic gifts, contributed verses to *Russell's Magazine* and *The Southern Literary Messenger,* published a little book of verses in Boston, and was closely associated with Simms, Hayne, and the other literary men of Charleston. At the outbreak of war he enlisted in Company B, Twentieth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, and served on Sullivan's Island until December 15, 1862, when he was discharged by the regimental surgeon as suffering from consumption in the early stages. During these years, however, he rendered a far greater service to the Confederate cause by his war-songs and martial odes, which produced a profound impression among both soldiers and civilians. After a pathetic, futile effort to act as war-correspondent with the army of the Southwest, he undertook in 1864 the editorship of *The South Carolinian,* a daily newspaper at Columbia. About this time he married an English girl, in Charleston, Miss Goodwin, the "Katie" of one of his poems. The paper was destroyed and

all his property swept away during the burning of Columbia by Sherman's army in 1865. In the grip of ill health and dire poverty he bravely struggled on for two years, still happily cultivating the Muse, and cheered by the sympathy of Simms, Hayne, and other friends, who themselves were almost ruined by the war and unable to help him financially. "His latest occupation was correcting the proof-sheets of his own poems, and he passed away with them by his side, stained by his life-blood."

Timrod's first volume of Poems appeared in 1860. A second volume was edited in 1873 by Paul H. Hayne with a sketch of the poet's life. This passed through two editions. In 1883 an illustrated edition of Katie was published, and some of the individual poems appeared in various anthologies and school readers. Finally in 1899 the complete Memorial Edition of his poems was issued through the efforts of the Timrod Memorial Association. His most important prose work, an essay entitled A Theory of Poetry, was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1905, by courtesy of Hon. William A. Courtenay, to whom the manuscript was presented by Mrs. Timrod.

THE COTTON BOLL.[1]

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,

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By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!

And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,

For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their pluméd peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands,"[1] unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach—

[1]The homestead of William Gilmore Simms.

Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archéd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord, to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

CAROLINA.[1]

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

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Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
Shout! let it reach the startled Huns,
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!
No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!

When by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns,
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

CHARLESTON.[1]

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The City bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

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No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And Summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

THE LILY CONFIDANTE.[1]

Lily! lady of the garden!
Let me press my lip to thine!
Love must tell its story, Lily!
Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—
Thee, and yonder wordless flute;
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
And thou must be mute.

There's a maiden, and her name is . . .
Hist! was that a rose-leaf fell?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
She is very dear to me;
Lovely? Yes, if being lovely
Is—resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
Make the sweetest of the "teens"—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

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"Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dew-drop in my bosom,
Be thy guileless language, youth;
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,
With the little children by—
As thou prayest in the darkness,
When thy God is nigh—

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
Speak, or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee
Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman's soul."

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.[1]

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause

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[1]An ode sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

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In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths today,
Than when cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

SPRING.[1]

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

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Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who could couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

WILLIAM HENRY TIMROD

WILLIAM HENRY TIMROD was born in 1792, and died at Charleston in 1838. He was of German stock. He was a soldier in the war with the Seminole Indians. He edited a literary periodical and published a small volume of his poems. He was the father of Henry Timrod.

TO TIME—THE OLD TRAVELER.

They slander thee, Old Traveler,
  Who say that thy delight
Is to scatter ruin, far and wide,
  In thy wantonness and might:
For not a leaf that falleth
  Before thy restless wings,
But in thy flight, thou changest it
  To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battlefield
  Where the dead lie stiff and stark,
Where naught is heard save the vulture's scream,
  And the gaunt wolf's famished bark;
But thou hast caused the grain to spring
  From the blood-enrichéd clay,
And the waving corn-tops seem to dance
  To the rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewed the lordly palace
  In ruins o'er the ground,
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
  Where the harp was wont to sound;
But the self-same spot thou coverest
  With the dwellings of the poor,
And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
  What one usurped before!

'Tis true thy progress layeth
  Full many a loved one low,
And for the brave and beautiful
  Thou hast caused our tears to flow;
But always near the couch of death
  Nor thou nor we can stay,
And breath of thy departing wings,
  Dries all our tears away!

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT was born at Charleston, November 10, 1822, and died at Pendleton, South Carolina, March 4, 1898. Having graduated at the College of Charleston in 1840, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1843. For some time he engaged also in cotton planting at his home on Barnwell Island, and meanwhile began his profound studies in diplomatic history. In 1852 he held for a short time the position of secretary of the American legation in London, and for a few months in 1860 was assistant secretary of state. During the war he served his State for several terms in the legislature, held a staff position, and on behalf of the Confederate government conducted some negotiations with the agents of Great Britain and France. During the reconstruction period he was the special representative of his State at Washington. He then entered upon a brilliant diplomatic career, in the course of which he served as counsel for the United States on the Halifax fishery commission in 1877, as plenipotentiary to China for the revision of treaties in 1880, as special envoy to Columbia in reference to the Panama Canal in 1881, as plenipotentiary with General Grant to negotiate a treaty with Mexico in 1882-1883, and as a delegate in the international American conference at Washington in 1889-1890. From 1884 till his death he practised law in the capital, frequently acting as counsel against foreign governments in private cases.

Trescot's principal publications include: A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States, 1849; The Diplomacy of the Revolution, 1852; Letter to Senator Butler on the Diplomatic System of the United States, 1853; An American View of the Eastern Question, 1854; The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams, 1857 (dedicated to Edward Everett of Massachusetts); Address before the South Carolina Historical Society,

1859; Memorial of General Stephen Elliott, 1866; The Position and Course of the South, 1860; Memorial of General Pettigrew, 1870.

DIPLOMATS OF THE REVOLUTION.

(From Diplomacy of the Revolution, 1852.)

That a new nation should have been able at once to enter upon such a system is due of course much to circumstances; but it is also and eminently due to the honesty, energy, and ability of its rulers. It is a proud thing in a nation's history, to have done great things; but nobler still is it to do great things through great men. For then the highest ideas are embodied in the highest shapes: then principles which in general come home only to the student in his closet, to the philosopher in the enthusiasm of his speculations, become inspiring realities to the humblest citizen. They are identified with names familiar to the schoolboy, and enshrined in the homely affections of a national heart. Then the glory which hangs about the past shines with no vague lustre, but is concentrated upon brows towards which the eyes of each rising generation are first directed with reverential admiration. And in that proud circle of famous warriors and great civilians which illustrates the history of the United States, none should stand in brighter light than the diplomatists of the revolution. They were, more particularly than any others, the representatives of the nation in perilous times. Far from home, unsustained by sympathy, their labors hidden from the public eye, surrounded by perplexities which none but themselves could fully know; simple men in the midst of courtly splendor, watched by ambassadors of old and haughty States, sometimes with jealousy, sometimes with hate, treated now with patronizing pity, then with supercilious indifference, they held fast to their faith in their country. They sustained their country's fame; they vindicated their country's interest; and through failure and success they spoke the same language of calm resolution. And as time passed on, and kingdom after kingdom recognized them in the fulness of their ambassadorial character, they kept the even tenor of their way undaunted by fortune, as they had been undismayed by difficulty. They negotiated

the great treaties which secured the independence of their country with consummate ability. They used every honorable advantage with adroitness, they compromised no single interest through haste, they committed themselves to no exaggerated principles, and sacrificed nothing to temporary triumph. In the course of their long and arduous labors, there were occasional differences of opinion; and like all men, there were times when they failed in their purposes. But they worked together heartily for the common good, and even when circumstances too strong for their control opposed their wishes, they never despaired. The very variety of their character adapted itself to their necessities: and if the deferential wisdom of Franklin smoothed the difficulties of the French treaty, the energetic activity of Adams conquered the obstacles to the alliance with Holland, and the conduct of the negotiations with England was guided by the inflexible firmness of Jay. Others there were whose fame is less, only because success did not crown their efforts. But through the whole period of this critical time—in all the communications between the government and its representatives, there is the same firm and temperate counsel. They knew that the Old World was watching their conduct to draw its inferences and govern its policy, and they spoke and acted without passion or petulance. Men of quiet dignity, tried faith, and large ability, their words savored of no insolent bravado, no licentious sentiment. They appealed to the great principles of international law for the warrant of their deeds and the guarantee of their claims. They felt that the right of independent national existence was a privilege not to be lightly claimed; and they entered into the old and venerable circle of nations in no vulgar spirit of defiant equality, but calmly, as conscious of right—resolutely, as conscious of strength—gravely, as conscious of duty.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

(From The Diplomatic History of the Administration of Washington and Adams,[1] 1857.)

The government, however, found it absolutely necessary, in carrying out its policy, to have a minister in Paris who should sympathize with its sentiments, as well as represent its opinions; and Washington tendered the French mission to General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, the brother of Thomas Pinckney, at that time minister to England. A better selection it would have been impossible to make. Representing an old and honored name, habituated to the exercise of that acknowledged influence which belongs to large fortune, established position, and individual ability, —an eminent jurist, an active and experienced soldier, a distinguished member of the convention which framed the Constitution,—General Pinckney had worked faithfully and fruitfully in every department of his country's service. To these claims upon public consideration, he added the charm of a character singularly frank, simple, and unselfish, and he was one of that small band of Revolutionary worthies who shared not only the confidence, but the warm personal affection, of their great chief. After the adoption of the Constitution, he had withdrawn from the wider field of federal politics, and devoted his still vigorous energies to the interests of his family and State. General Washington made more than one effort to draw him into the national service; but he declined, on different occasions, the departments both of war and state, and it was with great reluctance that he accepted the almost hopeless mission that was now pressed upon him. In a history like the present, it would be scarcely possible or proper to dwell at any length on the general character of the public men to whom reference is made, as it is concerned with their career simply in connection with a special employment. But it is difficult to resist the strong desire to linger with affectionate regard in sight of characters so high, so pure, so "true and just in all their dealings," as the two Pinckneys. Cultivated in their tastes

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[1]The author's thanks are due Miss Katharine B. Trescot, of Pendleton, for the kind loan of this work of her distinguished father's.

and simple in their manners, placed by fortune where the exercise of a graceful and liberal hospitality was the habit of their daily life, and the assumption of high duties the natural consequence of their position, brave and gentle, free, with all the genuine frankness of the Southern nature, and yet grave as became earnest men in trying times, able, unselfish, active, their success in life was free from all the feverish excitement of political adventure. They sought neither place nor power, but rose gradually from duty to duty, illustrating, in the fullness of their lives and services, the virtues of the class to which they belonged, and bearing, through a long and spotless career,

"Without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

At the date of his appointment, General Pinckney represented, as fairly as possible, the real sentiment of the large conservative party in the country. His experience during the war, which, in South Carolina, assumed a peculiarly bitter and bloody character, guaranteed him against any extravagant British sympathies; and, in common with his native State, he felt a warm and direct interest in the success of the French Revolution. But he was eminently an American patriot; and his correspondence, both public and private, is filled with indignant protests against the spirit which would subordinate the national policy to the interests or caprice of any foreign power.

INSCRIPTION ON A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.[1]

[NORTH SIDE]

This Monument
Perpetuates the Memory
of Those Who,
True to the Instincts of their Birth,
Faithful to the Teachings of their Fathers,

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[1]This monument stands on the State House grounds in Columbia and was erected by the women of South Carolina as a memorial to the 20,000 South Carolinians who fell in battle. It was unveiled with imposing ceremonies on May 13, 1878, General John S. Preston delivering the oration.

Constant in their Love for the State,
Died in the Performance of their Duty;
Who
Have Glorified a Fallen Cause
By the Simple Manhood of their Lives,
the Patient Endurance of Suffering,
and the Heroism of Death,
and who
in the Dark Hours of Imprisonment,
in the Hopelessness of the Hospital,
in the Short, Sharp Agony of the Field,
Found Support and Consolation
in the Belief
that at Home they would not be Forgotten.

[SOUTH SIDE]

Let the Stranger,
Who May in Future Times
Read this Inscription,
Recognize that these were Men
Whom Power Could Not Corrupt,
Whom Death Could not Terrify,
Whom Defeat Could not Dishonor,
and Let their Virtues Plead
for Just Judgment
of the Cause in which they Perished.
Let the South Carolinian
of Another Generation
Remember
That the State Taught Them
How to Live and How to Die,
And that from Her Broken Fortunes
She has Preserved for Her Children
the Priceless Treasure of their Memories,
Teaching all who May Claim
The Same Birthright
that Truth, Courage and Patriotism
Endure Forever.

Trescot prepared an inscription for a third face of the monument, but there was not room for it. This epitaph was as follows:

Those for whom they died
Inscribe on this Marble
The solemn record of their sacrifice
The perpetual gratitude of the State they served
The undying affection of those
Whose lives
The separation of death
Has shadowed with an Everlasting Sorrow
Scattered over the battle fields of the South
Buried in Remote and Alien Graves
Dying unsoothed by the touch
of familiar and household hands,
Their names are graven here
To recall
To their Children and Kinsmen
How worthily they lived
How nobly they died
And in what tender reverence
Their memory survives.

MARY SCRIMGEOUR WHITAKER

MARY SCRIMGEOUR WHITAKER was born in Beaufort District, South Carolina, in 1820, but early in life removed to Sumter District. Her father was the Rev. Samuel Furman, and her mother, whose maiden name was Scrimgeour, was of Scotch descent. After a thorough elementary education had been given her at home, she was taken by her parents with two younger brothers to Edinburgh, at that time one of the literary centers of Europe. Into this society she was received with cordiality and made the acquaintance of many celebrated philosophers and litterateurs. Here too she met her first husband, John Miller, a distinguished young advocate of the Scottish bar, whom she married in 1837. She accompanied him immediately to Nassau in the West Indies, where he had been commissioned attorney-general. In three months he fell a victim to yellow fever then raging in the Bahamas, and his widow returned to her father's home in South Carolina. In 1849 she married Daniel K. Whitaker, editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review.*

A volume of her miscellaneous poems was published in 1850, which included "The Creole," "Palenque," "The Flower, the Star, the Rill," "The Indian Isles," "The Orphan," "Mrs. Hemans," "The Hour of Death," "Spring and Hope," "Death, the Universal Lot," "The Bridal Eve," "The Stranger's Grave," "Zeola," "Flowers of the Forest," "Mourn Not for Her," "Spring," "Inez," "Solitude," and "Carolan's Legend." She was the author also of a novel entitled Albert Hastings, published in 1868, and of numerous sketches of Southern life and scenery which appeared in *Godey's, Graham's, Arthur's* and *Sartain's Magazines.*

THE FLOWER, THE STAR, THE RILL.

I looked on Spring's first budding flower,
Scarce seen amid a dewy shower,
Half hid in vernal leaves, yet fair,
And shedding odors on the air;
And then I thought, 'twould pass away,
'Twould droop and die at close of day.

When evening's star mild beauty shed,
And glittered o'er the mountain's head,
I loved its gentle beam to view,—
A drop of gold 'mid heaven's deep blue:
A dark cloud rose, and hid its ray,
Its beauty failed,—it died away.

The flashing rill, whose blue course wound,
Freshening yon verdant mead around,
Has ceased to flow,—the summer's sun
Dried up its source,—its race is run:
No more it sparkles in the ray,—
'Tis with the lost,—the past-away.

The rose must die,—'tis beauty's doom;
The evening star must sink in gloom;
The rill must fail before the sun,
And in its bed forget to run.
Like flower, like star, like rill, must we
Soon pass away,—soon cease to be!

SAMUEL WILDS

SAMUEL WILDS was born in Darlington District, March 4, 1775, and died near Cheraw, March 9, 1810. He was so poor that he had not a pair of shoes until he was eighteen years of age. His love of learning is illustrated by the following anecdote narrated by a friend. He was about to engage in a pitched battle with other boys, but being dissuaded, a foot-race for a wager was proposed as a substitute. Young Wilds was the victor, and the money thus won was applied for the purchase of a Latin grammar. In 1798 he married Elizabeth DeWitt, daughter of a gentleman who was active in the Revolution and honored for his domestic virtues and stern integrity. At the age of twenty-six he was elected a member of the legislature, and two years later was chosen, without a dissenting vote, solicitor of the northern circuit. Before he was thirty years of age he was elected a judge. In five years he obtained a reputation which a long life seldom earns. He was young, eloquent, learned, polite, and energetic, and held the scales of justice to the admiration of all. His early death made South Carolina weep from her mountains to her sea-board. Besides the famous Sentence pronounced upon John Slater, Judge Wild's eloquent and impressive address in sentencing John Tollison to death for the murder of John Mathis in March, 1809, and an address to the grand jury of Abbeville in March, 1807, are preserved in Bishop Gregg's History of the Old Cheraws.

SENTENCE OF JOHN SLATER.

(From O'Neall's[1] Bench and Bar of South Carolina, 1859.)

John Slater!

You have been convicted by a jury of your country for the wilful murder of your own slave; and I am sorry to say,

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[1]John Belton O'Neall was born at Newberry, South Carolina, April 10, 1793, and died there December 17, 1863. His parents were of Irish descent and were Quakers in belief. He attended the village school and worked in his father's store for

the short, impressive, uncontradicted testimony on which that conviction was founded, leaves but too little room to doubt its propriety.

The annals of human depravity might be safely challenged for a parallel to this unfeeling, bloody, and diabolical transaction.

You caused your unoffending, unresisting slave, to be bound hand and foot, and by a refinement in cruelty, compelled his companion, perhaps the friend of his heart, to chop his head with an axe, and to cast his body, yet convulsing with the agonies of death, into the water! And this deed you dared to perpetrate in the very harbor of Charleston, within a few yards of the shore, unblushingly, in the face of open day. Had your murderous arm been raised against your equal, whom the laws of self-defence and the more efficacious laws of the land unite to protect, your crime would not have been without precedent and would have seemed less horrid. Your personal risk would at least have proved, that though a murderer you were not a coward. But you too well knew that this unfortunate man, whom chance had subjected to your caprices, had not, like yourself, chartered to him by the laws of the land the same rights of nature; and that a stern but necessary policy had disarmed him of the rights of self-defence. Too well you knew that to you alone he could look for protection, and that your arm alone could shield him from oppression or avenge his wrongs; yet that arm you cruelly stretched out for his destruction.

The counsel who generously volunteered his services in your behalf, shocked at the enormity of your offence, endeavored to find a refuge, as well for his own feelings as for those of all who heard your trial, in a derangement of your intellect. Several witnesses were examined to establish

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thirteen years, then went to South Carolina College, where he graduated with honors in 1812. In 1813 he taught in the Newberry Academy, and after six months read law in the office of John Caldwell. In 1813 he served as judge advocate of State troops in a camp of instruction. In 1816 he was sent to the Legislature, and after two defeats, was returned from 1822 to 1828, being speaker during the last two terms. In 1825 he was elected major-general of militia. From 1828 till his death he served successively as associate judge and judge of the court of appeals, and the court of errors. He was the author of Annals of Newberry, 1858, Bench and Bar of South Carolina, 1859, The Drunkard's Looking Glass, etc.

this fact; but the result of their testimony, it is apprehended, was as little satisfactory to his mind as to those of the jury to whom it was addressed. I sincerely wish this defence had proved successful; not from any desire to save you from the punishment which awaits you, and which you so richly merit, but from the desire of saving my country from the foul reproach of having, in its bosom, so great a monster.

From the peculiar situation of this country, our fathers felt themselves justified in subjecting to a very slight punishment him who murders a slave. Whether the present state of society requires a continuation of this policy, so opposite to the apparent rights of humanity, it remains for a subsequent Legislature to decide. Their attention ere this would have been directed to this subject, but, for the honor of human nature, such hardened sinners as yourself are rarely found to disturb the repose of society. The grand jury of this county, deeply impressed with your daring outrages against the laws of both God and man, have made a very strong expression of their feelings on the subject to the Legislature, and from the wisdom and justice of that body, the friends of humanity may confidently hope to see this *blackest* in the catalogue of human crimes pursued by appropriate punishment.

In proceeding to pass the sentence which the law provides for your offence, I confess I never felt more forcibly the want of power to make respected the laws of my country, whose minister I am.

You have already violated the majesty of those laws. You have properly pleaded the local law, under which you stand convicted, as a justification of your crime. You have held that law in one hand and brandished your axe in the other, impiously contending that the one gave a license to the unrestrained use of the other.

But though you will go off unhurt in person, by the present sentence, expect not to escape with impunity. Your bloody deed has set a mark upon you which I fear the good actions of your future life will not efface. You will be held in abhorrence by an impartial world, and shunned as a monster by every honest man. Your unoffending posterity will be visited for your iniquity, by the stigma of deriving their origin from

an unfeeling murderer. Your days, which will be but few, will be spent in wretchedness, and if your conscience be not steeled against every virtuous emotion—if you be not entirely abandoned to hardness of heart—the mangled, mutilated corpse of your murdered slave will ever be present in your imagination, obtrude itself into all your amusements, and haunt you in the hours of silence and repose.

But, should you disregard the reproaches of an offended world—should you hear with callous insensibility the gnawings of a guilty conscience—yet remember that an awful period is fast approaching, and with you it is close at hand, when you must appear before a tribunal whose want of power can afford you no prospect of impunity—when you must raise your bloody hands at the bar of an impartial, omniscient Judge.

Remember, I pray you remember, whilst you yet have time, that God is just, and that His vengeance will not sleep for ever.

ELIZA WILKINSON

ELIZA WILKINSON was born in St. Paul's Parish, South Carolina, February 7, 1757. She was the daughter of Francis Yonge, Sr. (d. November 4, 1780), and Sarah Clifford, and the granddaughter of Hon. Robert Yonge (d. December 4, 1751), associate justice of South Carolina, 1739-1744. Her first husband was a Mr. Wilkinson, who died previous to the Revolution; her second was Peter Porcher. Glimpses of the life of this beautiful and high-spirited woman are given in her "Letters," twelve of which were arranged from the original manuscript by Mrs. Caroline Howard Gilman, and published in New York in 1839. These were written during the invasion and the occupation of Charleston by the British near the close of the Revolution, and were transcribed by her in a neat, feminine hand into a blank, quarto book. There are still in existence in Charleston thirteen of Mrs. Wilkinson's unpublished letters, which were written after the Revolution. They contain her philosophy of life, and discuss her own and her friends' beaux, but are of no historical value. Her letters record her experiences both grave and gay in exciting times, and possess a charmingly simple and picturesque style, that reveals the author's delightful personality. She was an ardent patriot, and was endowed with a keen sense of humor.[1]

A FIRE AT THE ASSEMBLY.[2]

To Miss M——— P——r.

March 6th. '83.

——— And why did I not get a line from you by Mrs. Osborne? I expected more, much more than one line! but expectation prov'd vain in this, as in many other Cases.

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[1]Most of the above biographical data was kindly furnished the author by Mr. Wilmot D. Porcher, of Charleston.

[2]One of the thirteen unpublished Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, kindly furnished for publication in this volume by Mr. Wilmot D. Porcher.

However, I dare say your reason for not writing must be a good one, I'll take it for granted—shall I? I'll tell you why—I hate Tyranny in ev'ry shape—therefore it shan't, by a softer name, creep into our friendly Intercourse: so you may write when Time, Opportunity, Circumstance, and *Inclination* make it convenient—do you hear? "or d'ye see?" —as a certain somebody says—and I'll do the same. —— to tell you a truth, my dear Mary, my scribbling vein is greatly abated, and I take but very little pleasure in my Pen:—nay sometimes I'm so provok'd and out of conceit with some of my scrawls, that what has employ'd me for days and weeks, (that is the leisure hours of those days and Weeks) by Way of Amusement or practice, I make a bonfire of, and call myself a thousand Idiots, and other hard names, for attempting what won't bear *my own* examination when done. and to whisper you a secret—it's sometimes a doubt with me whether I'm possess'd with *Common Sense*—you'll say I'm very much humbled!—Why yes, I am so—some late Incidents have made me look about me: and I begin to fear I'm half a-fool! O! horrid!—but why this hesitation in pronouncing myself one, and the acclamation in doing it!—I will proclaim it to *you*: but prithee don't you proclaim it to the World; let them find it out by their learning and penetration if they an't allready. I intend to keep a "Still Tongue" for the future, and try if that will make a "wise head"; for upon my Word it's a very so-so one at present, it's quite bewilder'd. But do you know your Eliza had like to've made her Exit in a *flame!* 'tis true. —— I must needs go to Town, to play off a few Airs at the Assemblys! the Important day arriv'd, and there was such powdering! and frizzing! Curling! and dressing!— Well—after we were prank'd off, and each admir'd the others head-dress &c &c—away we went, three of us in Mrs. G——n's Carriage, the Postilion was a *little or so* (*a great deal,* rather) and we were whirl'd along at a great rate; I expected ev'ry minute to've been *cast away,* but contrary to expectation, we got to the Room safe. it was finely Illuminated, and the Musick play'd sweetly, so sweetly that I cou'd not keep my feet still; it Inspired me with a Strong inclination for dancing; I promis'd myself some agreeable, happy hours.—but ah! how precarious and fleeting are all

sublinary enjoyments! there was but two minuets danc'd and the third begun; when the Gentlemen came and advis'd us to quit the Room, for the house was on fire, and the Assembly was Immediately broke up, and away we scamper'd; powder'd Beaus & Bells huddl'd away; and left our Spacious, Elegant Room to consuming fire: which soon reduc'd it to dust and ashes. Ah! how fallen!—I stood for hours in the Balcony of a house at some distance, gaz'd, moraliz'd and made a thousand reflections on the blazing spectacle which was so conspicuously exhibited. I won't waste paper by telling you what my reflections were,—your own Imagination will present them sufficiently,—and I pay myself a Compliment in that too. I left Chas. Town two days after, and all the smart Beaus; to visit your Ladyship; expecting to find Mr. F——d at home with horses to convey me to you; but I have neither seen, or heard from him. a thoughtless, Inconsiderate Mortal! is it thus he keeps appointments? You need not expect me now, for I have made so many attempts to come and see you, and fail'd in ev'ry one of them, that I won't make another 'till I get horses of my own; and I don't know when that will be. —— I shall send this to Miss Williamson, with a request that she will forward it to you; for I don't know how else you'll get it; I see nobody at this Solitary Isle. I hope you enjoy health, and have recover'd your spirits; let me hear that you have by the next next Opportunity. I had a deal to write you; but as I'm told there are some Persons who make it a point to open my letters, I write nothing but what they may see.—— ——Farewell, my dear Mary, present my love, and ev'ry good wish to your Mama. I wish you all happiness—once more

Adieu.

ELIZA W.

LEROY F. YOUMANS[1]

LEROY F. YOUMANS was born at Lawtonville, Hampton County, S. C., November 14, 1834, and died at Columbia, S. C., December 3, 1906. He graduated at the South Carolina College in 1852, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. Throughout the civil war he served in the Confederate army as a lieutenant of cavalry. From 1866 to 1868 he held the office of solicitor of the Southern Circuit. In 1872 his law office was removed from Edgefield to Columbia, where he practiced his profession until his death. In the campaign of 1876 he took an active part in support of the Hampton ticket. He was the leading counsel in the protracted litigation which preceded Hampton's induction into office, and as attorney-general from 1877 to 1882 prosecuted those who had laid schemes to defraud the State, defended his fellow-citizens on trial before the United States Court for alleged political offenses, and represented the State in the grave and complex questions which came before the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1885 President Cleveland appointed him attorney for the district of South Carolina. All these positions he filled with consummate ability and rendered services which will perpetuate his name in the annals of the State. In 1905 he was appointed assistant to the attorney-general, and on the death of Mr. U. X. Gunter, in 1906, succeeded to that office for the third time, thus rounding a public career remarkable alike in the extent and the quality of his services.

General Youmans was a great statesman, jurist and advocate. In the combined attributes of learning, eloquence, and brilliancy, he was regarded preëminent among the men of his generation. He not only excelled in the extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge, but he was a classical scholar and

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[1]The author's thanks are due Mr. John S. Reynolds for the data embodied in the above sketch.

polished orator, fully the peer of Preston, Hayne, and McDuffie.[1]

A TRIBUTE TO HAMPTON.

(From an Oration delivered at the Centennial Celebration of South Carolina College, January 10, 1905.)

Hampton was with us and of us until in his 85th year he was called to his rest in 1902, amid the tears of the South; and the bronze equestrian statue of him which the State is erecting will recall him to us as he rode in the flesh through our streets. He was a large man physically, intellectually and morally, of broad and generous proportions in all these regards. He had

> "That brawn and muscle both of frame and mind
> So potent in affairs of human kind,"

with that iron in his blood, out of which are made the mighty hunters before the Lord and the rulers of men. His pursuits and pleasures were all simple and natural, and though his tastes were scholarly and cultured and his familiarity with the classics and the well of English undefiled of the older writers excited the admiration of the most accurate litterateurs, yet his delight always was to be in the great woods and forests of nature.

Woodcraft seemed an instinct in him. Of the men of his time in his status of life, he was the best woodsman, the best fisherman, the best hunter, the best rider, the best shot.

After graduating with distinction in the college, in which he afterwards endowed a scholarship, he entered upon the tranquil yet active operation of a very large landowner and slaveholder, and was conspicuous among those Southern planters who made out of their negro slaves "the finest body of agricultural and domestic laborers that the world has ever seen, and elevated them in the scale of natural existence to such a height as to cause them to be deemed fit for admission into the charmed circle of American freedom, and to be

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[1]In *The State* of Dec. 6, 1906, will be found an eloquent memorial address on General Youmans by Dr. Edward S. Joynes of the University of South Carolina.

clothed with the rights and duties of American citizenship."

In the agitation preceding the war, he was never for violent counsels, but when the fatal die was cast, and South Carolina called on her sons to redeem the pledges she had made, in his own words, spoken simply, historically, without ostentation, "I pledged my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor, and shot and shell and steel have left their marks to show how I kept that word."

Though he served his State with distinction in both branches of her general assembly, as governor, and United States senator, his services there will never attract such attention as his career in the war in all the grades from colonel to lieutenant-general, of which it would be supererogation to say a word, and as his services in the redemption of the State from the domination which followed in the wake of reconstruction, of which it is impossible to speak too highly.

Well might Lucius Lamar say, "It was largely through the efforts of her lion-hearted Hampton that South Carolina was restored to her proud position of dignity and equality in the Union." In that fearful crisis he was the leader, and showed every quality of leadership. You remember that at the battle of Ivry Henry of Navarre said to the princes of the blood, "We are all Bourbons, but follow me today, and I will show you that I am your elder brother."

We followed Hampton, he showed us that he was our elder brother, and led us to victory. His bravery was never betrayed into rashness, his prudence was never tinged with timidity. His long, eventful life was closed with the prayer: "All my people, black and white, God bless them all." He was a man upon whom "every god had set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man." The bronze of his statue may moulder and fade, but he will live forever in the heart of redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled South Carolina. The careers of Hugh S. Legaré and Wade Hampton are part and parcel of the historical significance of the South Carolina College.

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